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Publisher's Bind.

Publisher's Bind.

Radio Mirror

July

15¢



Marilyn Erskine

Your Life Can Be Beautiful / SEE PAGE 48

HE8690
.R16

Just One Cake of Camay Brings Softer, Smoother Skin!



Like a dream come true, your complexion is clearer, fresher—with your very *first cake* of Camay! Yes, new loveliness can be yours when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin!

MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER
the former Gloria Harpe of Coral Gables, Fla.
Bridal portrait painted by MAWICKE

NOTES ON THE ROMANCE OF THE GREERS

Shell-hunting on the golden Florida sands, Russ wooed and won lovely, blue-eyed Gloria. Her complexion is fair as the skies that smiled down on their romance! "Camay is my standby for skin care," Gloria discloses, "since my very *first cake* of Camay brought out a real sparkle in my complexion!"



Gay goings-on at the Greers'! And the fresh beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—thanks to *mild* Camay care!" So Gloria promises, "to *keep* my skin winning praises, I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." You can make *your* skin lovelier, too! Every Camay wrapper tells you how.



Cherish Camay—use every sliver. Precious materials go into making soap.

Publisher's Bind.

"What're you looking at, Sis?"



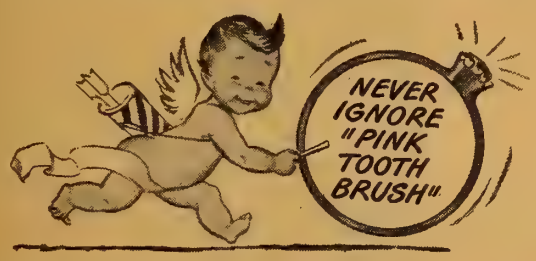
GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? *Look* at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam?* I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."



CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: *What dentist?* Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist?* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist, my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile . . . one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Product of Bristol-Myers

Compacts — Cigarette Cases

COMING NEXT MONTH



NBC's Barry Cameron comes alive for our readers in the August Living Portraits, with pages of vivid pictures of Barry's friends—you'll see the way they look, the places they live in, the things they do.

* * *

What happens on a Honeymoon In New York? Well—NBC's show, Honeymoon In New York, has a lot of answers to that, and one of the most moving is told in Radio Mirror next month by the woman who lived it. It's a story that will leave you smiling a little — or weeping, just a little.

* * *

All your regular departments, as usual: Papa David chooses his favorite Life Can Be Beautiful letter, Ted Malone his favorite poem from among those you have sent in; Kate Smith cooks up some midsummer specialties. And on the cover, Betty Jane Rhodes in a hat no woman could resist.

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ON THE COVER—Marilyn Erskine, radio actress; story on Page 3. Miss Erskine's gown designed by Marie of Pandora Frocks, New York

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
DORIS McFERRAN, Editor
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director
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FRANCES MALY, Associate Art Director

"How to have more fun on dates"



DIANA LYNN

starring in "OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"

A Paramount Picture

The dates I like to remember are the ones where *everybody* had a good time. Where nobody told any jokes that reflected on any race or religion. Where nobody acted snooty because he or she had more money, nicer clothes, or a fancier education. It's silly to be a snob or snide-guy . . . when *real people* have so much more fun!

Fleer knows how much little things can mean . . . guess that's why they make such good gum.





FLEER'S is that delicious chewing gum with the *super* peppermint flavor. Twelve flawless fleerlets, in a handy green-and-white package, for only five cents. Fleer's is fresh, flavorful, refreshing. Enjoy Fleer's today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

COVER GIRL



Blonde Marilyn Erskine stars in half a dozen network dramas.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

WHEN Marilyn Erskine was six years old, she disrupted her life (and her parents' lives) forever—by coming to New York City to visit her grandmother. While the little golden-haired girl was lunching calmly with relatives she met an agent. Feverishly he offered her parts in movie shorts and in radio—and Marilyn promptly made New York her home. What could her parents do but string along with her?

By the ripe age of twenty, Marilyn's been in eleven plays including "Our Town" and "Primrose Path," in endless movie shorts, and in countless radio shows. Right now her busy list includes Lora Lawton, The Eileen Barton Show, Let's Pretend, Road of Life, and Young Widder Brown. You might say Young Widder Brown is her life work. She's been on it nine years now!

Once in New York City, she sandwiched the Professional Children's School in between her radio shows—where her schoolmates were Frankie Thomas, Johnny Downs, and January's Radio Mirror Cover Girl Eileen Barton.

Around the house she wears slacks or lounging pajamas—the most over-used pair being purple slacks with a fuchsia-and-green blouse. Her hair is ash blonde, her eyes blue, her height five feet two; and she collects gold jewelry avidly, and shoes—her latest shoe-triumph being almost invisible, since it consists only of a couple of tiny straps. Bags too attract her like a magnet. "My pet is a transparent plastic one," she says. "It keeps me neat since everyone can see into it—and also I can put a gardenia on top of it and make it look lovely."

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It isn't your necklace they'll notice, Pet!

No one overlooks underarm odor—so look to Mum for protection

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

So don't stop at washing away *past* perspiration. But *do* guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. Let Mum give underarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins — *Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

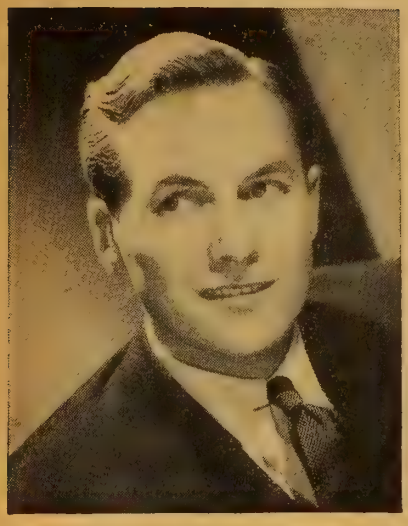
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN



Perry Como's Monday-through-Friday Supper Club show, 7:00 P.M. EDT on NBC, piles up the fan mail to such a point that the singer's whole family has to pitch in to help him read his way through it.



Ex-Major Lanny Ross combines his romantic tenor voice with the smartly-styled singing of Evelyn Knight (right) on the Lanny Ross Show, which is heard Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M. EDT, over the CBS network.



PERRY COMO, whose single recording of "Till The End of Time" sold more copies than any other disc of the year, and who has clicked in recent 20th Century-Fox films, will probably have a new sponsorship deal in 1947 when his cigarette show runs out. Perry is now on NBC but the rival web, CBS, is promised the baritone.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery form a daytime radio partnership, a la Kate Smith and Ted Collins. The idea might be experimented with next season on a regional west coast hookup and if successful, go national.

* * *

Count Basie is writing a history of jazz and boogie woogie and MGM is interested in seeing the script for possible screen use.

* * *

Look for Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, one of radio's better ventriloquists, to be back on the air this Fall co-starring with Ginny Simms on CBS. Riggs was in the service.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Frank Sinatra shifts his broadcasting time to an earlier hour to satisfy his kid fans.

* * *

Jean Tennyson, soprano star of CBS's Great Moments in Music, is planning to set up a musical scholarship, only Broadway show and chorus girls to be eligible.

* * *

Jean Sablon, the French Crosby, has returned to Paris. American networks couldn't work out a satisfactory deal to keep the baritone over here.

* * *

Music lost another great composer when Vincent Youmans passed away at the age of 47, a victim of t.b. His beautiful songs like "Tea for Two," "I Want to Be Happy," carry on forever.

* * *

STAN UP AND CHEER

It takes more than talent to become a successful bandleader. It takes guts, too. Slim, sincere Stan Kenton, whose fine young orchestra rates the highest popularity potential of 1946, is the current case in point.

"I never had trouble playing piano in bands," Stan told me as we brunched in Lindy's, "it wasn't until I decided to have my own band that things got tough."

Stan is a master of understatement. Things weren't tough. They were desperate. Stan organized his band on a shoe string.

"What made things worse was that my wife, Violet, was expecting a baby."

When the band didn't work Stan stuffed his pride in his bare pocket and collected unemployment insurance. The Kentons moved in with Violet's folks. One night, Stan, anxious for his wife's health, was all for giving up his ambitious plans and throwing in the baton.

"Don't do it, honey," his wife pleaded. "This is what you want. Soon the public will appreciate the kind of music you want to give them."

The baby was born without mishap. Stan was sure this was a lucky omen. He persuaded the local radio station to put a line into the Balboa ballroom. Pearl Harbor day came and the networks stayed on the air continuously. They needed remote dance band music to fill in between breathless bulletins.

"What they got was Stan Kenton," Stan recalled, "whether they liked it or not. We went on, from coast to coast, three times a night."

By the time Stan's loyal crew left Balboa, he owed the radio station $1,200 for line charges but it was w worth it. People had listened to strong, swing-minded band. A on night engagement in a Long Bea auditorium attracted 2,000 paying trons. A Los Angeles disc jockey, Jarvis, scouted the turnout, put in a hurry call to Maury Cohen, manager of that vast ballroom, the Palladium.

Cohen, needing a fill-in band for five



"There she was waiting at the church!"

THERE she was waiting at the church... because the cutest boy of the neighborhood playing "groom" to her "bride" walked out on her . . . *and told her why.*

Lucky little Edna—to learn so young what some people never realize at all—that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a fault not easy to pardon. It was a lesson she never forgot. Later in life, attractive and sought-after, Listerine Antiseptic was a "must" before every date.

How is Your Breath?

Can you be sure that at this very moment your breath is sweet and agreeable? You can't always tell!

Why take chances . . . why risk offending others needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic so often offers such an easy, delightful precaution?

Simply rinse your mouth with it morning and night and especially before any appointment where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath is fresher, sweeter . . . less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of unpleasant breath, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Lucky for you, Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.

Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic; it's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Before every date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

got Kenton at bargain prices. would think that was the end oubles but it wasn't," Stan con- "Too cocky, we headed east and K until we got into Roseland in York. Booked for six weeks, we ed three. Our style just didn't fit." ck on the coast, Bob Hope hired band to replace Army-bound Skin- Ennis. Stan thought this was the opportunity, but the gag-filled Hope ow had little room to show off the usical wares of Kenton. The band got ost between irium and Jerry Colonna. But their Capitol records clicked.

In two years the plucky pioneer saved $25,000, owned two cars, and a luxurious Hollywoodland home. Eager to keep improving his band, he poured money back into it for better musicians and singers.

Stan is 34 now. He was born in Wichita, Kansas, the son of an auto mechanic and a piano teacher. The family moved to the coast shortly after Stan was born. Their son went to school in Long Beach, started studying music under the watchful eye of his mother when he was 14.

The depression prevented Stan from going to college. He joined a local dance band, drifted from one to another, playing a polished piano. But he soon became bored with routine music and routine arrangements. The bandleading bug bit him early. He met his pretty wife while playing in one of these clap-trap outfits.

"If it wasn't for her we'd have given up long ago. When we signed contracts which called for a girl vocalist, Vi would make believe she was the girl vocalist even though she had never sung professionally in her life."

Now that the sweat and tears days are over, Violet Kenton concentrates on being a wife and mother.

"Now that we're moderately successful Vi doesn't bother too much about it. But I'm sure if anything went wrong again she'd be in there pitching."

It's taken Kenton about six years to put his fine band across. Music critics believe he did it the hard way, insisting on playing challenging and complicated arrangements difficult for the average danceband fan to absorb. But, on the evidence, they learned!



Life was easy as a musician, hard as a bandleader—but Stan Kenton wanted to lead a band.



Vivacious Nanette Fabray is the vocalist on NBC's Saturday night Jimmy Edmondson Show, at 8.

NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

JO STAFFORD: The languorous Californian offers an album (Capitol) filled with memorable hits of yesteryear.

* * *

DINAH SHORE: Dinah is herself again with this effortless version of "The Gypsy" and "Laughing on the Outside." (Columbia)

* * *

JACK SMITH: The Prudential Family hour favorite turns in a pleasant coupling of "I'll Be Yours" and "Let's Put Out the Lights." (Majestic)

* * *

NORO MORALES: Majestic thinks mighty highly of this rumba disciple. "Maria" and "Tambo" are the tunes and an easy-to-learn rumba lesson written by Arthur Murray is on the jacket.

* * *

PHIL MOORE FOUR: Another slick Musicraft mixture by this quartet featuring "September Song" and "Danny Boy."

* * *

JOHNNY GUARNIERI: "Body and Soul" and "Nobody's Sweetheart" show off an honest piano style and he gets understanding help from drummer Cole and string bassist Haggart. (Majestic)

* * *

GEORGE AULD: Here's a band due to climb. Listen to them as they play "You Haven't Changed At All," a lovely tune, and "Daily Double." (Musicraft)

* * *

FRANK SINATRA: The Voice rejoices with two fine songs from "Centennial Summer" — "All Through the Day" and "Two Hearts Are Better Than One."

* * *

FREDDY MARTIN: Our favorite music smoothies play two tunes from Danny Kaye's new picture "Kid From Brooklyn" and both are good.



Baritone Dick Haymes steals as many hours as he can from movies and his CBS show (Saturdays at 8:00 P.M. EDT) to ride and train the horses on his Encino Valley ranch—Thunderbolt is one.

. . . "NOW, MUMMY, IT SAYS—'ONE AND A HALF CUPS OF DOLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE'"



A BLISSFULLY COOL SHERBET is in the making here. With Dole Crushed Pineapple from Hawaii contributing its tropic goodness, this dessert is bound to be a delicious climax for a summertime supper.

Try this recipe for Dole Pineapple Sherbet, also the other recipes shown here. Dole Pineapple Upside-Down Salad with deviled eggs is a meal in itself, and the Catsup-glazed Pineapple Chunks are an appetizing accompaniment for broiled meats. For refreshment anytime, drink chilled Dole Pineapple Juice.

DOLE PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Stir together until sugar is dissolved: ½ cup light corn syrup, ⅓ cup sugar, 2 cups top milk, dash salt, 1½ cups Dole Crushed Pineapple, 2 teaspoons grated lemon peel, ¼ cup lemon juice. Freeze in ice cube trays until firm. Put contents in chilled bowl and beat until fluffy; fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites; finish freezing. Makes about 1 quart.

DOLE PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN SALAD

Add 2 tbsps. plain gelatin to ½ cup cold water; let stand 5 minutes. Stir in 1¼ cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tsp. salt. Drain ½ cup syrup from Dole Pineapple Slices and add, with ½ cup vinegar and ¼ cup lemon juice; cool. Pour thin layer in bottom of loaf pan, chill till almost firm; arrange 2 slices pineapple on gelatin, with pimiento in centers, chill till firm. Dice 1 or 2 slices pineapple, mix with 3 cups shredded cabbage, 1 cup diced radishes or cucumbers or celery, ¼ cup each diced pimiento and green peppers; fold into remaining gelatin, pour over pineapple in pan; chill. When firm, turn out and serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

CATSUP-GLAZED DOLE PINEAPPLE CHUNKS

Drain Dole Pineapple Chunks. Melt a little butter or margarine in a skillet; add drained pineapple. Dash generously with catsup, then sprinkle lightly with brown sugar, and heat, gently stirring occasionally, about five minutes, until chunks are glazed and hot. Use as a garnish for broiled chops or hamburgers.

DOLE

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS



START YOUNG, STAY YOUNG

with
VICTOR H. LINDLAHR



Victor Lindlahr, author of "You Are What You Eat," outlines in this Radio Mirror feature minimum requirements for a beauty diet. For more about food as a health and beauty foundation, hear Victor Lindlahr daily, 11:45 A.M., MBS.

THESE are the pleasant days when, the poets tell us, a man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love . . . providing he has something lovely to look at.

Whether or not he is going to look at you a second time depends, to a large extent, on your complexion — your "skin." So take a look in the mirror to get an idea how you'll make out in the "June is bustin' out all over" sweepstakes. Make an honest appraisal, too. Try to see yourself as others see you.

Do you look older than your years . . . or younger? Has your skin the soft, velvety appearance of youth? Does it have that smooth, creamy-like feel? Or does it appear to be a bit "tough," leather-like, or have some other of the unmistakable signs of aging?

Take a good look and remember that you are "young," "middle-aged," or "old" in the eyes of others according to the texture and appearance of the skin of your face.

You can fib about your birthdays or keep them a well-guarded secret, but the skin of your face is there for all to see.

Fortunately though, you are literally never too old to improve the tone, texture and tint of your skin through the use of certain selected foods. Here's how it's done:

Your skin is made up of layers and layers of tiny cells. The outer ones are continually shedding, and being replaced by new ones formed in the layers which are functioning underneath.

Whenever you eat, you feed these cells from within. In other words, the skin of your face is constantly in the making.

You can begin today to make sure that your skin will have a better texture a few weeks from now, because the skin cells are formed from certain factors you get in certain foods.

For example, you have all heard of Vitamin A. It does a lot of good things for you. For one thing, it determines the texture of certain cells in your skin, the kind physiologists call "Epithelial cells." They will be soft and velvety or hard and leathery according to the amount of Vitamin A they get.

This food factor actually *forms* the epithelial cells, and if you run short of it, your skin may show it in a number of ugly ways.

In other words, you are not only "what you eat," you "look what you eat," too.

Take the classic bugaboo of old-age skin . . . wrinkles. They crop up very readily in the skin that has been deprived of Vitamin A, and while we associate a mighty high score of birthdays with wrinkles, they might start to form as early as your thirtieth year, if you don't eat the right foods.

Consider deep-green lettuce, for example. It's a grand source of the carotene which your body forms into Vitamin A. The fine ladies of Ancient Rome paid fancy prices for deep-green lettuce. They ate it to "aid the complexion," and it really helped. However, the wily herb-sellers claimed that the lettuce had to be picked when the stars were in certain array. Of course that isn't true, but it justified special prices which the patricians gladly paid.

You can get a grand supply of Vitamin A from a crisp lettuce salad made with a touch of French dressing. A few strips of pimento spread over it would be double-extra good. Pimento is one of the richest food sources of Vitamin A.

Cleopatra once gave a herb seller three large pearls for a secret formula which was reputed to have magical qualities for "preserving the youth of the skin." In the light of modern nutrition science, it was probably worth the price, at least to Cleopatra. Here is the formula:

1 part parsley
1 part deep green watercress
1 part the outer leaves of broccoli

The whole to simmer for a few minutes in any water which might stick to the leaves, to be macerated, (finely chopped), and to be taken in the amount of a small wineglassful (about two ounces), fresh-prepared each day.

At least that's the essence of the prescription stripped of all the mumbo jumbo the herb seller recommended.

One Roman historian records that Cleopatra used this concoction every day. It certainly calls for three of the top-ranking (*Continued on page* 58)

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

You who value your precious clothes, will adore the wonderful new, improved Postwar Arrid! It gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety for your clothes and skin. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for!



FOR FORMAL EVENINGS, this stunning white linen dress . . . with transparent midriff and drop shoulder of organdy! To guard your precious clothes against perspiration, use Arrid daily. Arrid gives *maximum protection* against perspiration with safety to clothes and skin!

Fine Fabrics Return

Pure linen . . . pure organdy! These wonderful fabrics, which were wartime casualties, are now available again in summer clothes! Don't let perspiration mar their beauty. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. Our tests show it!



★ All Postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Does not irritate the skin.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too. Antiseptic.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax *Also 10¢ and 59¢*

New Improved Postwar ARRID

Some of the many stars who use Arrid:

Georgia Gibbs • Grace Moore • Ilka Chase
Carol Bruce • Beatrice Lillie • Diana Barrymore
Barbara Bel Geddes • Eleanor Holm

R
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nart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to *there*...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Jackie Coogan stars in CBS's Forever Ernest, with Lurene Tuttle and Arthur Q. Bryan, Mondays, 8 P.M. And Janet Waldo remains CBS's Corliss Archer, Sunday nights at 9.

By DALE BANKS

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

OUR hat's off to the new Superman! Now that the stratosphere-cleaving hero has taken to bashing away at real menaces instead of mythical ones, we're one hundred percent for the show. The new story line, designed to teach millions of kids the dangers of racial and religious intolerance and to deal with the many real problems that face the kids of today—and tomorrow—is a vast improvement. The script is more exciting now than it ever was, and that's basically because it deals with familiar things rather than Jules Verneish imaginings.

Superman has grown up and even adults need no longer admit with a snicker that they listen to it—they can say they do openly and without embarrassment.

* * *

Had a talk and a very interesting one with Valerie Bayan, lovely young actress currently in True Detective Mysteries. Valerie'd just got back from Honolulu, where she'd gone to be near her husband, Lieutenant Stubblefield. The war kept her husband pretty busy and Valerie filled in the empty hours by teaching dramatics in a local high school. Valerie found it lots of fun, but she also found it very educational in terms of democracy. Her classes were made up Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian children.

Department of higher mathematics—of a sort. E. Power Biggs, organist at CBS, set himself a project at the beginning of the year. The project called for devoting all or part of every one of his Sunday morning broadcasts to performing Bach's compositions for the organ—until he had presented the entire Bach organ literature. He finished the project early in March and then did a little adding up and figuring. Here's the report. He performed 228 Bach works and he estimates that it would take an entire day and night to play them all one after the other. He also says that his practice on the Bach works has consumed about 10,000 hours over the past twenty years. That's a lot of hours—but in this case well worth it.

* * *

Neat trick! Nannette Sargent, who has played the part of the baby, Paulette, in Ma Perkins for five years—from the first baby cry to the present five-year-old child—was recently switched to the role of Fay, Paulette's mother! Mother and baby doing fine.

* * *

We like stories about Harry Elders, because Harry Elders is a very nice guy. This one comes to us via grapevine from Chicago, where Harry's being the leading man on the Curtain Time program—as well as the leading man in a number of activities that tie

"Captivating!"

says Mrs. Gary Cooper,

"And that's why GAY-RED is a sell-out in Hollywood."

Wherever the elite of Hollywood gathers...you'll see alluring Tangee lips capturing admiring glances. Usually the cause of all the excitement is the thrilling new hit-color—Tangee Gay-Red. So let *your* lips go gay with Gay-Red, the light-hearted, carefree lipstick color *that gives you a lift!* And don't forget—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish—long-lasting and lovely-to-use.



MRS. GARY COOPER—*beautiful wife of one of Hollywood's most distinguished stars.*

Cake Make-Up that Thrives on Hot Weather!

Look cool and inviting all summer long...by using the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. This Tangee triumph does not get "streaky" from perspiration—lasts for *extra hours* no matter what the weather man says.

Presented in six fascinating shades.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN, *Head of the House of Tangee and creator of the world famous Tangee Gay-Red Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.*

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be

"Of course you know about Midol

BUT

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



Be fair with yourself! And this very month *prove to yourself* that the natural pain of the menstrual process can be relieved simply by taking Midol.

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain, and their action is both *prompt* and *sure*. Prompt because relief is generally obtained in a few minutes. Sure because *three* fast-acting ingredients work in these ways to bring welcome relief: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Let Midol keep you brighter. Take it confidently and see how comfortably you can go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope. Write Dept. N-76, Room 1418, 41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

actors into their functioning as citizens.

Not so long ago, Harry asked his four-and-a-half year old son whether he'd like to see one of his father's broadcasts. The tike is very blase, however, and didn't get very enthusiastic. This is one of Harry's light "burdens"—his son's lack of appreciation for his talents. So Harry took a neighbor's child along to the show instead.

The next morning, Harry was greeted very coldly by his son at breakfast.

"I hear you kissed another woman last night," his son said accusingly. "Joe," that was the boy Harry had taken to the studio, "Joe saw you. He told me all about it. Joe doesn't think you're very nice to do that when you have a wife and two children."

It took a couple of minutes for Harry to realize that Joe had seen him go through his regular mike routine at the end of the show, which consists of standing by the mike with his arm around his leading lady, Jane Elliott. Harry laughed and explained, but he's not quite sure his son is convinced yet of his complete fidelity. Small boys have a tendency to be very literal-minded. They believe what they see and hear.

* * *

Clint Johnson, CBS director, is back after a three year stint in the Army Air Forces. Lots of things happened to Clint, but the one he got the biggest kick out of was this. While he was still on Private Johnson and doing K.P., up to his ears in greasy pots, a messenger arrived with a special delivery letter for him. He opened it and read it aloud to his fellow pot scourers. "We have the honor to inform you that you have been included in the 1943 Who's Who," the letter read.

* * *

Eloise Kummer has twin nieces, six years old. They are ardent devotees of their aunt's Guiding Light program, and as a result a very puzzled couple of little girls. They've heard her go through a marriage and a divorce and they've become very fond of her son in the script, Ricky Lawrence. The thing that bothers them terribly is that they have never been allowed to meet their cousin Ricky, who, they think, sounds awfully nice. Eloise has had a hard time trying to tell them that when she's on the air she isn't their aunt, but a character in a play. That only makes them more confused.

* * *

If you'd like to have for reading some of the fine shows that were done on the Army Hour during the war, they're available in book form, now. Ex-Sergeant Millard Lampell's "The Long Way Home" is in the book stores and in buying a copy you'll be helping a good cause. Millard, who's an up and coming and hard fighting guy, even out of the Army, has directed that all the royalties from "The Long Way Home" are to be contributed to the Committee for Air Forces Convalescent Welfare.

* * *

Speaking of books, there's another one you might like to have, just for the fun of it. It's called "Radio Alphabet" and is intended to make English speaking people acquainted with the peculiar form of English that's flung around in radio studios. For instance, the book would help you translate the following:

The studio contained a live mike and a pedal pusher looking at a wood pile. No god box in the studio. Not even an eighty eight. You feel sure the pedal pusher couldn't possibly work on the wood pile, even if he had long underwear. What should you do. The answer is simple. Kill the mike. Dead air is better than a turkey.

Translated this goes: A room especially constructed for the production of radio programs contained a microphone that was connected to the complete electrical system used for the transmission of radio. Also present in the studio were an organ player and a xylophone. But there was no organ in the studio. Not even a piano. Knowing that the organ player couldn't play

CBS family gathering: Bill Bendix, star of Life With Riley; Barry Fitzgerald, Judge Fitz of His Honor the Barber; Louise Erickson, star of Date With Judy; and Archie, of Duffy's Tavern.





M. C. Win Elliot of County Fair (CBS Saturdays, 1:30) and Allen La Fever fit a new hat on Phoebe.

a xylophone, even if he had sheet music, what should you do? You should disconnect the microphone circuit. Complete silence is better than complete failure of a program.

* * *

Not too many years ago, a young song writer planned and hoped to make his two daughters stars in the entertainment world. While he became famous with such musical hits as "Louise," "Sleepy Time Gal," "Till We Meet Again," and "One Hour With You," the daughters grew up without showing the slightest interest in his plans for them. They showed no signs of a desire for a career in the theater. In fact, their father rather hopelessly confided in a close friend that they didn't seem to have any talent, at all.

But Dick Whiting was very wrong. One daughter, Margaret Whiting, is the singing star of Celebrity Club and the other, Barbara, is a film star whose most recent success was "Junior Miss." Maybe it's sometimes best to leave the kids alone—they'll come around in their own good time.

One of the qualities that help get top-notchers to the top and keep them there is a persistent aiming at perfection. Eddie Cantor is a fine example. Take his theme song, "One Hour With You," which has been sung hundreds of times on his radio show. Eddie never lets anyone, including himself get sloppy about the least detail. He still insists on having the theme rehearsed every week.

* * *

If you've ever known any band leaders, you know that one of their biggest headaches is dodging the song pluggers. Every band leader's life is made terrible by song pluggers haunting his nights trying to put over the latest publication of the music houses. Believe it or not, most songs are not sung into popularity, they're plugged into it.

We like the way Fred Waring has solved this whole deal. Fred does a little music publishing of his own, but he also uses the products of his business rivals. After all, he makes with the music in a big way. Fred's pretty busy and he doesn't like people under foot and in his hair—so he holds a weekly



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Of comfort and ease,
For every wise woman
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Every day is a "free" day when you use Meds internal protection! You're free from pads, belts and pins; from odor and chafing; from embarrassing bulges and wrinkles. Free, too, from nagging worry—for Meds' "Safety-Well" gives you security *plus!*

- Meds have the famous "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
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Meds *only* **25¢**
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

R
M

"Ageless"?



DRESS BY CHAPMAN

It's your skin that "dates" you!

SO HERE'S a worthwhile tip—make every effort to keep your skin at its lovely best by guarding against loss of natural skin moisture. For many beauty experts tell us that the longer your skin retains its *natural* moisture, the longer it will remain smooth and supple and beautiful.

Avoid, as far as possible, the things which dry out your skin: Neglect of proper skin care... too much exposure to winter's harsh winds and summer's hot, drying sun.

Choose Your Creams Carefully. Use creams that will *do* something for your skin. They needn't be the most expensive... try the two fine creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol"...a *special* ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream. Especially prepared to remove make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings.

Both creams contain genuine PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA.



Skin cream—A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol." Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.

Phillips'

MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS



Cleansing cream—A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. 60¢, plus tax.

luncheon to which all the song pluggers are invited. There they are given the time and attention necessary for them to put over their latest musical wares and Fred is free of them for another week. There's nothing like using your head a bit and getting things organized.

* * *

Did you know that Guy Lombardo has gone into yet another business venture? Guy and his brother, Carmen, are now the operators of the Long Island Airlines, a commutation service running between Montauk Point, Long Island, and New York City—some 120 miles. The line is the first of its kind to be operated in and around New York. Guy opened the line in May and the infant venture is doing very well, thank you.

* * *

Now you'll know the difference between "conductor" and "Bandleader"—and never again use them as though they were synonymous. Lloyd Shaffer, maestro of the Supper Club show, explained it all to us. Shaffer says that the boy who fronts a dance band is a "leader," because he merely beats time, which is only one phase of conducting—and which, Shaffer says, can usually be accomplished more satisfactorily by the drummer. The conductor, on the other hand, not only beats time, but changes the tempo as well as directs every movement of the orchestra. Lloyd is a conductor.

Incidentally, Lloyd will be busy while he's in Hollywood. He's talking to Fred Astaire, hoping to interest the dancing star in playing the leading role in "Atom and Eve," a musical comedy written by Shaffer and scheduled for a Broadway premiere this fall.

* * *

Maybe this proves something—Sherman Drier, producer-director of Exploring the Unknown science dramas could have got to the same goal, probably, without finishing school. In fact, he was well on the way to the same career at the age of sixteen, when he had his own radio production office in Minneapolis, Minn. That venture was a financial success, too, but Drier decided that a complete education never hurt even a radio producer, so he went to the University of Minnesota. He was



CBS's Big Sister, Mercedes McCambridge (daily, 12:15 P.M.), divides time between stage, radio



Summer sauce: Penny Singleton, star of CBS's Blondie, shows off a new star of her big hat collection.

graduated in three years, winning a Phi Beta Kappa key, and was immediately offered the job of director of radio for the University of Chicago.

* * *

Only in radio can this happen. Announcer Charles Lyon and commentator John W. Vandercook have been working on the same program, News of the World (NBC), for five years—but until a short while ago, they had never met one another. Lyon delivers his commercials from Chicago and Vandercook does his commentating from New York. They saw each other in person for the first time after five years awhile back when Vandercook went to Chicago on business.

* * *

Licia Albanese, singing star of Mutual's Treasure Hour of Song and the Metropolitan Opera's leading soprano, has earned herself the title of the "Bernhardt of Opera," because her acting is every bit as fine as her singing. In her career, this is not the greatest honor that's been accorded her. She's been decorated by a Pope—Pope Pius XI—and she had the distinction of singing at the coronation of King George VI.

* * *

Lanny Ross was in Milwaukee during that city's recent Centennial celebration. The Mayor asked Lanny to take part in the program featuring stars of radio, stage and screen who were born in Milwaukee. Lanny protested that he was a native of Seattle, whereupon Mayor Vohn made him an honorary citizen of Milwaukee right there and then. Lanny sang and emceed the big program.

* * *

You can't always tell from what they say. . . . For instance, after listening to Kenny Delmar and Deems Taylor on the RCA Victor Show, you'd think Kenny couldn't stand the sound of anything less than a hot combo beating out the latest and best in jazz and that Deems would be impervious to anything but the classic. 'Tain't so, though. We actually spotted Delmar at the Vladimir Horowitz piano recital at Carnegie Hall awhile back—and later the same evening ran into Taylor bouncing his feet to the "One O'Clock Jump" at a 52nd Street bistro.

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THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast deodorant. Ask for new ODORONO Cream Deodorant . . . *stops perspiration faster than you slip into your swim suit.* Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Works wonders when you work or play hardest. *Really protects up to 3 days.* Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

Change to new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-modern, super-efficient, super-safe.



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CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars... 39¢



Phone Again, Finnegan, they keep telling worried Stuart Erwin in his NBC comedy-drama program.

Modeling to movies to radio is the way Kay Campbell arrived on NBC's daily Ma Perkins.



Threesome-ing at a party of the Academy Award Theater (Saturdays at 7, CBS) director Dee Engelbach, radio's Hedda Hopper, and Esther Williams of the movies.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(*Continued from page* 15)

This is something we'll have to see. We hear that Alan Reed, better known to you as Falstaff Oppenshaw—"Precisely why I am here!"—plays a dramatic part in the new film "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Reed is called on for some heavy dramatics in the picture, we're told, and he also gets, according to the script, one of the worst maulings that's ever been recorded on film, in a scrape with the film's star, John Garfield. The thing that delights us is that we can remember Alan in his early days, when he was a physical training teacher and his specialty was wrestling. He's a tremendous fellow and a tremendously strong fellow and we get a kick out of figuring how John Garfield really puts it over. Enthusiasm and determination, probably. At that, Garfield's succession of tough roles will turn out to have been good preparation for his battle with Reed.

* * *

Did you know that "Kate Smith" was used often as a password during the war? It was and we heard tell of one particular instance. A number of Americans had to contact the Dutch underground and they needed a password that would definitely identify them as Americans. It had to be something only Americans would use—and the password? "Kate Smith." Simple—and a natural.

* * *

Lynn Murray has a new feather in his cap. He's been added to the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music.

Jon Gart, conductor on the Carrington Playhouse and The Harry Savoy Show, always has trouble getting people to leave the "h" out of his first name. His name is spelled like that—J O N—because he is the son of the famous European baritone, James Jongart.

* * *

Having had somewhat similar trouble ourselves on occasion, we're deeply sympathetic with Johnny Coons, actor on the Captain Midnight show. He just got a new phone—but an old number, said number having belonged to a laundry before. Practically every morning he's awakened by angry housewives wanting to know where their shirts, socks, sheets and towels are. Our old number used to belong to a cleaner and tailor. People were always calling us to come and pick up their pants for pressing.

* * *

Maurice Copeland was born and raised in Alabama. Before tackling radio, Maurice spent lots of dough and lots of tongue-tiring hours to get rid of his soft Southern drawl. So comes the pay-off. At a Human Adventure rehearsal, Copeland had to stand there like a nice quiet boy, while director Morrison Wood explained to him why his version of a Southern gentleman wasn't authentic.

* * *

Curley Bradley—Tom Mix on the air—is really going all out for the kids. He hopes he'll soon have a real western-style ranch where he'll be able to entertain city children—all for free.

GOSSIP FROM AROUND AND ABOUT. . . . Alfred Drake, singing star of the stage success "Oklahoma," will emcee the new Ford Sunday Hour for the summer. . . . Benay Venuta has chosen the West Coast as a permanent home. Benay will star in a new radio show, coming from California, in the fall. . . . Carmen Lombardo is now in the music publishing business, too. . . . Walt Disney is writing a radio show based on his screen characters, the show slated for airing in the fall. A complete drama will be presented each week. . . . Johnny Desmond, singing star of the Philip Morris Follies of 1946 and of the Supper Club, will be a father any day now. . . . Rumor has it that Warner Brothers are angling to get Jackie Kelk of the cracked voice comedy for a picture. So far, Jackie's tied down to New York by his radio commitments. . . . The newish radio show Honeymoon in New York has been sold to the movies for filming. . . . Ditto One Man's Family, filming to start in three or four months. . . . Bill Stern, noted sports commentator and announcer has turned author. His book is called "My Favorite Sports Stories" and is on the book stands. . . . Paul Lavalle will conduct some of the New York Philharmonic concerts at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York this summer. . . . We hear that Judy Canova is writing a book about her life in the theater, titled, "There's a Punch in Judy." . . . Everyone's writing—maybe we'd better stop for now. Nice listening and nice vacationing. . . .



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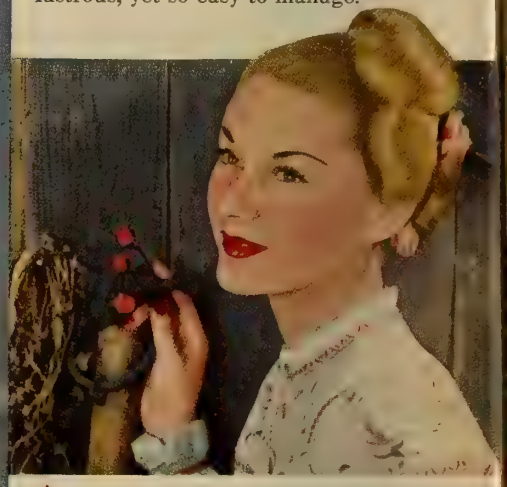
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage

IT'S SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautifully behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, you bring out all the natural beauty of your hair. all its alluring highlights . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamorous fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fonssagrives, "because it reveals far more sheen than any soap or soap shampoo." As much as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film on your hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with her gleaming hair in a practical, fetching topknot. Below she shows you another favorite hair-do you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use the wonderful improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE, you're the evening's star with lovely, lustrous hair. "This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," Lisa says, "right after shampooing with Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all hair back to point below crown, tie firmly and form three large buns. Don't forget the rosebuds!



Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

WHAT ABOUT Television?

1—CBS: THE CASE FOR COLOR

By WORTHINGTON C. MINER
DIRECTOR, CBS TELEVISION



The controversy over television is this: shall we have it now, in black and white, or shall we wait until color is ready? The Columbia Broadcasting System is championing the cause of color television. Only through color, CBS believes, can the wonderful new medium of television give most people what they want and expect from it. It is argued, on the other hand, that getting the sending apparatus and the receiving sets for color under way will take too long—that the public wants television now even if it has to take only black and white. Mr. Miner, Director of Television for Columbia, presents the CBS side of the question, contending that the wait for color will be very short and well worth while. Mr. Miner writes—

Here are some facts:

The president of a large radio manufacturing company, on the day after he had seen one of Columbia's recent demonstrations of ultra-high frequency color television, publicly stated that the pictures were "just out of this world when compared with black-and-white." From now on, he said, his company would produce color receivers exclusively.

Some ninety television set owners, after having seen a CBS color broadcast, were given a check-list of twenty-two words to be applied either to color or black-and-white television. The predominant reactions to each are seen in the following words: For color, "beautiful," "brilliant," "exciting," "magnificent," "easy to see." For black-and-white, "acceptable," "passable," "tame," "drab," "dull."

Later, another and somewhat larger group of non-set owners was asked, "What is the longest time you will wait for color after black-and-white sets are on the market?" The answers of seven out of ten ranged from "one year" to "indefinitely."

Since Columbia first began its daily demonstrations of ultra-high frequency color late last January, forty-three broadcasters have withdrawn their applications for licenses to operate black-and-white television stations in the lower frequencies. Many of these have definitely committed themselves to the development of ultra-high frequency color television.

The Federal Communications Commission—final arbiter in the matter of high vs. low-frequency television—stated as long ago as January, 1945, that it was "fully convinced" that better black-and-white pictures as well as high-definition color pictures could be achieved in the ultra-high frequencies. Columbia fulfilled that prediction ten months later with experimental laboratory equipment, and even more convincingly last January with new equipment of commercial design and construction.

The F.C.C. has also warned the industry that there is not enough room in the frequencies now alloted to television for "a truly nation-wide competitive television system." This means that, in order for people in all our cities to have an abundant choice of television entertainment—and in some cities, any choice at all—television must move into the higher frequencies where Columbia is now broadcasting its color pictures.

I have asked you to read these half-dozen scattered paragraphs because I believe they indicate fairly and clearly the direction in which television is moving. In four separate, (*Continued on page* 70)

NEXT MONTH—WHAT ABOUT TELEVISION? II. NBC'S CASE FOR TELEVISION TODAY

A DAY



Gramps, who has promised Linda and Tommy (played by Coletta McMahon and Richard Leone) to help put the new cannon together, keeps his word as Prudence (Florence Freeman) watches.

TO REMEMBER

In 1866, A Woman Of America celebrated Independence Day. Now, in 1946, her great-granddaughter Prudence Barker learns a new lesson of hope and faith

IT WAS still very early. The light from the bedroom windows was faintly pink with dawn; the moist, sweet air smelled of trees still wet with dew, of grass fresh-cut on the neighboring lawns. Prudence lay drowsing, thinking that this was for some reason a special day, unable to think why. At the moment she didn't care why; at the moment she didn't want to wake up. She had been dreaming, and the dream had been beautiful. In it there were no complications, no painful reality—just Walter Carlin and Prudence, walking hand in hand through some lovely field, talking. She couldn't remember their words, or what they had talked about, but it had been about happy things; they had been happy. The sound of their voices had run like background music through the dream.

A door banged down the street; there was a scraping sound on the sidewalk, a boy's laugh, a sharp, protracted sputtering. Prudence raised herself on her elbow, blinking. She remembered now what was special about the day. It was the Fourth of July.

The sound came again—the scrape, the sput-sput-sput. "Son-of-a-guns," she thought. She remembered them from her own childhood—the little flat discs, wrapped in red tissue, that were set off when you ground them under your heel. She fell back on the pillow, thinking sleepily, "Goodness, I hope he hasn't torpedoes or anything really loud—not this early." And she closed her eyes, trying to recapture her dream and all its sweetness. Walter had been saying—she could hear his voice, the deep warm tones of it, as clearly as if he were in the room . . . he had been saying. . . .

It was no use. Another door slammed down the street; there was a loud report—a firecracker this time. Prudence sat up, the dream gone for good. There would be little rest this morning for those who slept lightly.

Her own household was quiet. Gramps Barker, her father-in-law, and Sylvia, her daughter-in-law, and the children, Tommy and Linda, were still sleeping, but the stillness had a more profound quality than that of slumber. It was the stillness that had settled in the house when John and Val had enlisted, had deepened with Ginger's marriage. Three children gone out of a household of five—it made a difference; you noticed it especially in the quiet moments, early in the morning, late at night; you didn't quite get used to it after months, after years.

She drew on a dressing gown that matched the deep pansy-blue of her eyes, sat down before the mirror to brush her heavy dark hair. The face that looked back at her was fresh and lovely, her figure as slender as a girl's. Strange, thought Prudence, how little your appearance changed, for all the changes that came to you. So little was revealed of your inner life: your longing to see your sons again, the constant pressure of the necessity of earning a living for yourself and your children, and now this new and wonderful second love, as intense, as bitter-sweet, as all-consuming as first love. Walter—

Her brush moved briskly. It was no good thinking of Walter. Dreaming about him was different; in dreams there was no Madeleine, nothing to stand between them. It was better to think of practical things, such as using these extra morning hours to make one of the upside-down coffee cakes the family so loved for breakfast.

There were footsteps in the hall, the sound of a door closing, a soft, stifled moan. Prudence put down her brush and rose. Sylvia was up, and Sylvia must be ill—

She went noiselessly down the hall, knocked lightly at Sylvia's door. "Come in," called a pinched voice. Sylvia was huddled under layers of blankets; her face was white and drawn, her eyes enormous. Prudence knew a prick of fear at the sight of her. Swollen and misshapen as her body was, Sylvia still looked too slight, too frail to be carrying twins. Prudence sat down beside her, placed her palm against the cold, damp forehead. "Can't I get you something?" she asked. "Some hot broth—"

Sylvia's head moved in negation. "Nothing, thank you. I felt dreadful for a bit, but I'm better now."

Prudence rubbed the slim hands, felt rewarded when color began to show in Sylvia's face. But she could not drive the shadow from Sylvia's eyes. "I'm all right," Sylvia insisted. "The firecrackers woke me, and then I got to thinking, and it's just—oh, that everything seems so hopeless sometimes. Here it is July—nearly a year since the war ended, and it's still going on for people like me. It won't be over for me until John comes home. If he ever does come home," she added bitterly.

"Of course he's coming home, soon. He said himself in his last letter—"

"Oh, yes—" She moved restlessly. "But what does he know about it? What does anyone know about what's going to happen? No one feels that there's any real peace or any security—and after all the terrible fighting! What was the war for, anyway, if it wasn't to give us peace and security and a better future? I can't help feeling sometimes that Johnny will never see his babies—"

Prudence's heart ached for her. It wasn't easy to be young these days. It wasn't easy to be facing your first childbirth, with your husband several thousand miles away, with no one to whom you could confide all the precious hopes and wonderings and fears. Oh, Sylvia had Prudence and Gramps and the rest of the family, but it wasn't like having John. It wasn't anything like having John with her. "You're tired," said Prudence gently. "You awoke too early. Everything always looks bad when your vitality is low. I'll go out and tell the children to play farther down the street so that you can sleep—"

"Don't, please. They don't really bother me. It was just that I got to thinking in circles, and I got so depressed."

A WOMAN OF AMERICA

A Woman Of America is Prudence Dane Barker's story, and the story of every woman who has learned to use, as a guide to happiness, her own bravery and intelligence, refreshed by the heritage of the past. Listen to it each Monday through Friday, 3:00 P.M., EDT, on NBC.

ou shouldn't." Prudence ed over and kissed her ckly on the forehead. "Re-mber, John is happy, and s you and the babies who e making him happy. You have so much to be glad about— Now, lift up a little—"

She was working as she talked, plumping the pillow behind Sylvia, smoothing the bedcovers. When she had finished, Sylvia stretched out with a tired sigh. "Thank you, Moms; that feels so much better. You're wonderful; you never let down the way I do; you never lose courage." And then, while her lips curved in a little smile, a tender, proud little smile— "You're right about John, too. He *is* happy, and I'm a dodo to fuss. . . ."



Sylvia **who feels bitter because "the war is still going on." (Frances Carlon)**

The words followed Prudence back to her own room like so many mocking little street urchins: *You never let down; you never lose courage.* . . . She felt let down now, lost suddenly, almost panicky. And it was the girl's smile that had done it, because John, who was on the other side of the world, was actually much closer to Sylvia than Walter Carlin was to Prudence—and Walter was right here in Danesville.

SYLVIA and John belonged to each other, for all the world to know; no matter how far apart they were, no matter how long they were separated, they *belonged.* But Walter and Prudence—they could work together, see each other every day, be as close as was possible for two people who did not share the same house, and yet they must remain individual, separate. They could plan no common future.

She put her palms to her eyes, wishing for the relief of tears, knowing that she couldn't cry. What good was love if you could be happy in it only when you refused to think, refused to face reality, when you dreamed as children dream of a wondrous, impossible Someday when everything would magically come right and be exactly as you wanted it to be? What good was loving if it did not bring happiness to the one you loved? Walter must have moments like this, when the unsatisfied longings seemed too great to be borne, when love was more a burden than the joyous thing it was meant to be.

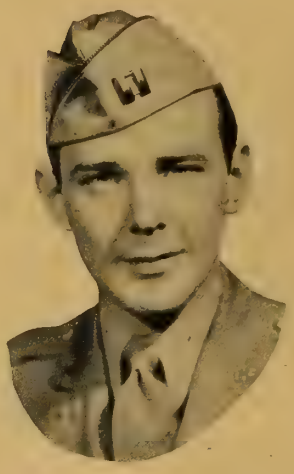
She moved to the window, stared unseeingly down at the street. *I should have stopped it,* she thought—and then she wondered ruefully how, and when. Perhaps when he had first come to Danesville, to take over the mortgaged *Courier,* the newspaper that had been founded by Prudence's great-grandmother, the first Prudence Dane. Perhaps she shouldn't have agreed to go on working for him as editor of the paper; perhaps she should have let him tell her about Madeleine, his wife, when he had first wanted to tell her. But she knew in her heart that none of it would have made any difference.



Madeleine **whose very existence means misery for others. (Helene Dumas)**

They had known from the very beginning, both of them, and Madeleine—knowing about Madeleine only made Prudence ache to make up to Walter for all he had missed. Madeleine had never been a real wife to him; he had never known the happiness Prudence had had in her own marriage.

BUT *I can't do anything for him the way things are,* she thought. *We'll only make each other miserable. I ought to go away*—and then she smiled at the very extravagance of the thought. She could no more leave Danesville than she could stop loving Walter. Danesville was more than a place to live, more than home; it was an extension of her own house; its people were a second family to her. Generations of Danes had helped to build the town, had put their lives and their ideals and their labor into it; her sons had taken something of it with them when they'd gone off to war; they wanted now only to return to live in the town and for the town as their ancestors had. It was their own particular corner of America; it was still home to young Ginger, after months of following her new husband through the northern wilderness. As for Prudence herself—the town had never been so dear as in the past war-racked years; it was unthinkable that she should leave it, leave the *Courier,* now in these days of uneasy peace.



Johnny **who desperately wants to arrive before his babies. (Ogden Miles)**

She looked down at the street, fresh-washed in morning sunshine, at the gracious, spreading trees, the comfortable houses. Except for the knot of small boys gathered on the walk a few doors down, the neighborhood was quiet, holiday-neat. There were no lawn-mowers out this morning, no coaster-wagons and bicycles and toys left over from yesterday's play. Oh, yes, Prudence thought, John and Val and Ginger would be thinking about home today; they would be remembering other Fourths—

"Moms."

She turned. Tommy stood in the doorway, bare-footed, pyjama-clad. Behind him was Linda. Linda was upright, but hardly awake. Her face, still babyishly round, was puckered with sleep; she was blinking hard in an effort to open her eyes. Tommy's eyes were wide with distress; if he hadn't been a boy, and all of eight years old, he would have been in tears. "Moms," he said, "Gramps won't get out of bed. I tried and tried to wake him, and all he does is turn over and say he's sleepy—"

"But Tommy, darling, it's so early—"

"But he promised!" Tommy protested. "He said he'd help put my cannon together—first thing in the morning' he said. And all the other kids are out with their firecrackers and stuff—"

Prudence flinched as a burst of artillery from the street testified to the truth of this statement. She wanted to hug Tommy, but she knew that it wouldn't do. He had come for assistance, not babying and sympathy. Instead, she scooped Linda into her arms. "I don't think he meant to get up at the crack of dawn," she observed. "Gramps will be up in a little while to help you. And, Tom, you shouldn't have wakened Linda. She's still asleep—"

"She wanted to go along—"

Linda sighed drowsily. "I wanted to," she agreed plaintively, "but it isn't morning yet."

"I think Gramps is sick," Tommy announced. "He looks funny, and he won't get up. He must be sick."

Gramps sick—Prudence's heart buckled at the thought. "I'll go see him," she promised. "You can get dressed, Tom, and I'll help you with your cannon if Gramps can't.



Working together is hard for Prudence and Walter Carlin, for it emphasizes the unhappiness of the time they must spend apart. (Walter played by Bartlett Robinson).

And Linda, baby, you go back to bed—"

Tommy paused in the doorway, looked back at her critically. "You look funny, too, Moms. What's the matter with you?"

"Eight," thought Prudence, "and I can't hide anything from him. What will it be like when he's older?" Aloud she said, "I've got the vapors."

"What's vapors?"

"Just what it sounds like. A kind of misty, blurred feeling, except that it's all in your mind."

"Oh." He looked uncertain for a moment; then he grinned at her. "I guess it doesn't hurt very much, or you wouldn't be smiling."

Prudence tapped on Gramps' door, and, when there was no answer, she turned the knob softly and looked inside. Gramps raised his head irritably. "What the—Oh, it's you, Prue. Is anything the matter?"

"That's what I came to ask you. Tommy said you weren't feeling well." As she looked at him, she was almost sure that Tommy was right. She was used to seeing him spruce and clean-shaven; in the morning light, his face looked furrowed and shrunken.

He snorted. "Nothing wrong with me that an hour of shut-eye won't cure. You're the one who looks peaked, Prudence Dane Barker. What's bothering you? You look as if everything's getting on top of you."

"Nothing, Father Barker." She didn't want to discuss Walter with him, not now. But the old man's eyes were bright upon her, shrewd, waiting. He was awake now, wanting to talk, she realized. She hedged truthfully, "I was thinking of the children. Ginger—I did so much want to see her settled, and when one stops to think of it, one could hardly say that she's very much settled, off in Alaska on the trail of a gold mine with Wade. She's so young to have to adjust not only to marriage, but to an entirely new kind of life—"

Gramps looked skeptical. "Her letters sound happy, don't they? You don't have to worry about Ginger, Prue. She's got spunk—your kind of spunk. Whatever happens, she'll come out on top, someway."

"And the boys," Prudence went on. "Not just John and Val, but all the boys who have been away for so long. You should see some of the letters that come to the Courier from people asking when the (*Continued on page* 54)



I went with Sally several times to see Oliver before his preliminary hearing

Even sympathetic, experienced Aunt Jenny couldn't work things out for Phil and Sally. Their happiness was in their own hands—hands made unsteady by youth and pri

ONCE WE'RE MARRIED

AN AUNT JENNY REAL LIFE STORY

LITTLETON'S young folks have a way of dropping in on their Aunt Jenny fairly often, so I wasn't surprised, just before Christmas, when Phil Ruskin, who was just out of the Army, began coming over fairly frequently in the evenings. But it wasn't long before I realized that he always seemed to pick those nights when Sally Burnett was there, too. And, having seen that far, it wasn't hard to see beyond, too—to realize that those two youngsters were in love.

I guess practically anyone would have said they were worlds apart, those two. Phil was Berg and Helen Ruskin's son; Berg owns the Littleton Bank, and Helen is very much a leader in town social life. Sally, on the other hand, was from what might be called "the other side of the tracks." I don't suppose her Dad had ever earned more than fifteen dollars the best week of his life, and her mother was one of those easy-going housekeepers. It was easy for Littleton folks to sniff at the whole Burnett family.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad, if Phil hadn't been quite so much under his parents' thumb. But he was, and that was that. Helen still considered him her baby boy, and Berg had his whole life mapped out, down to the last detail. So you can understand how impossible it seemed to Phil to tell his mother and father that he wanted to marry Sally Burnett—one of *those* Burnetts!

But at last, with much persuasion, he made up his mind to do just that. You see, Sally—and she was wiser than her years, that girl—absolutely refused to elope with him. She said that if they couldn't be married in church, right in front of everyone in Littleton, then their marriage didn't have a chance. Phil had to tell his parents—and he finally agreed that she was right.

He would have told them, too—but the night before he planned to break the news, Oliver, Sally's twin brother, was arrested! He'd driven a car used by two fellows who held up a diner in Littleton. Oliver said he was innocent—and Sally and I, at least, believed him. He simply didn't know why those men were going into that diner. But be that as it may, Phil, when he came to my house that next night to meet Sally, flatly refused to tell his parents about wanting to marry Sally. It was bad timing, he said. It would have been hard enough at any time, but now, with Oliver in jail—well, it was simply impossible! And then there was the inevitable quarrel. Sally asked Phil to prove that he wasn't ashamed of her by taking her to see his parents then and there.

And Phil refused. And Sally simply walked out.

Phil looked down blankly at the dish he had been wiping when Sally entered, and which he still held in his hands. Very carefully, he laid it and the towel on the table, and then he stood there, his head bowed, his fingers nervously tapping the oilcloth. "I'm sorry you had to hear all this, Aunt Jenny," he said in a faraway voice. "I'm sorry anyone had to hear it . . . Because Sally's right. I'm a coward, where my family's concerned."

"Maybe," I said. "But I don't know, Phil. Sally's never had to argue with her dad and mom. They've always treated her like one of themselves—they love her, but they let her go her own way. She can't understand how it's been with you, all your life. It's hard to go against your own flesh and blood. Sometimes, though," I added, "it has to be done."

"Yes," he said softly. "Sometimes it does. I've known that all along. I knew it when I first realized I was falling in love with Sally." He picked up the dish and put it away. "Do you mind if I run along now, Aunt Jenny?"

"Of course not, Phil." I didn't ask him where he was going or what he was going to do. I hoped I knew.

He went out, and walked slowly down the street, then turned to the right at the intersection. He could see his own home, his family's house, from here. Naturally, it was the biggest house in town—square, tall, covered with jig-saw gingerbread but still managing to look gaunt and bare. Lights shone in the livingroom windows. Still not hurrying, Phil went as far as the wide front porch. There he stopped and squared his shoulders before he opened the front door.

His father and mother were in the livingroom—his father beside the radio, the newspaper he had been reading dropped to his knees while he chuckled at a comedy program, his mother's knitting needles catching the light in turn as they shuttled in and out of the sweater she was making. A sweater for him, of course, he thought. His mother would do anything for him, give him anything she possessed—except the one thing he wanted.

"Hello," he said. "Dad, could you turn the radio off? There's something I want to tell you." It would have been better to wait until the program was over, but he had to get it done now—right away.

His mother dropped her knitting into her lap, and his father stared at him before he reached over and clicked the radio into silence. He felt apprehension spring up in both of them. That was it, that was the trouble—he meant



so very much to them, there was nothing he did or thought or planned that wasn't of more importance to them than their own actions, thoughts, plans. It had been that way, all his life. He could see the change in them that had come about while he was away in the Army. It had been only two years, but they had each aged at least ten—because they had been afraid every minute of the time. And now he was back, safe, but changed as much as they were, resenting their well-meant kindness, oppressed by their love.

"All right, son," his father said. "What is it?"

"I'm in love," he told them. "I want to get married."

They took it in ways that were natural to them. His father sat still, waiting for him to go on. His mother put her hands on the arms of her chair, leaning forward, saying in a shaky voice, "Married? Phil, who . . .?"

"Sally Burnett," he said.

Berg Ruskin frowned, his heavy brows coming down over his eyes. "Sally Burnett?" he said sharply. "Are you crazy?"

"No sir." Phil was watching his mother. She had gone quite white, and she was staring at him in horror.

"Jim Burnett's daughter—Oliver's sister?"

"Yes sir. Though I don't see what difference that makes."

"I'll ask you to be civil to me, Philip!" Berg Ruskin's implacable temper was beginning to show itself now. His eyes narrowed, and he drew himself upright in his chair. But to his own amazement, Phil was not impressed. He felt a surge of relief. Sally had told him that he could stand up to his parents if he would only try; he hadn't believed her, but it was true. "Sorry. I don't mean to be rude. I really don't see what difference it makes."

"Phil—you're joking." His mother tried to smile, to smooth things out between her two men. "You—you *are* joking, aren't you?"

"No, Mother, I'm not."

"But—Sally Burnett!" she burst out. "I didn't think you even knew her! How could this have happened—where have you been seeing her? I simply," she said pitifully, "don't understand!"

"I met her at Aunt Jenny Wheeler's house, about a week after my discharge. I've been seeing her there ever since."

"Aunt Jenny! And she permitted it!"

"There was nothing she could do about it, Mother. It just—it just happened."

"Just happened!" his father said scornfully. "I can see what happened, plain enough. A young fellow just out of the Army—hasn't seen a girl for months—falls for the first pretty face he comes across!"

"It wasn't that. I've seen other girls since I've been back."

"Maybe none that was quite so anxious to marry you! Those Burnetts—they're a shiftless, thieving lot—"

The clear skin of Phil's face turned a brick red. "Dad—don't talk about Sally like that!"

"I'll tell you the truth about her and her family, if you aren't smart enough to see it for yourself!"

"Phil—Berg!" Helen pressed the palms of her hands against her face, against cheeks that were wet with tears. "Wait—don't quarrel, please! Phil, don't you see—we only want you to be happy, we want you to marry a girl you can be proud of. You're so young, and you're at loose ends since you got out of the Army—how can you tell, how can you be so sure? If you'd only wait—go back to college, or to the university if you'd rather—and in two or three years, if you feel as you do now—"

"No," he said. "I want to marry Sally now—right away."

For an hour, that was his answer to Helen's tears and to Berg's outraged anger. It was still his answer when, at the end, Berg stood up, saying, "All right. I've done my best. If you won't listen to reason, I can't stop you. You can break your mother's heart and ruin your own life—but you'll do it by yourself! Not one cent of help will you get out of me. Make your choice."

Phil went upstairs to his own room—knowing that he had won, but feeling defeated. He had been afraid of his parents, afraid of their love and their disappointment, and he'd conquered his fear, but in its place was a depression so terrible that he threw himself down on his bed without turning on the light and lay there with his eyes open in the darkness. The prospect of having to make his own way in the world didn't bother him particularly; he and Sally could move to Metropole, and he could get some sort of a job. They'd get along. But there was a regret in his heart he hadn't (*Continued on page 71*)



Littleton is a very small town; Phil couldn't help knowing when Sally began to have so many dates.

BETWEEN the



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All's right with the world!

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I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

—Walter Savage Landor

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BOOKENDS

BY TED MALONE



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CONQUEST

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The monstrous head, the heated breath, the large and amber eyes
Poked from the leafy curtain; and I stood there in surprise.
It wasn't that I know no fear—I simply couldn't speak,
For I had looked for tigers every morning of the week;
But you'll find there is a difference (and I know it to be true)
Between when you look for tigers and when tigers look for you.
So I stood there, freezing slowly and considering with dread
The simply awful deeds performed by cats of which I'd read.
While those dreadful eyes blazed at me like two yellow plates of glass,
I could see myself reclining very dead upon the grass.
The tiger stood and I stood, too; and it was rather late
To change my mind, so calmly I resigned myself to Fate,
For I said, "From such o'erwhelming things one surely can't get far,
And—who knows? He may be different from what other tigers are!" **—Margaret McAndrew**



FOR, LO, THE WINTER IS PAST

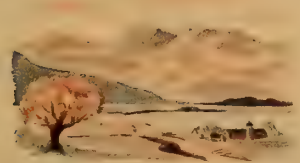
My beloved spake, and said unto me,
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."
Holy Bible, Song of Solomon 2:10-13

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
—William Shakespeare: The Tempest

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl, sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.
—Walt Whitman



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
—*Katharine Lee Bates*

Have you written a poem, long or short, sad or gay? Would you like to read it in print? Turn the page, then, and find out how Ted Malone makes his selections each month.

A page of pleasant discoveries and happy memories to put you into a pleasantly reflective warm-weather mood

BETWEEN the BOOKENDS

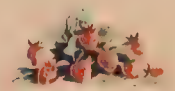
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Is rounded with a sleep.

—William Shakespeare: The Tempest



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

**O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!**

—Katharine Lee Bates



FOR, LO, THE WINTER IS PAST

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Holy Bible, Song of Solomon 2:10-13

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl, sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

—Walt Whitman

Have you written a poem, long or short, sad or gay? Would you like to read it in print? Turn the page, then, and find out how Ted Malone makes his selections each month.

BETWEEN the BOOKENDS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR

I saw the paper lying idly there,
Open for all to see, not put away,
And so I picked it up and read your life,
The years so uneventful till today.
Experiences of work and play and school,
Mention of father, mother, younger sister
And then within the closing paragraph
You uttered this pronouncement, mister:
"When I grow up I'll be a bachelor."
I smiled, although of course, it might come true;
And yet I think somewhere a schoolgirl writes
"Some day I'll marry" and she'll marry you!
—Louise Darcy



LETTER TO ONE ESTRANGED

My Dear,
Estrangement cannot make us strangers;
The fronds of memory unfold and thrive
In spite of enmity and arid dangers—
We two have stood beneath a rainbow's rafter,
And watched a bluebird write his signature,
And supped on lines of Keats and so hereafter
The bond we forged in beauty will endure.
Irene Wilde

From
DELIA

If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wait apart;
My pleasures horror, music tragic notes,
Tears in mine eyes and sorrow at my heart.
If this be love, to live a living death,
Then do I love and draw this weary breath.
—Samuel Daniel

FORGIVE ME, POETS . . .

Forgive me, poets, for my breach of trust,
My easy handling of the fluid word.
No verse of mine was from an inner "must—"
I leave my written page unchanged, unblurred.
I know the anger of a desperate heart,
And passions, lewd and lovely, have been mine,
But never can I tear the words apart
And march them, weaponed warriors, in a line.

And yet I write, because it gives me pleasure.
Forgive my inch against your yardstick measure.
—Dorothy Babcock

QUESTIONNAIRE

Do you ever wish on stars
And loads of hay?
Do you thrive on candy bars?
Three times a day?
Did you ever hunt and fish
Long, long ago?
Do you prefer a satin swish
To calico?
Are you fond of candlelight?
Are you witty?
Do you like a rainy night
Am I pretty?
Will your image always haunt me?
By the by,
Do you think you'll ever want me?
Will you try?
—Emily Crandall



LARK'S WAY, WIND'S WAY

Take a hearth and a house and a quiet man,
Darling, when you choose,
Not a slim man for laughter nor moons nor stars
Nor a quicksilver gown nor the dancing shoes.

For there's little to dance to when years come down.
And laughter is much, but there's much to be said
For the apron and bungalow kind of a life,
And sleeping at night in the same sweet bed.

And it is not very far to fall,
If you never climb with dreams at all.

Lark's way, wind's way, days hurry you on,
Out of heart's reaching. Daughter, daughter,
And the sound of wisdom no more to you
Than the running and singing of water.
—Bianca Bradbury

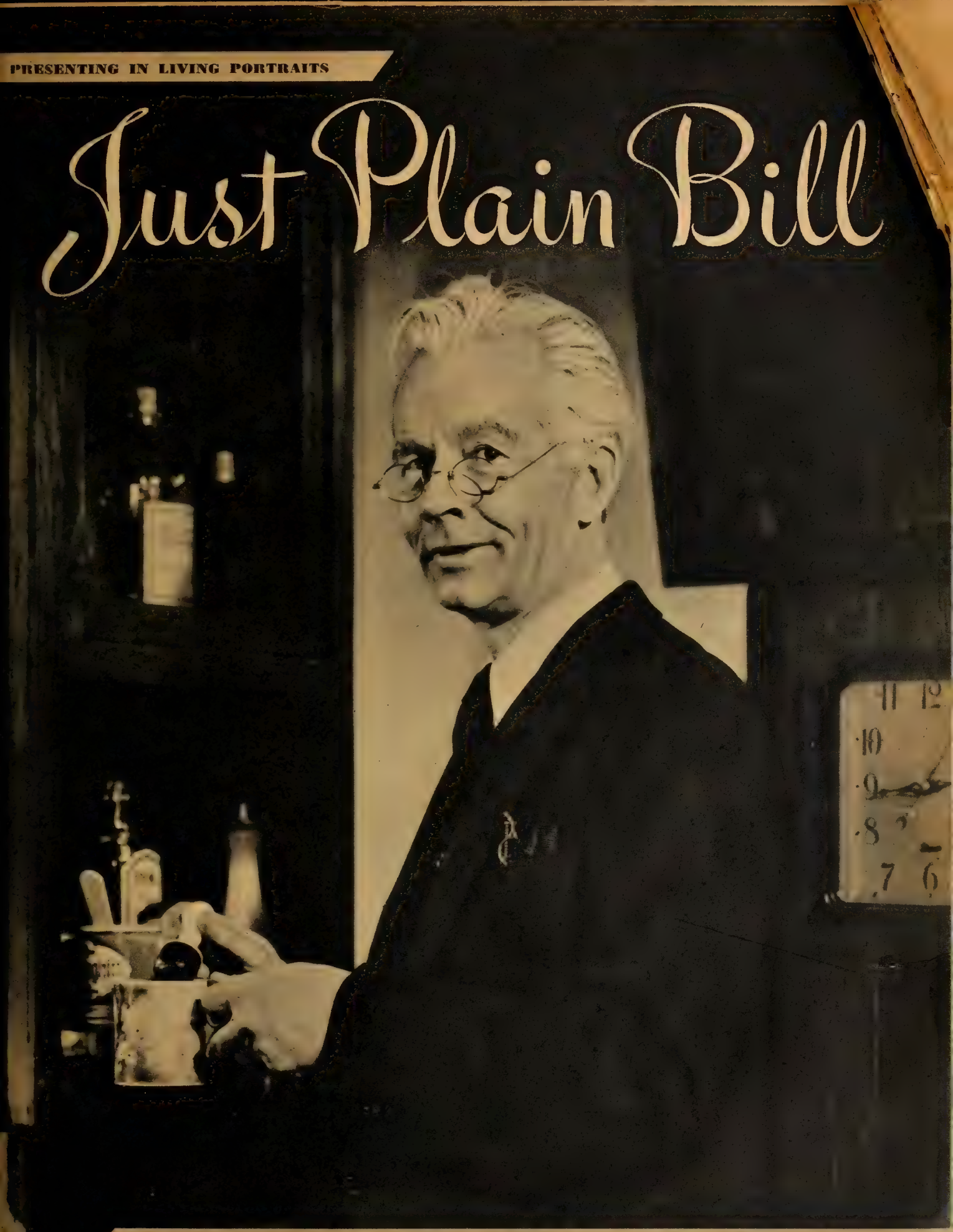
RADIO MIRROR will pay
FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

LISTEN TO TED MALONE, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY OVER ABC, AT 11:45 A.M., EDT.

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Just Plain Bill



—through whose barbershop pass the hopes, fears, the life of all of Hartville





WIKI is Bill's grandson, a lively youngster who has been brought up by Nancy and Kerry Donovan in the true American traditions of family life. Between Wiki and his grandfather there is an almost conspiratorial accord, and yet Bill's authority over the boy, whenever he feels any need to exercise it, is unquestioningly obeyed. (Played by Michael Artist)



ELMER EEPS, owner of the general store across from Bill's barbershop, knows everyone in town. His store is an active clearing-house for all current gossip. On the second-hand bicycle which he bought recently to speed up his delivery system, Elmer has become the terror of Hartville's usually quiet traffic. (Played by Joe Latham)

KERRY DONOVAN, Nancy's husband, is a lawyer whose judgments are sound and logical. He and Bill like and respect one another, though they don't always agree. (Kerry is played by James Meighan)



NANCY, Bill's beloved daughter, has learned from her father many of the traits of character and facets of personality that have made him such a vital factor in Hartville life. Warmly generous, sympathetic, Nancy's eager interest in people sometimes carries her into real involvement in the lives of others, but her independent mind and ready sense of humor balance a tendency toward impulsiveness. As a mother, Nancy functions intelligently and affectionately, and her relationship with Kerry is rich and happy because there is always room for a vigorous, friendly exchange of opinion.
(Nancy is played by Ruth Russell)

Now in its fourteenth year on the air, Just Plain Bill is conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, heard Monday through Friday at 5:30 P.M. EDT, over NBC.



REBA BRITTON, feeling that her sister Katherine stole the man she loved, married John's brother, though she never gave up her dream of some day winning John's love for herself. When Katherine died, Reba attempted to set her plans into motion, but Bill knows that Reba's desires are built on resentment and jealousy, and will not bring her a fraction of the happiness she might still have with her husband.
(Played by Charlotte Lawrence)



JOHN BRITTON is a young writer whose wife, Katherine, died with tragic suddenness in Bill's barbershop. Grief-stricken, friendless among strangers, John and his little girl have found more than mere temporary sympathy in Bill's quick assistance. With characteristic warmth and sanity, Bill and the Donovans are helping John to straighten out his affairs so that he can once again begin to find some happiness in his work.
(Played by William Woodson)



BILL DAVIDSON, the kindly barber of Hartville, holds to a philosophy of life that is as direct, as unfaltering, as all-embracing as the Bible itself would counsel us all to strive for: no man shall call another man a stranger. With Bill this has been more than a creed to which he gives verbal allegiance. Every man—particularly every man with a problem—becomes at once Bill's personal concern, to be helped, advised, sheltered with the same fervent sympathy with which he would turn to the problems of his own family: his daughter Nancy, her son Wiki, his son-in-law Kerry. Bill is never anything but a simple, kindly man, but his gift for sympathy has given to his simplicity and patient wisdom the stature of true dignity.
(Bill Davidson is played by Arthur Hughes)

A New Adventure of Mr. and Mrs. North

MURDER FOR TWO

"I JUST don't understand what we're doing here," Pamela North said plaintively to her husband Jerry. She waved vaguely at the smart foyer in which they stood. It went with a regally-appointed Park Avenue apartment house.

"We're doing what everyone else in New York City is doing right now—hunting for an apartment," Jerry said patiently. He waved a classified advertisement in her face, clipped from the Herald-Tribune.

"But I'm still baffled," Pam persisted. "When there isn't a foot of space in the whole city for rent—what makes you think a fancy Park Avenue job is going begging? Particularly when it's been on public view for two whole days before the atomic Norths get there?"

But before Jerry could answer her, a big and beaming man had swung open the ornate grilled door. Bowing them in graciously but hurriedly, he burst into endless talk. "I'm Mr. Bower, the superintendent of the building. I presume you're anxious to see the advertised apartment? I'm anxious to show it to you! You'll love it! Step right this way to the elevator!'"

Pam's mouth hung open in astonishment. "What year is this—1932?" she whispered to Jerry as they followed Mr. Bower into the highly polished elevator.

"—Three sun-flooded rooms, beautifully furnished down to the sheets, towels, ash-trays. . . ." Mr. Bower was saying enthusiastically.

"The catch? What's the catch?" Pam mumbled to Jerry.

"Shut up," he didn't mumble back.

"But he's stuffing it down our throats!" Pam muttered undaunted.

"Well, my throat's all set for the stuffing! It's mighty tasty!" Jerry said in amazed pleasure as they walked into the livingroom. It was indeed. Mr. Bower, almost fawning on them by this time, swept them hastily through the gracious, brocade-draped livingroom, the smart rose-colored bedroom, the sparkling kitchen and bathroom. His hasty tour brought the bemused Norths and himself back to a stop in front of the charming little bar in the livingroom. Jerry wandered behind it and said, "Scotch!"

It was too much for Pam. But she thought she



Mr. and Mrs. North are heard each Wednesday night at 8:00 P.M., EDT, over The NBC Network. Pam is Alice Frost; Jerry is Joe Curtin.



Pam awoke in sheer terror, frightened before she saw the reason for her fear—the shadow of a man on the wall. And that's where the trouble begins in this Mr. and Mrs. North story written for Radio Mirror by Eleanor Harris.

Things were bad, Pam and Jerry thought—they couldn't find an apartment. Then they found one, and things were even worse, because they had rented themselves a homicide case too!

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But again she was wrong. "Oh, that!" scoffed Mr. Bower. "Why—er—anything you care to offer." Then he added, "Within reason," but only as if it were a belated afterthought.

"Well," Pam said, thinking out loud, "in these times it must be stupendous. But before the war, probably $100 a month—"

Mr. Bower cut in rapidly. "Splendid! It's done! $100 a month—year's lease—sign here!" The blinking Norths saw a swirl of leases, Mr. Bower's fountain pen, and Mr. Bower's insistent, eager smile. They signed in a daze. Jerry was still signing his name to the first month's rental check when Mr. Bower whipped it from his hand. Rapidly he began backing to the door, waving the check cheerily. "Well, so long!" he roared genially.

"Wait!" Pam shouted after him. "When do we move in?"

"You've moved in!" Mr. Bower shouted back. Then he did a strange thing. He gave a sudden hysterical yelp of laughter. Just as suddenly he sobered. "I beg your pardon, Mr. and Mrs. North," he said gently. The door closed on him.

Pam and Jerry stared at each other in the sudden quiet of their new home. Then Pam spoke. "The whole thing mystifies me. There just must be a reason for getting this glamorous apartment so easily in these times." She drifted aimlessly into the bedroom.

"Now, now!" Jerry said reassuringly. "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth—especially when it's an Arabian steed."

They were interrupted by the sharp ringing of the doorbell. They moved practically in lock-step to open the door.

Outside in the hall stood a charming-looking older woman, whose white hair was in perfect contrast to her all-black clothes. She wore no hat, coat, or gloves. She came slowly into their livingroom, and her voice, when she spoke, was oddly sad.

"I'm Mrs. Stone, from the apartment right under you," she said. "Mr. Bower told me that he had finally rented this apartment, and I came right up to call."

The Norths mumbled their names, gestured toward a chair. But like a deep and quiet brook—or Mr. Bower—she went on. (*Continued on page* 77)

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By

MARGARET WHITING

Engaged to Hollywood's William Eythe, Margaret, in New York, can only sing to him. And this she does, Tuesday nights at 8, on NBC.

So far away—

There's three thousand miles between Margaret and Bill, right now. But the way Margaret sings love songs, all those miles just disappear

OF COURSE I've dreamed of romance—who hasn't? And I have included in those dreams, as any girl does, rosy pictures of "our" first meeting. The unknown man and I often met at dances or splashed into each other while we were swimming—in my dreams.

But it didn't happen that way—does it ever? One fine Hollywood day I walked into a record shop on Vine Street. I have a big record collection and wanted to make some additions. I made an addition that day—but not to my record collection.

A very handsome young man was talking intently to the girl behind the counter. "Yes, I'm sure that's a good record too, but it's not what I came in for. The only thing I want today is that wonderful, marvelous recording of "My Ideal" with Margaret Whiting doing the vocals."

I was thrilled of course, but also a little embarrassed. My impulse was to turn around and leave the record shop. But my plans didn't have a chance to jell. The salesgirl sang out, "Why, that's Miss Whiting right now."

The tall young man with the wonderful smile and wavy dark hair turned around swiftly. Looking straight at me he said to the salesgirl, "Now that *is* strange. I've wanted to meet Margaret Whiting for a long time."

I suppose the girl record-seller did perform a formal introduction but I can't remember it distinctly. I was in such a daze because I knew that Bill Eythe was IT. I hadn't met him at a dance as I had dreamed, but here he was. We chatted for a while in the record shop and then I asked Bill to come out to my house. I promised to play him some more of my records. And the romance was on. It hadn't happened quite the way I had daydreamed it but it *had* happened.

Temporarily there's a bit of sadness in the romance. My voice, which brought us together, is at present keeping us apart. I have three *East* Coast commitments—the Frolics broadcast on Tuesdays, the transcribed Barry Wood show and the CBS Celebrity Club Saturdays. And Bill's career is thriving on the *West* Coast. You will all remember him as the thrilling lead in "The House on 92nd Street". He was such a success in that picture that his career in the movies is now assured. He has just finished "Centennial Summer" and will start soon on "Methinks the Lady".

But I am sure that the little god who arranged our meeting in the record shop will create a set of fortuitous circumstances that will permit our marriage fairly soon—and a long happy life together.

I wish my father could have lived to see Bill. He really brought us together, you know. I'll tell you about that in a little while. Dad would adore Bill as much as I do. My father was Richard Whiting. You will remember him as the composer of "Louise", "Sleepy Time Gal", "One Hour With You", "Ain't We Got Fun", "Crazy Over Horses", "Japanese Sandman", "Till We Meet Again" and many other wonderful songs. He also wrote "My Ideal" which was my first recording, and the song that brought Bill and me together.

Mother is a non-professional but her sister Margaret Young, who lives with her now, was a sort of Sophie Tucker back in the days of the first World War —and a big seller on records. The other member of the family is a younger sister who is riding fast towards fame and an Oscar. Her name is Barbara but she will always be known as Fuffy —her big part in "Junior Miss".

Of course Dad, who made his living "in the business", didn't want either one of us involved in it. But you can't wish away anything like my sister's obvious acting talent.

And it was impossible for me to stay away from singing. As a matter of fact Dad and Eleanor (that's what

I call my mother) started the whole thing. When I could barely talk they used to play records for me and watch my reactions. Even then I knew pitch and could sing out the names of different notes.

It was Johnny Mercer who egged me on. He and Dad had been writing songs together and Johnny encouraged me to sing them. Finally he suggested me as the singer on a radio musical show —Our Half-Hour. It was a sustaining program on the coast and for two years I got my radio experience the hard way and the right way.

Then I got an agent—and the agent got busy. He played some of my records for possible sponsors and bingo! I got three top spots. I sang on the Hit Parade, the Jack Carson show and the Frank Sinatra show.

Along about this time Johnny Mercer signed me for Capitol Records. For luck—and for deeply sentimental reasons—I decided that I would sing one of my father's songs for my first recording job. That song was "My Ideal".

And "My Ideal" is the song that paved the way to our engagement—Bill's and mine. As I said before, it was Dad who brought us together. It's a funny thing—we *were* together for two whole years. We dated steadily all that time and in November 1945 we became engaged. Since then we have been consistently three thousand miles apart—through no wish or design on our parts.

Once in February Bill got as far as Chicago. He was doing a benefit and the troupe had every expectation of getting to New York or fairly close to it. But Bill was definite about it. He was coming to New York even if he could only see me for an hour or so. In Chicago the tragedy happened. Bill got a phone call from the studio to fly back to the coast for re-takes.

Now our current hope is a picture that will take *me* back to *him*. Johnny Desmond, one of my co-workers on the Frolics show, is about to sign for a picture with Warner Brothers and that means the whole group may go along. Johnny says I nag him about it to the point of desperation. Of course I do —if he takes the show to the coast then Bill and I can be together.

Even though we aren't together right now—and how we agonize over it!—our private double talk goes on via letters and telegrams. To Bill I am Thrush. To me he is Hambone. I'm crazy about him because I never know what he's going to do next.

Like the time at a dance when Bill said suddenly, "Let's go find a roller coaster." We did. Our friends say we act like ten-year-olds at an amusement park. Fortunately Bill is the only one who doesn't worry when I stand up like a mad (*Continued on page* 66)





It was Scotty who realized what had really happened to Tex. He is quiet, Scotty is, but awfully wise. He understood right away that Tex was badly confused about what he wanted, as many soldiers are when they first get home. Tex did want to play a guitar and sing, but not in the way he thought he did.



Take Your

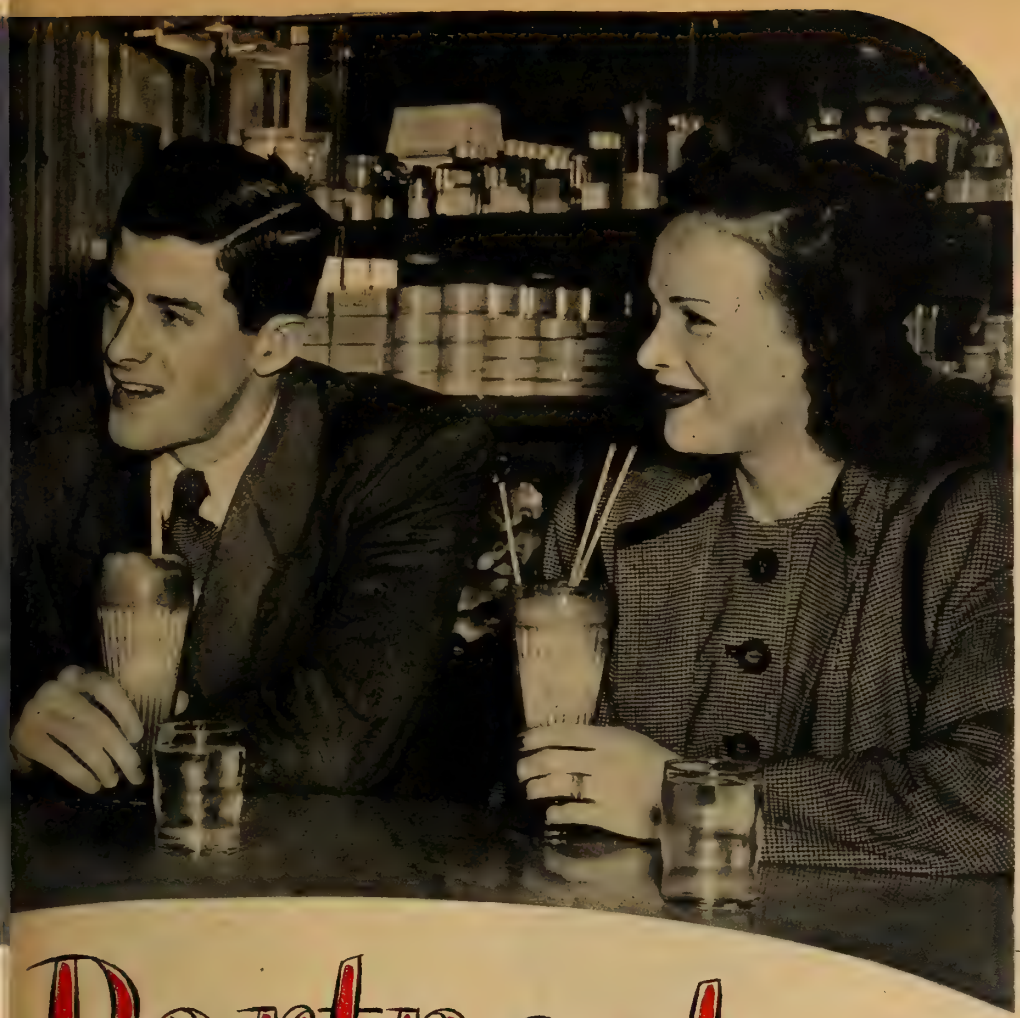
The National Barn Dance means an evening

A WISE philosopher said one time that a man always is looking for a woman to boast to and a woman always is looking for a shoulder to put her head on. I think that's true—especially the part about the man's wanting to seem important to the woman he loves. When a man is proud of himself, he looks into a woman's eyes and uses them for tiny mirrors to reflect his courage, and talent, and power. And when he is ashamed—when he feels defeated and small and unsure of himself—he cannot look at the woman he admires for fear that he will see his defeat written in her eyes.

I know that, because that's what happened to Tex and me. He was miserable, and in his defeat he turned away from me and left me confused and frightened. It was then that Lulu Belle and Scotty stepped in to tell me what was happening to us. But I'm getting ahead of my story—my strange story that began one Saturday night at the WLS National Barn Dance at the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago.

I don't believe in love at first sight—not real love, anyway. I know that true love has to be founded on mutual respect, and happiness in little things, and memories. But, still, love does have to begin some place, doesn't it? And, many times, that starting point is just a glance, a meeting of eyes which seems to say, "Hello, there. Who are you? I like you very much, you know. You're my kind of person." That's what our first glance said—Tex's and mine.

I saw him before he saw me the night he came to the theater. It was at the end of the National Barn Dance broadcast and I was standing in the foyer when I noticed the tall, rangy man looking thoughtfully at the people who were leaving the lighted auditorium. I haven't known a lot of them, but you do get to know people when you work as an usherette in a Chicago theater, and I knew that this man was nice. I knew that before he looked at me, and



Anyone could tell, just from the way Lulu Belle smiled over at Scotty as he told about their farm, that although the Wisemans have been married for years, they're still sweethearts. They could remember all the careless barriers that young couples like Tex and Janie sometimes build up to wreck a shy new love.

Partner!



fun to most people, but to Tex and Janie it meant the beginning of love

then when our eyes met, I was sure. His eyes were deep, and blue, and kind, and they looked into me without seeming curious or forward, as if he saw in me just what I saw in him.

I was glad that he was seeing me for the first time at the theater instead of at our crammed grocery store where I worked during the week. I knew I looked all right in my best black dress with the touch of white at the throat, and I knew that my legs looked pretty in my only pair of nylons. I was glad, too, that my part of my job was making visitors feel at home. That gave me an excuse to talk with him.

"Are you looking for someone?" I asked him. "Maybe I can help you."

He smiled, and now there was gratitude in his eyes.

"I couldn't get a ticket for the show tonight," he explained.

I nodded sympathetically. "We were sold out a half hour ahead of time."

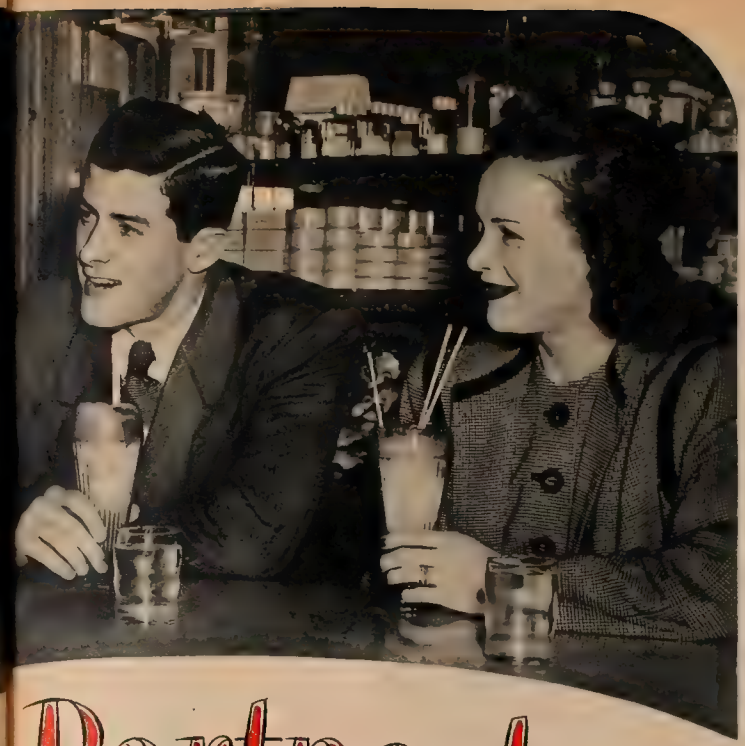
"And I had a special reason for wanting to get in there," he went on. Then he seemed to want to confide in someone, because he began to tell me the reason for his coming. "You see, I saw the Hoosier Hot Shots when they were over in Italy last year, and I played for them and sang a little. They asked me to look them up when I got back."

I knew that he'd just been released from the Army even before he told me. I could tell that from looking at his wild tie and the green sweater he was wearing under his coat. Here was a fellow who had been starved for color in a world of khaki. Here was a person who was going to make up for lost time, who was going to begin to live.

I found myself wanting to help him. I felt maternal and responsible for him, as if I were appointed to answer his most bothersome questions. I realized that I wanted to help him find his dreams. I did what all women do when they feel their hearts going out to men they admire. I mothered him.

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Take Your Partner!



The National Barn Dance means an evening's fun to most people, but to Tex and Janie it meant the beginning of love

A WISE philosopher said one time that a man always is looking for a woman to boast to and a woman always is looking for a shoulder to put her head on. I think that's true—especially the part about the man's wanting to seem important to the woman he loves. When a man is proud of himself, he looks into a woman's eyes and uses them for tiny mirrors to reflect his courage, and talent, and power. And when he is ashamed—when he feels defeated and small and unsure of himself—he cannot look at the woman he admires for fear that he will see his defeat written in her eyes.

I know that, because that's what happened to Tex and me. He was miserable, and in his defeat he turned away from me and left me confused and frightened. It was then that Lulu Belle and Scotty stepped in to tell me what was happening to us. But I'm getting ahead of my story—my strange story that began one Saturday night at the WLS National Barn Dance at the Eighth Street Theater in Chicago.

I don't believe in love at first sight—not real love, anyway. I know that true love has to be founded on mutual respect, and happiness in little things, and memories. But, still, love does have to begin some place, doesn't it? And, many times, that starting point is just a glance, a meeting of eyes which seems to say, "Hello, there. Who are you? I like you very much, you know. You're my kind of person." That's what our first glance said—Tex's and mine.

I saw him before he saw me the night he came to the theater. It was at the end of the National Barn Dance broadcast and I was standing in the foyer when I noticed the tall, rangy man looking thoughtfully at the people who were leaving the lighted auditorium. I haven't known a lot of them, but you do get to know people when you work as an usherette in a Chicago theater, and I knew that this man was nice. I knew that before he looked at me, and then when our eyes met, I was sure. His eyes were deep, and blue, and kind, and they looked into me without seeming curious or forward, as if he saw in me just what I saw in him.

I was glad that he was seeing me for the first time at the theater instead of at our crammed grocery store where I worked during the week. I knew I looked all right in my best black dress with the touch of white at the throat, and I knew that my legs looked pretty in my only pair of nylons. I was glad, too, that my part of my job was making visitors feel at home. That gave me an excuse to talk with him.

"Are you looking for someone?" I asked him. "Maybe I can help you."

He smiled, and now there was gratitude in his eyes.

"I couldn't get a ticket for the show tonight," he explained.

I nodded sympathetically. "We were sold out a half hour ahead of time."

"And I had a special reason for wanting to get in there," he went on. Then he seemed to want to confide in someone, because he began to tell me the reason for his coming. "You see, I saw the Hoosier Hot Shots when they were over in Italy last year, and I played for them and sang a little. They asked me to look them up when I got back."

I knew that he'd just been released from the Army even before he told me. I could tell that from looking at his wild tie and the green sweater he was wearing under his coat. Here was a fellow who had been starved for color in a world of khaki. Here was a person who was going to make up for lost time, who was going to begin to live.

I found myself wanting to help him. I felt maternal and responsible for him, as if I were appointed to answer his most bothersome questions. I realized that I wanted to help him find his dreams. I did what all women do when they feel their hearts going out to men they admire. I mothered him.



It was no disgrace for Tex to fail. There aren't many people as good at making their kind of music as Frank Kettering, Ken and Hezzie Trietsch, and Gabe Ward—the Hoosier Hot Shots.

"You wait right here," I said. "I'll find the Hoosier Hot Shots for you—one of them, anyway. I know they'll want to see you," I said with encouragement.

"They told me to come," the tall boy repeated, "over in Italy last year."

"Aren't they swell?" I said enthusiastically. "They helped me get my job, too."

"Do you work with them?" my new friend asked with awed approval in his eyes. "Why, I'd rather have a job like yours—I'd rather be on this radio show—than anything else in the world."

I didn't mean to deceive Tex—I didn't want him to think things about me that weren't true. But I just didn't have time to correct his mistaken impression. Because right that minute Hezzie and Ken and Gil and Gabe came trooping past us out the door. I had to attract their attention or let them get away.

"There they are now. Just a minute, I'll be right back."

I grabbed Ken's arm just as he was going out the door.

"Ken," I said quickly, "there's a man here tonight you met in Italy. He wants a job. He wants to talk to you."

All of the boys in that quartet are married and like to get home right after the show, but Ken turned back and said with a smile, "Where is he? I want to talk to *him*!"

I guess nobody ever was as thrilled as Tex was when Ken came back and shook hands with him. He couldn't remain shy with Ken, although he was for just a minute, because Ken is the kind of a person who can make you feel at home in the middle of Wabash Avenue.

SUDDENLY, Tex was talking and laughing all at the same time, and he was saying as he pumped Ken's arm, "Gee, it was swell of you to write my mother a card after you got back to Chicago from overseas. She listens down in Texas every Saturday night, and when you wrote and told her you'd seen me over in Italy and I was all right—why, she just couldn't get over it."

Ken was embarrassed. "That wasn't anything," he said quickly. "We wrote to all the guys' mothers." Then, he changed the subject. "Tell me about yourself. What are you doing in Chicago?"

"Well," Tex began hesitantly, "I'm here—well, you told me to look you up in the United States—and—"

"And you did it," Ken finished, but he looked a little worried.

"I played my guitar for you over there," Tex said. "Remember—you said to drop in for an audition some time."

"How long are you going to be here?" Ken asked, and he was business-like now.

"I thought I'd go see my mother and then come back. I'd kind of like to hear the show from out front before I play for you."

Ken frowned. "That's a pretty long trip just for an audition," he said.

"Oh, I'm not coming just for that," Tex said quickly. "I mean to live in Chicago, anyway."

Ken smiled. "That's a good idea," he said, and then he turned to me, "Fix him up with a ticket for next Saturday

night, will you, Janie?" He winked at me.

"If you get here a little early next Saturday night, I'll have a ticket for you," I said quickly, and I was rewarded with a swift look of gratitude from Tex, before he nodded goodbye and went out of the theater.

I don't live a very glamorous life during the week. My father owns a little grocery store in one of Chicago's most crowded districts, and I clerk there for him. The people who trade there are tired and cross and overworked, and they're quick to criticize. I don't know what I would have done in those years after high school if I hadn't had my Saturday night job. That was the one bright thing in my life. And the week after I met Tex Saturday night began to seem more attractive than ever, my life away from the theater more drab. The days seemed endless, as I counted the hours until I would see him again.

I had no thought of continuing to deceive Tex—of making him believe that I was part of the show instead of just an usherette. But I had no choice, because on this night of all nights, I was late.

I believe in Fate, now. I know that something outside of ourselves makes almost unbelievable things happen. Because never before in my year and one half at the theater had I been late. And never before in my life had I been in such a storm.

THE storm broke with a terrific clap of thunder when I was on the street car riding toward the loop. The water fell in great sheets, and the power line broke, and we sat in the middle of a world gone mad with thunder and lightning and rain. When finally we did get started, we crawled to the loop, and I had to run through the rain to the theater.

I was wet and bedraggled and nervous. I hated being late. My job was important to me, and I knew that the cast up there on the stage depended on me to help seat our visitors who came to see the show. But there was something more than my job troubling me this night. I was afraid that Tex wouldn't be here—that the storm had prevented his coming.

One of the girls who worked with me came to talk with me. "I got here just before it broke," she said, "or I would have been in the same boat you were in."

"I wish I *had* been in a boat," I said ruefully.

"A lot of people didn't show up tonight," Betty said, making conversation.

"I wonder if a big, tall fellow came," I said, trying to act unconcerned. "Ken wanted me to save a ticket for him."

"He's in there," Betty told me. "I got him a ticket—there were a lot of extra ones tonight."

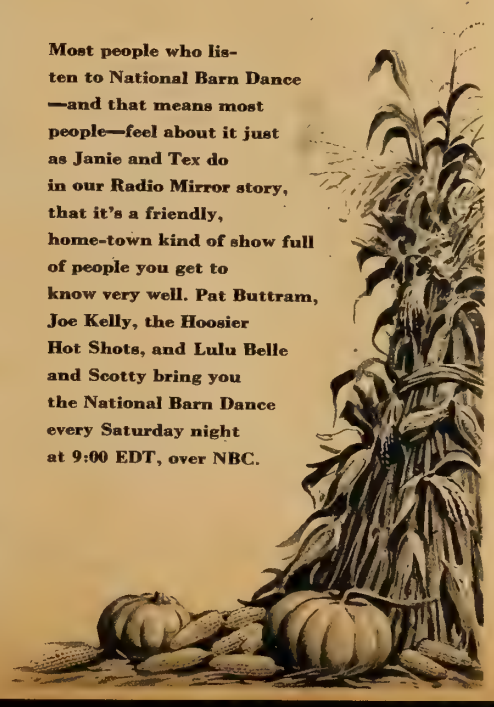
I guess I didn't realize right that minute what the memory of a pair of blue eyes could do to me. I was more glad that Tex was in the theater than I ever had been about anything before. But I was embarrassed, too.

If you've ever liked anyone very much but you weren't quite sure whether or not he liked you, you'll understand how I felt as I stood in the darkened rear of that theater. I was glad that he was tall—that gave me a chance to find him almost at once. I stood staring at his straight back and broad shoulders as he gazed with rapt attention at the stage. Usually I watched the show with enthusiasm, loving every minute of it, never getting tired of a shred of it from the time Joe Kelly said, "Hello, everybody, everywhere," down to the very last note of the finale. But tonight I didn't hear a word of that show. I just stood there watching Tex and wondering what I would say to him later.

I COULD tell from the way he never moved his head that he was drinking in this program the way a thirsty man swallows water on a desert. He'd been waiting for this night, thinking about it, building air castles. I guess it was then in the darkened theater that I made up my mind to go on letting him think that I was part of the show. I wanted this new man, who was more attractive to me than anyone I'd ever known, to find me attractive, too. And I knew that he would admire me if he believed that I was part of the National Barn Dance. I'm not good at thinking up lies, and I never would have deliberately told Tex an untruth. But now that he believed that I was part of the show, I didn't feel too wicked in letting him go on in that belief.

If you've ever been in love, you can understand my reasoning. You'll know why I stood back in the shadows of the theater watching Tex until the crowd thinned. You'll understand how I followed with my eyes when he rose reluctantly at last and started slowly up the aisle. You'll know why I hurried out at that same time, pretending to be rushing home.

Most people who listen to National Barn Dance —and that means most people—feel about it just as Janie and Tex do in our Radio Mirror story, that it's a friendly, home-town kind of show full of people you get to know very well. Pat Buttram, Joe Kelly, the Hoosier Hot Shots, and Lulu Belle and Scotty bring you the National Barn Dance every Saturday night at 9:00 EDT, over NBC.



It would be so easy to be a man! If Tex had wanted to see me, he could have asked one of the girls where I was and who I was and if I had a telephone. But girls can't act that way. They have to pretend—they have to wait. That's the reason I had to pretend to be rushing out of the theater, pretend to run into him accidentally. But he was glad to see me. His face lighted up and he smiled at me.

We left the theater together in a world which was quiet after a storm. Our walking out of there together seemed the most natural thing in the world. We matched our steps the way you always do when you're walking with someone you like, and we didn't see the soggy strewn paper and we didn't feel the rain water which dripped from sagging awnings. We just knew that we were together and that we were walking toward a drugstore down the street, just the way boys and girls do in Iowa and Kansas and Missouri and Idaho—just the way young people do everywhere when they're falling in love.

We did begin to fall in love for sure that night—I know we did. This wasn't just a pick-up—it wasn't like a pick-up at all. Instead it was one of those wonderful things that happens to every girl, if she's blessed with a certain amount of luck and recognizes the real thing when it comes along. And I knew that this *was* the real thing. I realized it completely as I sat beside Tex in a Chicago drugstore on a Saturday night, which is the busiest night in the world. As I chewed at the end of my straw and played with my chocolate soda, I leaned a little toward Tex the way you do when you're attracted to someone.

Sitting at that stool at the fountain, Tex told me about the long months he had spent overseas, about how lonely he'd been for his home, and about how in the evening he and the fellows had sat around and sung the songs that reminded them of America.

"That's how I got to playing the guitar in the first place," Tex explained. "There were a lot of us stuck in Rome for a long time, and I picked up this old guitar in a little shop, and I—well, I got to be pretty good." He was embarrassed about this burst of confidence, but I smiled at him, and he went on.

"Pretty soon the fellows got to calling for me at all the camp shows and that's when I started really practicing so I could give them what they wanted to hear."

"That was wonderful of you, Tex," I said softly. "You made them happy that way."

He smiled into my eyes and went on talking.

"It was after I'd been playing quite a while that the Hoosier Hot Shots came over to a theater in Rome." He was thoughtful. "I'd been playing a long time by the time they came."

"I'll bet you were glad to see those fellows."

"Glad! I'll say we were. We all felt we knew them already just from listening to them back home, and then at the theater they asked us to come up and see 'em after- (*Continued on page* 60)



DON'T YOU KNOW I love

Merry had waited a long time, with hope in her heart. Now hope was gone, but somehow she found she was still waiting, as women will, for her beloved's return

SOME LOVE STORIES shine softly through tears. Like singing melodies from great composers, lost for a breathless moment in the crash of great harmonies, they always return. And they bring with them the whisper, fragile and lovely, that spring will return, in season.

Because I love music, I suppose, I build even my thinking around musical themes. It was music that brought me Dick, my husband. And it was music that finally widened the breach between us until it became impassable, before he went away to the Pacific. Music kept me from despair during those long, desolate months when I didn't know where he was, or what he was doing.

And now as I stood at the entrance to Gate 4, my face pressed against the wiring that shut me away from the incoming train, my heart was a symphonic battle-ground of confused emotions, through which the melody of my love for Dick ran clear and pure. I watched the train come slowly to a stop. Suppose—suppose after all Dick wasn't on it! Suppose he'd meant it when he wrote it might be better if we didn't meet again! That it would be easier for us both that way!

I searched the faces of the crowds pressing through the gate breathlessly, lest I miss that one face. Dick wouldn't be expecting me, he'd written me not to meet him, that he'd come right out to the house. But that was my surprise for him. I wouldn't be at mother's where he expected to find me, but at the little cottage where he'd taken me as a bride. The couple to whom I'd leased it had gone back to their home in the West, and I'd snatched at the opportunity to get it back before Dick got back. This way, I planned eagerly, we'd get a new start. And it would be right this time. I wouldn't try to keep Dick all to myself. I wouldn't nag if he wanted to be alone, or with the Pads. Pads—I smiled, that was the absurd name for Dick's reporter friends. They took great pride in the name, and the group. They were quite chesty about it, in fact.

Everything would be quite different now, I planned. This time the Pads were with me; they had become friends, close friends, during Dick's absence. They didn't hold it against me any longer that I'd tried to shut them out of Dick's life, and they wanted us to be happy together again. Particularly, Darling wanted it, Darling whom I had hated most, and feared. Three years can make a great difference in a person, and it was longer than that since I'd seen Dick. During that time my heart had been almost torn out of me with fear for him. Three years! They'd seemed like a lifetime to me. They'd been a lifetime—a lifetime of readjustment, of heartache, of learning!

I pressed forward, watching eagerly.

And then, miraculously, he was there.

"Hello, Merry," he said, half frowning. "Thought you weren't coming. Isn't that what we said?"

"Yes," I admitted, unable to check the nervous tears that were spilling down my cheeks. "But I had to come. I couldn't wait. Aren't—aren't you glad to see me, Dick?" Without waiting for an answer, my arms were about him, straining him close to me. All the years of longing, of pain, and hunger were in that clasp.

For a moment, Dick's arms held me close, then he began to gently free himself. "Here, here," he said, "this won't do. There's certainly nothing to cry about now. This time I'm home."

A "MY TRUE STORY"

My True Story, real-life dramas of real people, is heard every Monday through Friday, 10 A.M., ET; 9 A.M., CT; 11:30 A.M., MT and 10:30 A.M., PT, over ABC.

"I know it. That's why I'm crying—because you *are* home. I'm just so glad, so happy, Dick."

He laughed lightly, and encircled me with his arm. "Well, we can't talk here. That's certain! Let's get going."

He signaled a cab, and we got in. I leaned forward and softly gave the address to the driver. Dick didn't seem to notice. He was leaning back. "Gee, it's good being on your own again! Makes you feel like a real human being. Right now all I want to do is sit still, and relax. Sort of take it all in. Mind? We can talk later."

I nodded, and watched him light his cigarette. It *was* good to have him with me again. Maybe we *could* start all over! Maybe he wanted it as much as I did! I let my eyes feast on him. The crisp brown hair that lay so close to his head; the lean sunburned face; the eager, engaging smile I loved; the dark eyes that were searching, and yet could soften to such tenderness.

Abruptly the cab jerked to a stop. "Welcome home, darling," I said eagerly, and held my breath. Would he be glad I had moved back? Would he remember how happy we'd been when he first brought me here—or would he remember the unhappiness?

I couldn't tell what he was thinking. He was smiling as he paid the taxi driver and helped me out, but there was a closed look about his face, as if he were hiding his real self away.

"So you've moved back, Merry," he said quietly. "Was it wise? Is your mother with you? You haven't been staying alone, have you?"

"No—just the last few days. I wanted to be alone then. It gave me more time to think about us—to sort of plan. You've been gone so long, Dick—I just wanted to get used to the idea that you'd soon be here. To look forward to it!"

Dick didn't answer. He took the key I handed him, and fitted it into the lock. Then he stood back for me to



"I'll love you," I whispered, "as long as I live."



enter. We had come *home,* together.

The house was all lighted up. I'd purposely left it like that so Dick wouldn't have to see it first all dark, but bright and cheerful, and welcoming.

"Come on in, darling," I urged, holding out both hands. "You're home—home—" the words seemed to swell like music in my heart.

All around us the fragrance of lilacs and daffodils filled the house. It was just as it had been that day in early April when Dick had brought me here a bride. Would he remember? I'd taken such pains to have everything as it was then. Even the dinner, waiting, almost ready to be served, was the same.

I looked up at him, adoring him. "Dinner's almost ready to go on the table," I said unsteadily. "I thought it would be fun to dress up for it, as if we were having a party—just you and me. Oh—" for the first time, I realized we hadn't brought any of Dick's luggage with us. I had been so absorbed in Dick, himself, I hadn't even noticed it. Now I looked at him in dismay. "Dick, we've left your luggage. We'll have to go back for it, or can you manage tonight without it? All your things are here just as you left them when you went away. I believe you'll be able to manage—"

"It'll be all right," he said quietly. "I left it on purpose. After dinner I want us to talk things over—then I thought I might go on to Mother's for the night. I'm afraid she isn't very well."

"She's all right, Dick. I've seen her. I've gone and stayed with her often while you were away."

"Well, I thought I'd go, anyhow. I want to see her."

My hand, resting timidly on his arm, dropped to my side. I had been hoping his would reach up to cover it, but I felt now that it wouldn't. *First night home—first night home* ran through my mind like a foreboding chant. Dick's first night home he wanted to spend at his mother's. He didn't care, then; he'd come back unchanged, still certain our marriage had been wrong.

"All right," I said. "Change as quickly as you can, then, and I'll have dinner on the table when you come down. Oh, by the way—" he was already halfway up the stairs, and he turned to look down at me almost impatiently—"I've put your things in our old room—my room—instead of the spare room where you left them when you went. I thought perhaps you'd want . . ." I stopped and shrugged, and forced a smile. "Anyway, they're in there. Anything you want, just yell."

"Merry," Dick began, and cut himself off. "No, we'll talk later." He went on up, and I went into the kitchen to finish preparing dinner. It took just a few minutes to finish everything. I lighted the oven, waiting until the last minute to put the biscuits in. Dick always liked them piping hot. Then I stood undecided. Dick would still be in the bedroom. I could hear him whistling as he dressed, and the cheerful sound tore at my heart more than anything else had. How could he be so unconscious of my pain? Didn't he care about what was happening? Had those years away made him hard, insensitive to pain in another?

I couldn't think now—didn't have to, I reminded myself bitterly. I could think when he was gone. And the Pads, whom I'd invited over to surprise him—I must call Darling and tell her not to bring them. Some sort of excuse—but I couldn't plan it now. And I couldn't face Dick yet, I decided. I opened the door and stepped out into the cool stillness of the backyard. It was here we had stood on the first

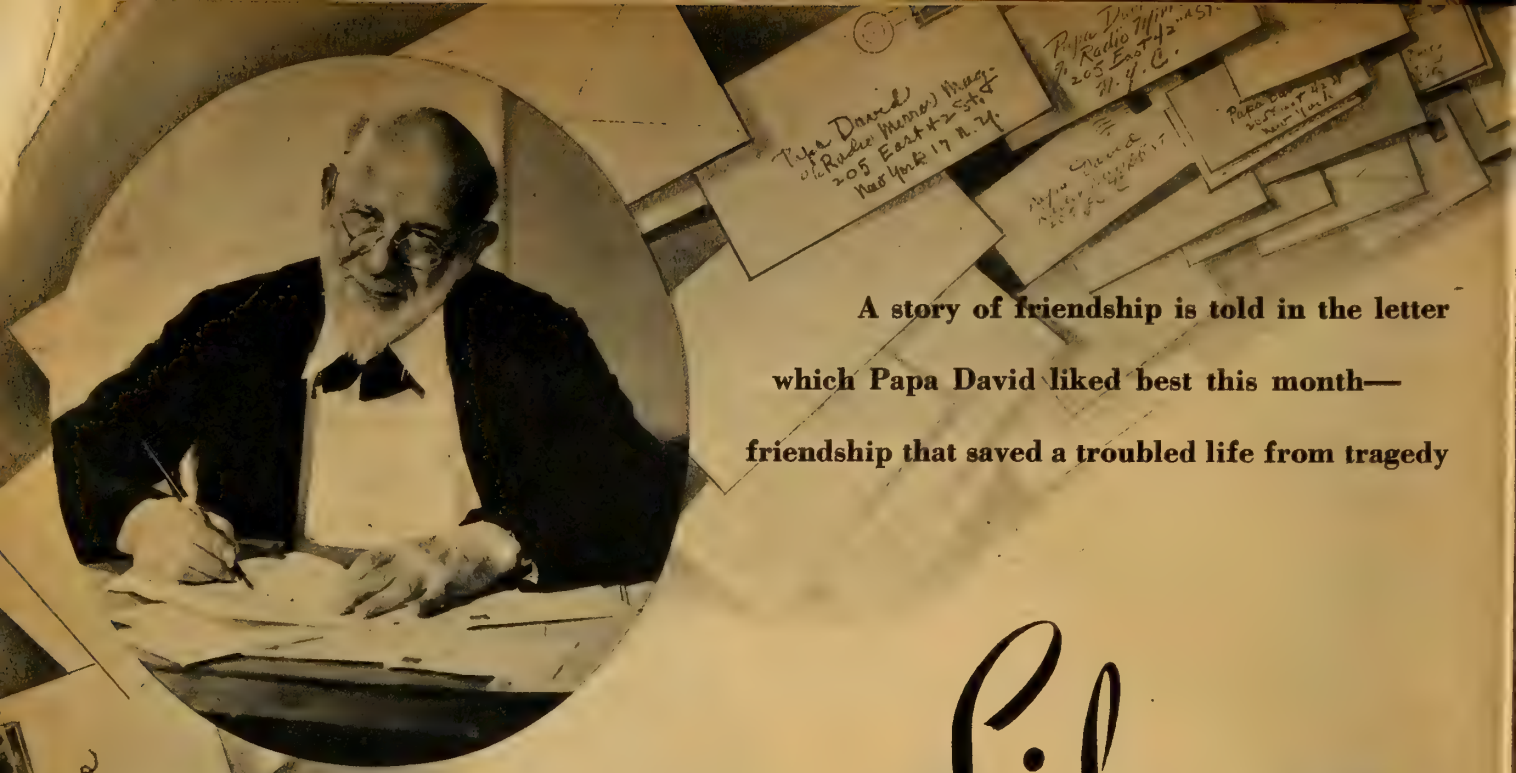
night of our marriage. We hadn't wanted to go away. We'd just wanted to get into our own little house, and shut ourselves away from the world. Together! Just the two of us! We had stood just here, screened from prying eyes by the big lilac bush. All around us the cool, yet intoxicating fragrance of lilacs drifted, as piercingly sweet, as unforgettable, as the moment itself.

Could the rapture, the wonder of that night ever be forgotten? Actually forgotten? Wouldn't it always remain in our minds and hearts, whether we wanted it to or not—in Dick's, as well as mine? Wasn't it worth fighting for—fighting hard for? It might be too late, and it would take courage. Did I have enough? Could I endure Dick's indifference, and still fight on? It would be harder than even the pain of his absence. I lifted my face to the night, and set my lips in a straight line of determination. I would win this fight if it could be won. I would save my happiness, and Dick's. It was little enough for me to do. I turned and walked quickly back into the house. Dick had finished dressing, and was standing in front of the mirror in our room, enjoying the look of himself in civilian clothes.

"Merry, Merry, it's unbelievable," he said, catching me in his arms. I caught my breath in sheer joy at the naturalness of his action. An aching impulse to laughter rose in my throat—and died, leaving only the pain and a chill stirring of bitterness. In his pleasure, he had wanted to share the moment with me, whether he realized it or not. But I mustn't let him guess its significance. Not yet. It was something to build on only if I were wise enough to use it. *(Continued on page* **84)**

I saw Dick glance at me and then look away, puzzled. He didn't know that I had learned to enjoy myself.





A story of friendship is told in the letter which Papa David liked best this month— friendship that saved a troubled life from tragedy

Life can

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Don Becker and Carl Bixby, is heard Monday through Friday at 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS Each Month For Your LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly word of advice, changed your whole outlook? When some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month which in his opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received that month which space permits us to print, RADIO MIRROR will pay fifteen dollars. Letters received before the first of each month will be considered for the following month's payments. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. LISTEN TO LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL DAILY ON YOUR LOCAL CBS STATION—1:00 P.M., EDT; 12 Noon, CDT; 11:00 A.M., MDT; 10:00 A.M., PDT.

BOTH Chichi and I believe and try to guide our lives by this philosophy: for those who choose to find it that way—for those who choose to make it that way, *Life Can Be Beautiful.* It has afforded us more than a little pleasure to know of the many people who agree with us that beauty can rise from ugliness.

The many hundreds of letters sent to Chichi and me by our listeners and RADIO MIRROR readers, pointing out the truth of the *Life Can Be Beautiful* credo, have not only exceeded all our anticipations, but given us a great deal of gladness. Chichi joins me in thanking you for these letters and in urging you to continue to send them. We are anxious to hear how more of you learned that love and faith and kindliness are basic to happy living.

Only the other day I came across a little old lady who had learned this lesson well. We were both in a florist shop when a small, shabbily-clothed boy came in, showed the sales-girl a fistful of pennies and asked for a glass-enclosed tropical garden. The sales-girl told him he didn't have enough money.

"But it's thirty cents," he said earnestly. "I saved it weeks and weeks for my mother's birthday."

His lips began to quiver when she shook her head again. The little old lady whispered something to the clerk, who immediately turned to the boy and said she had made a mistake; there was one tropical garden which cost just thirty cents. The boy went out, happily clutching his mother's two-dollar birthday gift, and the little old lady paid the salesgirl the difference.

Just one small incident—but an incident that supplies heart-warming evidence that goodness is close to beauty!

And now Chichi and I would like you to read a letter that we think will be an inspiration to our readers—the letter, chosen from hundreds of others, as the most tangible proof that *Life Can Be Beautiful.* RADIO

Mirror is mailing a check for one hundred dollars to the writer of this letter:

Dear Papa David:

I am a Japanese American. At the outbreak of war I was among the thousands sent to camps. We went through bitter experiences which we'd like to forget and I do not care to relate them here. But I also had two of the best friends anyone could ever have. One of them had two sons fighting in the Pacific.

After selling our furniture, cars, farm, etc., we left our winter clothing and small valuables with these two ladies. Many people in camp had their homes burned and belongings stolen, but I am proud to say we had no worry whatsoever. They wrote us letters to keep our broken spirits up, sent us little things, such as preserves, candy, and nuts and pressed flowers from their farms. Many of our "friends" were no longer so and some even fought against our return, as you've read in the papers. And I know of some who thought we were O.K. but were afraid to voice their opinions. But these two ladies and their families taught me that "Life Can Be Beautiful" by the kind, straight-from-the-heart friendship they extended us.

About a year and a half ago I became seriously ill and developed a bad case of asthma. Doctors all told me my only hope is to go to the Coast. I was afraid to after reading all the things that happened to returnees but I took the chance. We, my husband and three small children and I, came here jobless, homeless and with a dwindled bank roll. After weeks or months of trying we found a government project house and my husband a janitor job in a restaurant. And after getting settled we went to see our two dear friends. It was just wonderful! They just welcomed us with open arms—I was so happy I had to cry. We visit each other often and they still call my folks mama and papa just as before. As time goes on people become more friendly and are good to us. I just had to tell you how these two ladies showed me that in this all mixed up world Life Still Can Be Beautiful! I shall always believe in it.

Sincerely,

A. O.

be beautiful

And here are other Life Can Be Beautiful letters we would like to share with readers. Checks for fifteen dollars go to the writers of each of these.

Dear Papa David:

My husband has just received his discharge from the Navy after serving overseas for quite a while, and after seeing the horrors of war I guess it's a little hard to see and remember the beautiful things of life.

He was irritable and hard to get along with and our little eighteen-month-old son seemed to make him more nervous and we were all so unhappy. Then I just happened to pick up a little pamphlet with some pictures of the Redwood trees here in California, and they seemed so giant-like that it was almost unbelievable (we're from the Middlewest and not used to many trees) so I asked my husband if we couldn't take a trip to see the Redwoods as it isn't too far from here. He grouched and argued but finally agreed to go. So we left early on Friday morning.

To start with we saw a beautiful sunrise, then we had to cross the big bridge from Oakland to San Francisco which is really a beautiful sight, then we were finally out on the highway, with lovely farms rolling by and green pastures with sheep and cows grazing and cranes, so proud looking, standing in little ponds and marshes, apple and peach trees were in bloom. Finally we started to climb into the mountains so green and rocky and there was a little stream that ran beside the highway with happy looking people trout fishing all along. We passed through sleepy little towns where everyone seemed so happy and friendly until we started to feel ashamed of our disagreements and misunderstandings.

Then finally we reached the Redwoods, small ones at first, then the farther we went the larger they seemed to get. We came to one tree that was so large you could drive your car through it (there was a driveway cut through) then we saw the "World Famous Tree House" which is in a tree that is 4,000 years old and is 101 feet in circumference at the base and 250 feet high. The diameter of the room inside the tree is 27 feet and there is a cavity that goes 50 feet up inside the tree, believed to be burned out by the Indians. Not far away was the tallest known tree in the world which is 364 feet high, and there was the largest known tree which is 33 feet in diameter 12 feet up the trunk and the "Avenue of Giants"—just tree after tree so big that you feel like you're in a fairyland and seeing something unbelievable.

We began to feel thankful that God has given us so many things to enjoy. We have good health and each other (so many lost their loved ones, I was sure lucky) and yet, we had failed to say or do the little things for each other that count so much in making life beautiful.

After seeing the big trees, we see the little things right around us like flowers in bloom in the yard, the glow of our lamps in our little living room, the smell and taste of good food, the breeze blowing through the windows, our radio, oh, there's just too many things to mention, but it took that trip to the big trees to make us see the little things in life.

We're much happier now and there's more understanding and love in our house. We're thankful because we see so many things around us now that we never seemed to notice before.

Mrs. A. F. K.

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl 22 years old; but I have only lived six months of that 22 years. For something happened to me that changed my whole outlook on life six months back.

I was the child of a feeble-minded woman, and even though I didn't inherit feeble mindedness I had adopted her ways of acting. I was an outcast in school and in everything. I am sure I was the most unhappy child that ever lived. I often wished that I could die, but of course I couldn't. There didn't seem to be anything in the world I could do.

When I was seventeen I married a nice boy. He loved me very much at first. Then he became unhappy; I could tell by his behavior. I thought it was because he didn't love me and accused him of it. He denied this saying that he did love me, but that I was a poor homemaker and had awful habits, and that we would always live poorly if I didn't improve. Of course I didn't see it his way then and blamed him entirely. Things got worse and worse and I knew I had lost my husband's respect. Crying became a habit. I cried almost night and day. I knew my husband was staying with me only out of a sense of duty for I was going to have a baby. I didn't want my baby and cried and raved all during my pregnancy. I made life awful for myself and my husband.

And then my baby was born. And I found that I loved my baby better than anything in the world.

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I learned that the health, happiness, and efficiency of the older child and of the adult depend largely on the habits formed in early childhood.

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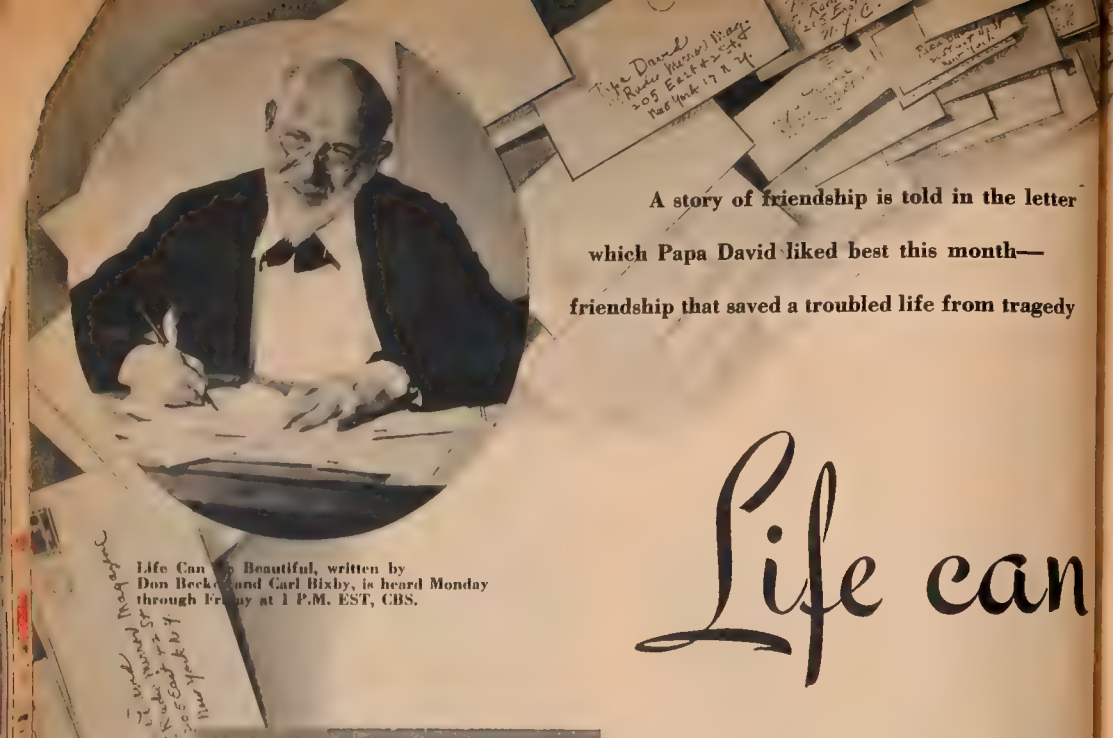
Mrs. J. G.

Dear Papa David:

Many years ago we were a happy family in our little farm home. Then came a day when the doctor said we must go to a different climate in search of health for our dear husband and father.

So, hoping and praying we left one day to travel—six of us going to "live in a trunk" for goodness only knew how long. The three boys were fourteen, ten and five and little sister was eight years old. We could so ill afford such expense but papa would not go without his family.

Christmas had meant so very much in our home always, and to be away from home on Christmas was *(Continued on page 67)*



Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Don Becker and Carl Bixby, is heard Monday through Friday at 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

A story of friendship is told in the letter which Papa David liked best this month—

friendship that saved a troubled life from tragedy

Life can be beautiful

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Each Month For Your

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly word of advice, changed your whole outlook? When some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month which in his opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received that month which space permits us to print, RADIO MIRROR will pay fifteen dollars. Letters received before the first of each month will be considered for the following month's payments. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. LISTEN TO LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL DAILY ON YOUR LOCAL CBS STATION—1:00 P.M., EDT; 12 Noon, CDT; 11:00 A.M., MDT; 10:00 A.M., PDT.

BOTH Chichi and I believe and try to guide our lives by this philosophy: for those who choose to find it that way—for those who choose to make it that way, *Life Can Be Beautiful*. It has afforded us more than a little pleasure to know of the many people who agree with us that beauty can rise from ugliness.

The many hundreds of letters sent to Chichi and me by our listeners and RADIO MIRROR readers, pointing out the truth of the *Life Can Be Beautiful* credo, have not only exceeded all our anticipations, but given us a great deal of gladness. Chichi joins me in thanking you for these letters and in urging you to continue to send them. We are anxious to hear how more of you learned that love and faith and kindliness are basic to happy living.

Only the other day I came across a little old lady who had learned this lesson well. We were both in a florist shop when a small, shabbily-clothed boy came in, showed the sales-girl a fistful of pennies and asked for a glass-enclosed tropical garden. The sales-girl told him he didn't have enough money.

"But it's thirty cents," he said earnestly. "I saved it weeks and weeks for my mother's birthday."

His lips began to quiver when she shook her head again. The little old lady whispered something to the clerk, who immediately turned to the boy and said she had made a mistake; there was one tropical garden which cost just thirty cents. The boy went out, happily clutching his mother's two-dollar birthday gift, and the little old lady paid the salesgirl the difference.

Just one small incident—but an incident that supplies heart-warming evidence that goodness is close to beauty!

And now Chichi and I would like you to read a letter that we think will be an inspiration to our readers—the letter, chosen from hundreds of others, as the most tangible proof that *Life Can Be Beautiful*. RADIO MIRROR is mailing a check for one hundred dollars to the writer of this letter:

Dear Papa David:

I am a Japanese American. At the outbreak of war I was among the thousands sent to camps. We went through bitter experiences which we'd like to forget and I do not care to relate them here. But I also had two of the best friends anyone could ever have. One of them had two sons fighting in the Pacific.

After selling our furniture, cars, farm, etc., we left our winter clothing and small valuables with these two ladies. Many people in camp had their homes burned and belongings stolen, but I am proud to say we had no worry whatsoever. They wrote us letters to keep our broken spirits up, sent us little things, such as preserves, candy, and nuts and pressed flowers from their farms. Many of our "friends" were no longer so and some even fought against our return, as you've read in the papers. And I know of some who thought we were O.K. but were afraid to voice their opinions. But these two ladies and their families taught me that "Life Can Be Beautiful" by the kind, straight-from-the-heart friendship they extended us.

About a year and a half ago I became seriously ill and developed a bad case of asthma. Doctors all told me my only hope is to go to the Coast. I was afraid to after reading all the things that happened to returnees but I took the chance. We, my husband and three small children and I, came here jobless, homeless and with a dwindled bank roll. After weeks or months of trying we found a government project house and my husband a janitor job in a restaurant. And after getting settled we went to see our two dear friends. It was just wonderful! They just welcomed us with open arms—I was so happy I had to cry. We visit each other often and they still call my folks mama and papa just as before. As time goes on people become more friendly and are good to us. I just had to tell you how these two ladies showed me that in this all mixed up world Life Still Can Be Beautiful! I shall always believe in it.

Sincerely,

A. O.

And here are other Life Can Be Beautiful letters we would like to share with readers. Checks for fifteen dollars go to the writers of each of these.

Dear Papa David:

My husband has just received his discharge from the Navy after serving overseas for quite a while, and after seeing the horrors of war I guess it's a little hard to see and remember the beautiful things of life.

He was irritable and hard to get along with and our little eighteen-month-old son seemed to make him more nervous and we were all so unhappy. Then I just happened to pick up a little pamphlet with some pictures of the Redwood trees here in California, and they seemed so giant-like that it was almost unbelievable (we're from the Middlewest and not used to many trees) so I asked my husband if we couldn't take a trip to see the Redwoods as it isn't too far from here. He grouched and argued but finally agreed to go. So we left early on Friday morning.

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GLORIOUS FOURTH!



Maybe you'll have guests at home, or perhaps a picnic is your way of having fun, but however you plan it, a celebration is American tradition for Independence Day, and here are the makings!

Here comes our first peacetime Fourth of July since 1941 and what a day it is going to be! Flags will fly and bands will play as they have never done before and everyone of us will join in the fun. We won't all be celebrating in the same way of course—some will march in parades while others look on, some of us make speeches for the rest to listen to—but no matter how we spend this most truly American of our holidays we shall all look forward to the feast that is such an important part of it. Maybe you will eat it at home and maybe the Fourth just isn't the Fourth to you unless you go on a picnic. Whichever you prefer, these recipes will turn the trick and if cold salmon isn't your first choice for a main dish the fixings will go along just as happily with fried chicken, hamburgers or that other American tradition the hot dog.

Boiled Salmon with Mustard Cream Sauce

⅔ lbs. salmon
1 tsp. mixed pickle spices
1 tbl. vinegar
Boiling salted water

Tie fish in cheese cloth, tie spices in small cheese cloth bag. Place fish in pot, add sufficient salted boiling water to reach about halfway up sides of fish. Add spices and vinegar. Simmer gently until fish is tender, turning once and allowing about 7 minutes per pound. Remove from water, cool and chill until serving time.

Mustard Cream Sauce

1 tsp. sugar
1 tbl. flour
1 tsp. salt
1 egg
¾ cup milk
¼ cup vinegar
2 tbls. prepared mustard
6 stuffed olives, chopped

Combine sugar, flour and salt. Add egg and mix well. Blend in milk. Stir over hot water or very low heat until creamy. Add vinegar and continue stirring and cooking until rich and creamy. Cool and chill. Stir in mustard and olives and spread over top and sides of fish.

By
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EDT.

Fluffy Potato Salad

2 lbs. white potatoes
4 tbls. butter or margarine
½ cup minced celery leaves
1 small cucumber, minced
1 small onion, grated
2 tbls. prepared mustard
Salt and pepper to taste
Milk

Scrub potatoes well, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, remove skins and run potatoes through ricer while still hot. Add remaining ingredients, including just enough milk to make mixture light and fluffy. Shape into loaf on platter and chill.

Dill Cottage Cheese

2 cups cottage cheese
2 tbls. minced fresh dill (leaves and tender portion of stalk)
Sour cream

Combine (*Continued on page 65*)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
		8:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfrew Valley Folks
8:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Trio
		9:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Chaplain Jim
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Eternal Light
		11:00	MBS:	Pro Arte Quartet
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	NBC Concert Orchestra
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
9:30		12:30	ABC:	Stradivari Orchestra
		1:00	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	People's Platform
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
		1:00	MBS:	American Radio Warblers
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
		1:15	MBS:	Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Songs Along the Trail
		2:00	ABC:	Hollywood Star Time
		2:00	CBS:	Reader's Digest
		2:15	ABC:	Dorothy Claire, songs
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
11:30		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:30	ABC:	Bill Cunningham, news
		2:45	MBS:	The World Tomorrow
		3:00	MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	Columbia Broadcasting Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
12:15		3:15	ABC:	Galen Drake
		3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
		3:45	ABC:	Johnny Thompson and Ilena Woods
		4:00	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The National Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Murder Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Deems Taylor-Raymond Paige Orchestra
		4:30	ABC:	Right Down Your Alley
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
		5:00	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
2:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Ozzie and Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:00	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	ABC:	Phil Davis
		7:00	MBS:	Operatic Review
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
9:00		7:00	CBS:	The Thin Man
		7:30	MBS:	Charlie Spivak's Orchestra
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	CBS:	The Amazing Mr. Jonathan Danberry
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
5:00		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
		8:30	MBS:	Don't Be a Sucker
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parsons' Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Former Mayor LaGuardia
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theater Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
7:10	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	8:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Serenade for Strings
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello



ONE WOMAN'S OPINION...

All women should take a bow to Lisa Sergio, top notch feminine commentator, heard on ABC, Mondays at 10:45 A.M., EDT, on One Woman's Opinion. Miss Sergio is a living refutation of the centuries-old charge that a pretty head is generally an empty one. You'd think it wouldn't be necessary to mention a thing like that. But it is. Just listen to a full day's broadcasting sometime and see how often you hear women portrayed as gossipy nitwits, helpless dolls, strictly homebodies and most often and worst of all, as completely befogged about current issues.

Lisa Sergio takes a crack at all this nonsense. Her program is based on the recognition of the importance of women in the affairs of the world today. Her opinions are worth listening to, because they are backed by rich experience in international journalism, lecturing and radio.

Miss Sergio was born in Florence, Italy, in 1905. Her father, Baron Agestino Sergio, came of a Naples family that had long supported the cause of Italian independence. Her mother, the former Margaret Fitzgerald, was a member of a Baltimore family that had its roots firmly entrenched in the United States. Early in life, Miss Sergio learned Italian, French and English as an integral part of her education. Later, she acquired a working knowledge of Spanish and German, all of which stood her in good stead when, at seventeen, she became associate editor of the "Italian Mail," a weekly publication supported largely by American residents in Italy.

This first job led to several others and, almost as a matter of course, into radio work. For a long time, Miss Sergio was an official broadcaster for the Italian government. But when the Fascist party got strongly enough entrenched, she was dismissed from her post because she insisted on presenting her news broadcasts in an unbiased and uncolored fashion.

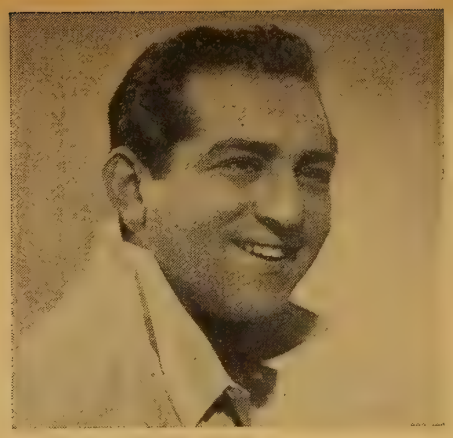
In 1937, with the help of Count Guglielmo Marconi, radio pioneer, Miss Sergio obtained a passport to the United States. As a kind of warning to us now, we should remember that she didn't have such a soft job of it here in the beginning. She was a critic of Fascism and she made no bones about it and that made her none too happily welcome in many of the higher places. Americans, it is sad to relate, were being coddled and protected from the harsh realities of the world in those days. Miss Sergio finally got a news commentator's spot on a small, local, liberal radio station in New York, WQXR. Her broadcasts were always forceful and clear—and localized. It took Miss Sergio until almost the last quarter of 1944 to work herself into a major network

Monday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
		12:30	MBS:	Richard Maxwell, Hymns
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Naval Academy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	CBS:	Sing Along
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual's Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
8:00	8:00	7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Forever Ernest
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC:	Hedda Hopper
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Joan Davis
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
		9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Bill Thompson Show
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Your Land and Mine
		10:15	MBS	Jon Gart Trio
	9:10	10:30	CBS:	Lefty
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.
7:30		10:30	ABC:	Question for America

Tuesday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
8:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
		12:30	MBS:	Richard Maxwell, Hymns
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Command Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Remember
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Sing Along
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15	CBS:	Patti Clayton
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	8:00	7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
3:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, Herb Shriner
		8:00	MBS:	Nick Carter
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Dark Venture
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theater of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:15	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Ed Sullivan
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos & Andy
		9:15	ABC:	Eugenie Baird
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
10:45	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fred Waring
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
		10:00	CBS:	Crime Photographer
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Open Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Sigmund Romberg
		11:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science
		11:30	CBS:	Danny O'Neil & Guests



OPERATIC SINATRA...

History's been made a number of times at New York's famous Metropolitan Opera House. But never such history as the night back in March of this year when that staid and stately hall of culture was stormed by thirty-five hundred screaming bobby soxers in pursuit of the Met's newest baritone sensation, Robert Merrill.

Merrill's story is a truly American story. Probably it could only happen here. A few short years ago, Robert Merrill was a Brooklyn schoolboy with the dull prospect of joining his father's shoe business. Today, at 27, he's been featured on one of radio's leading programs—the RCA Victor Show (Sundays at 4:30 P.M., EDT, NBC)—and made fourteen appearances in one year since his debut at the Met.

Robert's career is no accident. He planned with wisdom and care. An opera fan, he knew how much he suffered whenever a silken-voiced singer moved clumsily on the stage or behaved like a ham. Robert decided that learning how to act was almost as important as learning how to use his terrific baritone voice, if he wanted to make a dent in the Opera world. He couldn't afford a dramatic school, nor could he afford to haunt the Broadway producers in the hope of getting some experience on the stage. He did a very good thing—went to the summer resorts, hiring out as a singer-actor and general handy man. Summer resorts are, as a rule, very understaffed. Merrill found himself learning not only how to act in dramatic plays, but how to stooge for several lively young men, who have since made a mark in the show world themselves. He played straight man for Danny Kaye one summer and another time for Red Skelton.

All this while, whether he was pitching the fast ones for the baseball team or struggling through a summer's work at the Catskills, Merrill was studying his music and training his voice. When he thought he was ready, he cast the die—he entered the competition for young singers sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera House. Five hundred other singers had the same idea, but Bob won out. He made his debut in "La Traviata" in December of 1945. Since then, he's built up quite a record for a "freshman," with his fourteen appearances there at the Metropolitan.

Critics predict a fine future for the handsome full-voiced baritone, what with radio, the opera—and it's certain the movies will be making a play for him, soon. He's hit the front pages of many newspapers because of the riot the gal fans pulled at the Met. And they don't stop with such grandiose publicity-making antics, either. A few days ago, Merrill left the studios after a rehearsal, for instance, only to find that he couldn't get into his car without the help of a mechanic. The bobby soxers had removed the handle of his car door—for a souvenir!

Wednesday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Beautiful Music
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	This Is Your Country
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon MacRae
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Hildegarde
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Bob Crosby Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	So You Want to Lead a Band?
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Sports Review
		10:00	MBS:	Endorsed by Dorsey
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	David Rose Orchestra
		10:30	MBS:	Bill McCune's Orchestra
		10:30	ABC:	Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
		12:30	MBS:	Richard Maxwell, Hymns
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	1:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
		4:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Koblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	FBI in Peace and War
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30	MBS:	Rogue's Gallery
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Andre Kostelanetz
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eve Arden
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Island Venture
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Curtain Time, drama
		10:00	MBS:	You Make the News
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:30	ABC:	Here's Morgan
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Leo Elgart's Orchestra



ALWAYS IN A HURRY...

Lovely Patti Clayton, of the delicate face and the gray eyes and the fresh, natural voice, is going places very fast these days. She's the star of Waitin' For Clayton (CBS, Monday through Friday, 6:15 P.M., EDT) and featured singer on the Arthur Godfrey show (CBS, Monday through Friday at 9:15 A.M, EDT).

Patti was never very strong as a child and so her interests tended toward the less athletic activities, mainly toward music. At one time her biggest ambition was to play the piano and led to her changing from one high school in Detroit to Cass Technical High, because of the good music courses there. She promptly joined the Harp and Vocal Group at Cass and with the Group she performed at hundreds of teas and social events in and around Detroit. Patti was given quite a few solos to sing with the group—a lucky thing, because it was through this that she won her first professional engagement. At one of the Harp and Vocal teas, when Patti was fifteen, she was invited to sing with a band which had grown out of Cass Tech trained musicians and was playing a date the next Saturday night. Patti was a huge success with the band—she knew all of three numbers by heart—and she earned three dollars for her night's work. But that three dollars made her a professional.

There were more of those dates and then Patti was invited to replace one of the Three Graces. She thought it was a gag and paid no attention, until she got a telegram asking her to fly to Chicago in time for an audition. This all happened in such a hurry that Patti didn't even have time to be frightened. Patti was with the Three Graces, broadcasting mostly from Chicago, for three years. She also did solo work and appeared on shows like the Alka Seltzer Barn Dance and the Carnation Show. Just to make her day nice and full, while all this was going on she sang at the Balinese Room for a year and a half.

That routine got a little heavy for Patti. She needed—and we'd say deserved—a vacation and Percy Faith put a bee in her bonnet about coming to New York. With Percy's help, Patti auditioned for the singing feature spot in the summer replacement show for Kostelanetz. Patti got the job—and a host of other spots on all the major networks. That was in 1944. In 1945, Arthur Godfrey 'sat his way through hundreds of recordings made by hopeful singers—until he heard Patti's record. Getting the job with the Godfrey show was a break all around for Patti, because it was through this job that she met her producer-director husband, Ace Ochs. A little less than a year after her Godfrey "break," Patti was launched on her own program. Waitin' For Clayton started out as a twice-a-week-er, but was quickly turned into a five-time-a-week show because of the big re-sp[illegible]

Friday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Club Matinee
		12:30	MBS:	Richard Maxwell, Hymns
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:30	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:40	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon MacRae
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Ginny Simms Show
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Passport to Romance
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Woody Herman Show
8:30		8:30	ABC:	This is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		8:30	MBS:	So You Think You Know Music
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Alan Young Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Durante & Moore
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Front Page News
		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Your Land and Mine
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Danny Kaye Show
		10:15	MBS:	Take These Notes
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

Saturday

Eastern Daylight Time

P.D.T.	C.D.T.			
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:30		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	Fashions in Melody
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC:	Galen Drake
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Albert Warner
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Elleen Barton Show
9:15		10:15	ABC:	Club Time
		10:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
		10:30	ABC:	Teen Town
4:30		10:45	MBS:	Southern Harmonizers
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	Bible Message
		11:30	MBS:	Land of the Lost
9:45		11:30	ABC:	Betty Moore
		11:30	CBS:	Billie Burke Show
		11:30	NBC:	Smiling Ed McConnell
9:30		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS:	House of Mystery
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Music for Saturday
		12:30	MBS:	Snow Village Sketches
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Opry House Matinee
		1:30	ABC:	Hank D'Anico's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		1:45	NBC:	Edward Tomlinson
		2:00	ABC:	Chicago Seranade
11:15	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host is Buffalo
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:15	MBS:	Don McGrove's Orchestra
		2:30	NBC:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	U. S. Marine Band
		2:30	ABC:	Hill Toppers
		2:45	NBC:	Stories by Olmstead
		2:45	ABC:	Melodies to Remember
		3:00	MBS:	Sinfonietta
		3:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
		3:00	NBC:	Orchestras of the Nation
		3:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
		3:30	ABC:	Roundup Time
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	ABC:	Roundup Time
		4:15	MBS:	Duke Ellington
		4:15	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		4:30	MBS:	George Berry's Orchestra
		4:30	NBC:	Doctors at Home
2:15		5:00	ABC:	Saturday Concert
		5:00	NBC:	Phone Again Finnegan
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
		5:30	MBS:	Gray Gordon's Orchestra
		5:45	ABC:	Charles Jordan
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	American Portrait
	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
		6:30	MBS:	Los Angeles Symphonic Band
		6:30	CBS:	American Portrait
3:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Voice of Business
		7:00	CBS:	Academy Award
		7:15	ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Jimmy Edmondson
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS:	I Was a Convict
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Dick Haymes Show
		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Dick Tracy
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:30	MBS:	Harry Savoy Show
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Boston Pops Orchestra
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:15	7:15	10:15	CBS:	Celebrity Club
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

A Day to Remember

(*Continued from page 23*)

boys are coming home, and what kind of country they'll find when they do get here. And you must admit they have grounds, Father Barker. With misery and starvation all over the world, and uncertainty and unrest even in this country—"

"There's always that after a war, Prue. There's always a period of adjustment, when people begin to fuss about things they didn't even notice when the fighting was on. You were pretty young at the time of the last war, but you remember something of what it was like, and you should have heard the talk after the Spanish-American—Why, you'd have thought the end of the world was at hand!"

"You can't blame them sometimes," said Prudence, thinking of Sylvia. "There are times when everything presses in upon you, and there's no chance of things coming right—"

"NONSENSE! Hope does it, and faith. They're everything. I'm surprised, Prue—you've never been lacking in them yourself. Why, without faith and without hope, we wouldn't be here. The town wouldn't be here, the country wouldn't be here. Now I'm going to sleep. Tell Tommy I'll see him at breakfast."

Thoughtfully, Prudence went down the hall to her own room. What Gramps had said was true: she had never been lacking in faith—nor in hope, either, until recently. Until Walter. . . . What was the phrase that had occurred so often in her great-grandmother's diary—something about faith taking up where hope left off? It seemed suddenly important to find it.

She took the diary from its place in the drawer of her desk, settled herself comfortably in the slipper chair beside the window—and rose again, conscience-stricken. She had forgotten Tommy; she had promised him— Almost immediately she was reassured by the slam of the kitchen door, and she looked out the window to see Tommy round the corner of the house, race down the street to join the other boys. She smiled, telling herself that she might have known that Tommy hadn't wanted her to help with his cannon. It wasn't the assembling of the cannon that was half so important as the fun of doing it with Gramps.

She sat down again, began to turn the crowded yellowed pages. History was written here, told in the simple terms of every-day living, by a woman who had been first of all a wife and a mother. Prudence doubted that her great-grandmother had thought of herself as a public figure, as a career woman. In bringing the Dane caravan westward to the site that was to become Danesville, in building her home and founding the Danesville Courier, she was simply carrying out the plans that her husband had made before he died.

Faith and hope—it was here somewhere . . . And then a date leaped out at her. "July 4th, 1866." Why, that was another Fourth of July! Eighty years ago. . . .

Prudence began to read, idly at first, then with concentrated attention.

July 4th, 1866

I am very tired tonight. Perhaps I should not try to write at all, but I feel that this day should be marked in some way, if only in these pages. It is the first Independence Day in Danesville—the first Independence Day we have spent in any sort of town since we left our home back East.

Of course, Danesville can hardly be called a town, not while it is only a trading post and a few rough cabins, including my own, and a few stakes riven to mark the streets and the homesites that are to be. I wonder now, if we had known last fall, when we first stopped here, what our position would be this summer, would we have had the courage to stay? And I wonder, too, if we should have urged—even insisted—that the other half of our caravan remain with us instead of going on to Oregon. Some of them could have been persuaded, I think, and because those of us who wanted to stay were in the majority, even though it was a very small majority, we would have been within our rights to refuse to give them supplies for their journey out of the common store. And yet, I still feel that God's will—and John's—was done when we let them go. If we had tried to force them to stay, we would have been denying one of the precepts upon which this country was founded—the belief in man's right to exercise his own free will.

For lack of hands and supplies, our present situation is precarious in the extreme. We can get along nicely so long as fortune is with us, but it would take very little in the way of bad luck to ruin us. We have known it all along, but the fact was driven home to us today, when for a little while it looked as though Danesville's first Independence Day would also be its last.

We had planned a parade for the afternoon. The children were to march with the flag down the wagon track between the smithy and the trading post that we call Main Street, and the grown-ups were to line up on either side and cheer. Not much of a parade, with a fiddle and guitar subtituting for a fife-and-drum corps, but we wanted something to remind the children of the Fourth and all it means. We wanted it for ourselves, too, as a kind of link between the Independence Days we knew at home and the grander ones we will have here when Danesville is a real town.

EVERYONE stopped work at noon, and we had our midday meal. We were all outside, waiting for the parade to begin, when the sky darkened and the wind rose. We looked up, not altogether disappointed, because the last two weeks had been hot and dry, and we needed rain, and we laughed as the first scattered drops fell and someone drawled, "Well, now—didn't it *always* rain on the Fourth of July?"

Then there was something else—a spattering of little hard white pellets that froze the very hearts in our breasts. *Hail.* No one moved. No one thought to break for shelter—not even the children. The littlest of them knew the ruin hail meant.

And then the hail stopped, as unexpectedly as it had begun. The rain began to fall gently, steadily, and the brief, freak hailstorm was over. We were safe. A woman—Mary Leavitt—said shakily, "Shall—shall we pray?" We looked at her, and then grizzled, rough-spoken old Tom Hatfield exclaimed hoarsely, "I *been* prayin'. I'm prayed out."

We all knew (*Continued on page 56*)



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to *your* local hospital and help.

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SHE USES POND'S!



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Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA., ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. *Another* Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a *grand* cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: *Smooths* the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat —and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



Ask for a *big* luxury size jar of Pond's today.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III · The Lady Norris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Pret[illegible]ville



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GO IN SWIMMING...



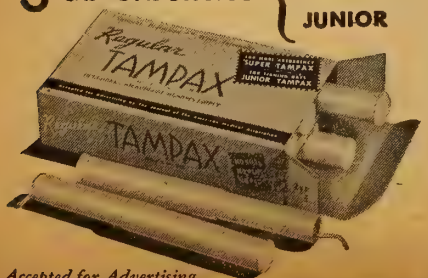
WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever.... There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads — everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising

(*Continued from page* 54) what he meant, and we all felt exactly as he did. We'd been praying, too, with everything that was in us, and we were now so deeply thankful that no words could have expressed our gratitude.

The rain stopped around six, but our parade was spoiled, and so was the dancing we'd planned for tonight—the ground was too soft and wet. We did barbecue the game the Piutes had brought us—our Indian neighbors have been more Christian than many a man who goes to church on Sundays—but it was a quiet celebration, with little of jokes and laughter. We had been brought close to the edge of things that afternoon, and we were thinking how little it would take to finish us. A poor crop, the failure of a wagon train to come through . . . the one caravan that had come by this spring had brought so little of the supplies we needed. "The war," they'd explained. "Nothing's been like it used to be, since the war. Can't get anything nowadays, and everything is sky-high."

I am still shaky as I write this. Never has John's dream of a town seemed so far from being realized. All I can think to myself, over and over again, is that it *must* be realized, some way, in spite of everything, that we *must* survive, that our children *must* be safe and well-fed and sheltered.

This is all. I am tired, and I will be up early in the morning. The yellow currants are ready for canning. . . .

A CLOCK chimed deep in the silent house. Prudence put the diary back in the desk and began to dress. She went downstairs, set about mixing the upside-down cake, preparing breakfast, with her mind less on the tasks at hand than on the yellowed pages she had just read.

Why hadn't she seen them before, she wondered—and if she had seen them, why hadn't she remembered them? It was one of the most troubled passages she had found in the diary—an almost despairing passage; it was hard to believe that the high-hearted, indomitable woman who had been the first Prudence Dane had written it. And yet, having read it, she felt close to the other Prudence as never before. The first Prudence had lived in a country only recently unsettled by war; she had been faced with the same problems—the support of her children, the building of the life she wanted for her community and for herself. She had gone on—"canning her currants," Prudence recalled with a little smile—when she had little but her own staunch spirit to carry her. And she had won out. The proof of it was all around, solidly expressed in the brick and mortar of the thriving city that was Danesville today. Gramps was right, Prudence thought, about hope and faith . . . when you had them, you had almost everything.

"Oh, Walter," she whispered. And then, "I am ashamed—" Because that must be part of her faith, too—her love for Walter, his love for her. They had already gained so much by just knowing each other, working together . . . how could she have thought, even for a moment, that only misery would come of it? Perhaps they could never be together as they were in her dreams, but they could hope for it, work toward it. And even if they could never be wholly each other's, they still shared something fine and strong and lasting that would make—had already made—their lives better and richer than ever before. There was something to be said for being able to extract good out of a situation that didn't seem to offer any!

HER household was waking up. She heard Gramps whistling upstairs; Sylvia came into the kitchen just as Prudence was opening the oven door to look at the cake. She sniffed appreciatively, came over to kiss Prudence. "Good morning, Moms. My, that smells wonderful!"

Prudence laughed. "You must be feeling better."

"I am." She began to count out oranges for juice. "I'm sorry I was such a dreary-puss. I don't know what got into me—"

"Well, I guess we all sometimes—" She stopped as Gramps appeared in the doorway, Linda at his side. Under one arm he carried the box that held Tommy's cannon. "We're all set," he announced. "Where's Tommy?"

They looked all set, the old man and the little girl. Their faces shone a little from soap and water, and they both wore the same expression—the bright, intent look of a child bent upon play. "Down the street," Prudence answered. "In front of the Sieverson's, I think. Linda, honey, don't you think a sweater would be a good idea? It's still so chilly out."

Linda shook her shining head. "Oh, no, Moms. The sun is warm. It's really morning now, isn't it?"

Prudence stooped to hug her. "It's really morning," she agreed happily.

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FOR YOUR HAIR



LOVELY
BONITA
GRANVILLE
Featured in Monogram's "SUSPENSE," a King Brothers Production

Of course, Kay Daumit's sensational new Lustre-Creme gives an amazing shampoe—makes hair fastidiously clean—rinses out so quickly. But . . . this wonderful new product is *more* than a shampoo—it's truly a "hair cosmetic."

You see, Lustre-Creme contains *secret ingredients* that bring out the true hidden radiance of your hair—that *discipline* your hair so it stays well-groomed throughout a busy day—or all evening long. Look charming, *feel* charming—with a chic new hair-do that stays lovelier longer. Try this *different* cosmetic — Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme; it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

The whole family prefers Lustre-Creme—once they try it. That's why we're offering this sensational new product in the big, economical, family-size one-pound jar at $3.50—as well as the regular 4-ounce size at $1.00. Ask for Lustre-Creme at department store cosmetic counters and at all good drug stores.

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Start Young, Stay Young

(*Continued from page 8*)

food sources of Vitamin A, enough to account for the content of at least three vitamin pills.

But the important thing is this: parsley, watercress and broccoli also contain Vitamin C, as well as certain trace minerals which the skin needs to make use of Vitamin A.

There's an important story encompassed in those last few words: for Vitamin A, alone all by itself, may not be of much use to the epithelial cells of your skin.

Vitamins are of value to you only when certain enzymes (catalysts) act together with them. Certain minerals are essential to this process, too. That's why foods may work, when vitamin pills won't, and that's why the old-time herb sellers were held in great esteem for some two thousand years. Basically, many of their formulas had merit.

Even in the middle ages, we find the mistress of the castle versed in the art of herb growing. She personally superintended the growing of parsley, watercress, broccoli, and various other greens which were reputed to be beauty aids.

Thus, these once treasured herbs became common vegetables, and human nature being what it is, familiarity bred contempt.

Well, that was the big mistake, for these foods are still rich in Vitamin A and the needed catalytic minerals. They will still help you to have a better-textured, lovelier skin. Use them as salads, side dishes, and make them part of your daily fare. They will help to make you fair, too.

And, by way of a guide, here are some tasty dishes that will help to give you the kind of a skin you "love to touch."

Broccoli with a touch of Hollandaise
Escarole salad with French dressing
Dandelion salad
Swiss chard with a touch of onion
Kale ditto
Deep green lettuce
Sprinkle parsley on any suitable foods.
Green and red peppers any style
Apricots for dessert
Deep-colored peaches
Carrots, especially when sprinkled with parsley

AND FOR SUMMER

There's nothing that puts good looks and good grooming to a severer test than does the heat of summer. For, wonderful though the summer sun is, botanically and otherwise, it wilts your make-up, wilts your clothes, to say nothing of your spirit.

To look cool, waterlily fresh when everyone else is sobbing about the temperature, wincing under sunburn, mopping his brow and looking beaten in general, is a very neat trick indeed, but it can be done.

First of all you take to water like a duck, every chance you get. You revel in it and two baths a day. One can be the real cleansing job with lavish amounts of soap and the second just a refresher. And pat, don't rub yourself dry, for strong arm use of your towel will only stir up circulation. And lean over backwards to avoid all traces of underarm odor. Frequent use of a deodorant and anti-perspirant is a year 'round must but in summer lots of us need it daily. You might keep two types of deodorant on hand—one a cream and one a liquid for it sometimes helps to switch around for extra effectiveness.

Between showers or baths during summer's too too sticky days, you can get a quick refresher from skin tonic stored in your refrigerator—or water cooler at the office. The cold storage treatment for lipsticks in summer is a fine idea too. Cold, your lipstick gives a firmer outline to your mouth and somehow or other seems to last longer without runny smearing.

Summer calls for a lighter touch with make-up foundation. Many girls who like the creamier types of foundation in winter love the pancake or oil-free liquid type in summer.

For the outward illusion of coolness, short, well-brushed hair gives the right look. The simpler the hair style, the easier its care. For your scalp perspires too and twice weekly shampoos are usually in order during the summer. And have occasional oil treatments during the hot months to counteract the drying effect of too much sun and salt water swims.

For the sake of the cool look, it would be fun if some courageous woman brought about the return of parasols. With our clothes becoming less tailored in line, ruffly sunshades would be mighty cute. And wouldn't it be fun to carry a dainty fan—at least on special occasions?

To look cool to the eye and feel cool too, nothing is fresher than a cotton dress, carefully chosen. Of course no girl in her right mind would wear one to an office which was obviously meant for the beach, kitchen or garden. But today—Allah be praised, cottons are being styled as carefully as silk or dress-up rayon. They can go to an office, a tea party or cocktail date as smartly as you please.

Practical and smart as dark shades are for wear in town, you look and feel cooler in the lighter, sun-reflecting shades. But whatever your taste in clothes, be fanatical about their care. You look wilted if your dress needs pressing badly and if white touches aren't quite white. Actually summer clothes need refreshing as much as you do, so treat them to soap and water or a good dry-cleaning before it's absolutely necessary.



Daisy Bernier, who sings with Fred Waring, has the most foolproof answer to the problem of looking cool and lovely in the sun.

She goes "Wolfie" ... to show him the kind of Kissing he's Missing!



... so for every blonde he fondled—she went out and found 6 feet of man ...

Oh, Man!

UNIVERSAL presents

George BRENT **Lucille BALL**

Vera ZORINA

in

Lover Come Back

A FESSIER-PAGANO PRODUCTION

with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

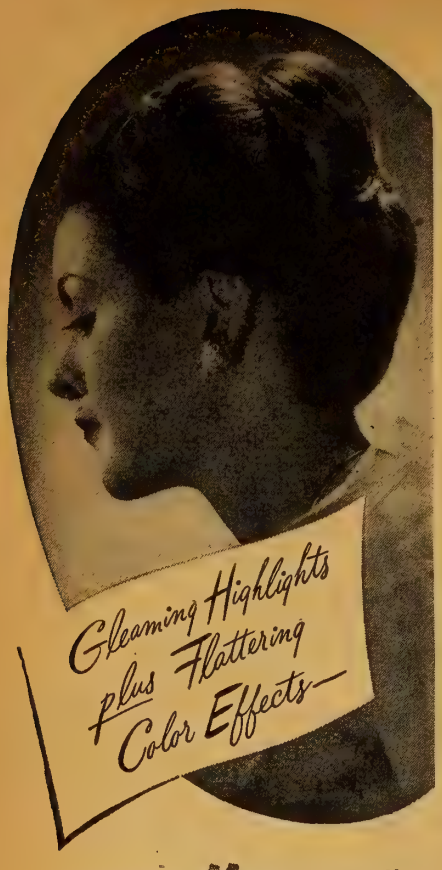
CARL ESMOND RAYMOND WALBURN ELISABETH RISDON

LOUISE BEAVERS WALLACE FORD FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Original Screenplay Written and Produced by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER Executive Producer: HOWARD BENEDICT A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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—with "Make-up" for Your hair!

Complement your coloring . . . No matter what color your hair may be, one of the 12 smart Marchand's Rinse shades is just right for the effect you want to achieve. For example, you can highlight and brighten your natural hair color . . . or by using a different rinse shade, you may add an attractive coppery sheen.

Make the most of your hair . . . This modern hair cosmetic not only adds lustrous highlights and accents your natural hair coloring, but certain of the Marchand Rinses may be used to blend gray streaks in with your original shade.

Absolutely harmless, too . . . that's Marchand's Rinse. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this rinse is made with Government-approved colors. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar . . . and does so much more for your hair!

After your next shampoo . . . dissolve a package of Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of dulling soap film vanishes. Your hair is easier to manage, alive with new color; *you're* prettier than ever.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Take Your Partner

(*Continued from page 43*)

ward if we wanted to talk about America."

"And you went up?" I prompted.

"I went up and I told 'em about playing for the boys, and Hezzie, I guess it was, said if they weren't careful I'd be cheating them out of a job. I guess I kind of laughed at that—all the boys had been telling me I'd be on the radio when I got back home—but then I looked at those guys, and I didn't laugh any more. I knew they were fellows who'd started out just like me—and now they were in the big time—and I knew I could get there, too."

"Oh, I know you can, Tex," I breathed. "I know you can."

His eyes were shining now, and the dreams were there, dancing right around in his eyes. "Do you think I can?" he asked.

"Sure," I encouraged, "didn't they hear you over there?"

"WELL," he explained, frowning a little, "one night after the show we all stood around and sang backstage for awhile, and I played and the guys all chimed in, and Gil, I think, or maybe it was Gabe said I should be sure and drop in at the theater here when I got back."

"This is going to mean something, I know," I told him. "This string of events—why, it's just like a chain leading to something. Maybe you'll be famous, and—and—"

He didn't ever realize that my voice trailed off. He wasn't even listening, so it didn't matter that my dreams were fading, too. He didn't see that my happiness had dimmed when I thought of his reaching for the stars and going to the top alone. Because I wouldn't be with him—Not when he was a star—because I wasn't part of that group—not really.

"Did they tell you you could have an audition?" I asked him softly.

"Next Saturday afternoon, right after dress rehearsal! Ken left word at the box office tonight."

"That's wonderful," I told him. "I think that's grand."

I began to think of the practical side of this problem. That was my early training cropping out, you see. You can't grow up in a family of six kids in a crowded apartment over a Chicago grocery store without having to think about money. And I suppose I felt maternal, too. I suppose I wanted to know that Tex was all right.

"Are you going to stay here another whole week just waiting for an audition?" I asked.

"Don't you think I'm going to make it?" Tex asked quickly. "Don't you thing I'm good enough?"

"Oh, I know you are, Tex—it isn't that—it's just that I—well, hotels are expensive, and food, and—everything."

"I'm not staying in an expensive room," he told me, "and I've got a job waiting on table down the street here for my meals—and I want to see Chicago, anyway."

"You're awfully smart, Tex," I told him. And I was telling him what I really thought. Tex was going about getting this job just the way I would have done. He was willing to stick around and wait, but he wasn't spending any money foolishly while he did it.

I sucked at my straw until there wasn't anything [illegible] a little noise in the [illegible] one a [illegible] there wasn't anything to do but go home. And I didn't want to go home—but finally, I had to say something.

"I have to take my street car across the street over there," I explained. "I guess maybe I'd better be going."

"You care if I ride out on the car with you?" Tex asked me. "I haven't been any place except in the loop."

We got on the south-bound car together, and we couldn't find a seat, and we had to stand in a jostling crowd, so we couldn't even talk to each other, but that didn't matter either. We just stood there, glad to be together. Once we lurched around a corner and I swayed against Tex and our hands touched. I guess maybe I didn't take it away, not for a minute or so, anyway. We liked each other, and we both knew it, and we were happy in our knowledge.

Tex kissed me that night as we stood in the dark little hall which led up the stairs to the apartment where I lived. It was a very quick little kiss, a nice one and very sweet. It was just kind of a brush of a kiss, but it was something I could treasure—it was a foundation for my dreams.

"Goodnight, Tex," I whispered.

"I'll see you next Saturday afternoon," he said. A wistful note came into his voice as he added with a little laugh, "Will you keep your fingers crossed?"

"I'll even pray," I answered truthfully.

"You know what," he said, touching my cheek very softly, "if I make the grade, maybe we can see a lot of each other—being in the same show and everything."

I felt conscience-stricken again and I blurted out suddenly, "There's something I've got to tell you, Tex—you see, I'm no star—I'm nobody—I'm just an—"

But he wouldn't listen.

"That's what I like about you. That modesty," he said. "I think it's marvelous."

"But, Tex—"

"Goodnight," he said, as he left the door, "goodnight, honey."

THAT "honey" kept me silent and stayed with me as I went up the stairs and undressed and lay down in the dark beside my sister in the little back bedroom. It was still with me when I awoke the next morning.

"He called me 'honey'," I told myself. "He does like me—I know he does." I began to count the days until Saturday—until time for me to see him again.

I knew that Tex wouldn't call me before the audition. I knew that he had to prove himself on that show first. I wanted him to make the grade for the National Barn Dance so much that I prayed and cried a little and tried a lot of funny little schemes in my head all that week. On the way home from church that next morning I said to myself, "If that blue car passes me before I get to the next telephone pole, he'll get on that show." And, of course, I slowed down and let it pass me. I helped Tex that way, I thought. Silly, wasn't it? The way a woman in love always acts is silly unless you're the woman. Or I'd say to myself, "If I can get across the street before the light changes, he'll be all right—he'll [illegible] on the show." And I'd run fast to

beat the light and win again. I always won in my little games with myself, but even with my little schemes on my side, I felt uneasy, afraid. I was in love for the first time in my life, and I wanted the man who lived in my heart to be happy.

I guess maybe that's why I thought about Lulu Belle. Anyone can tell that Lulu Belle's happy just by looking at her up there on the stage every Saturday, just by hearing her sing with Scotty, who's been her husband since 1935. They both seem to shine with happiness. People call them the singing sweethearts, you know, and that isn't just publicity. Scotty and Lulu Belle *are* sweethearts. I know—because I've gone to their pleasant home lots of times to stay with their little boy and girl, Stevie and Linda Lou.

A home reflects happiness—I know it does. There's a kind of song in the air at the Wiseman's even when nobody's singing.

I had my second proof of Fate's meddling that week, when Lulu Belle called to see if I could stay with her children on Thursday night. I'd been wanting to talk with her and this was my chance.

I got to their house early on purpose, and Lulu Belle did just what I hoped she would do. She called downstairs in her warm, friendly voice and said, "Come on up, Janie, and watch me tuck my chickens in."

I ALWAYS like to see Lulu Belle with her children. She's so gay and happy and vital that she just radiates warmth and love and all the things a mother should be. This night she was dressed to go out with Scotty. She looked wonderful, and I told her so.

"You're so pretty," I said. "So slender and tall—"

"I'm not standing in a hole in the ground," Lulu Belle said and laughed. She was thanking me and putting me at my ease with a little joke on herself. I liked her very much and that's why I said, after she had dimmed the lights in the rooms with the children, "Lulu Belle, can I ask you something?"

I didn't have to tell her what was the matter with me. She just looked at me and said, "Why, honey, you're in love."

I smiled, and I blushed, I guess, and then I whispered, "I know—I am."

"Do you want to tell me who it is?" That was like Lulu Belle, too—not asking for any more than I wanted to tell her. Just waiting there, ready to listen to what I wanted to say.

"It's a boy the Hoosier Hot Shots met overseas," I confided. "A tall, wonderful person—who came back—and wants to get on the National Barn Dance. He plays a guitar."

"If he's got it, he'll get on," Lulu Belle said, and there was sympathy in her eyes. "If he hasn't got it—why, you know we've got a lot of listeners out there—"

"Oh, I know," I said. "I know you can't help him if he doesn't have what it takes. It's a break for him to have an audition on a Saturday."

"Is he going to sing for the fellows Saturday?"

"After dress rehearsal," I said.

"You want to be there?" Lulu Belle asked.

"Oh, Lulu Belle—you know I do," I whispered gratefully.

"He might not make it," she warned. "That might be pretty hard for him."

"I know," I said. "And if he doesn't it will be—" my voice trailed off.

"Then, you'll be there when he needs



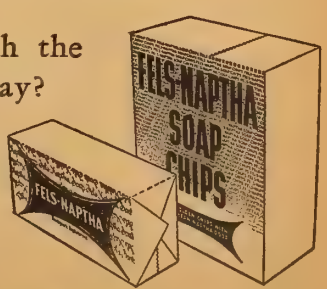
... and Freedom from DRUDGERY

A married woman's life can't always be a bowl of cherries. But it needn't be just a tub of dirty clothes.

The up-to-date housekeeper tries to find a happy medium between work and play. And on washday, her happy medium is apt to be Fels-Naptha Soap.

To the safe and thorough cleansing assured by good, mild soap, Fels-Naptha adds the faster, dirt-loosening action of gentle naptha. This labor-saving team can bring relief from the long, tiring hours of ordinary washdays.

Why don't *you* do your wash the easier, quicker Fels-Naptha way? Remember—all work and no play makes Jill a dull companion, too.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

R M

you," Lulu Belle said softly. "I guess that's what a woman's for. And anyway, if you're there, he'll try all the harder."

Lulu Belle is awfully smart—just naturally smart. Scotty's smart, too—with a quiet kind of wisdom. Scotty went to college and knows all the things a quiet, gentle man knows when he reads a lot and studies. But Lulu Belle, well, she's the kind of smart you are when you don't need a book—when you can pick things out of the air. And she was smart about Tex, and about me. Because what she said was true. Tex did try harder than anyone ever tried on a stage—ever—when he sang for the gang on Saturday. And all of the time that he was singing his heart out on that stage, I was listening back in the wings, and I was praying, and crying a little.

AFTER that day, I know how a wife feels when her husband is running for president and she's sitting with him when the votes are coming in over the radio, and I know how a mother feels when she watches her son read the reviews of the critics after the first night of his first play, and I can appreciate what a girl goes through while she watches the boy she's engaged to run down the field for a touchdown. Because when I sat back there behind the scenes and listened to Tex sing those songs he had sung overseas, I was every woman in the world who's ever prayed for the success of the man she loves. But even as I sat there, I knew that my prayers—my hoping with my whole heart—weren't going to be enough.

I'm not any judge of talent. I'm not a real critic. But I've been working with the National Barn Dance long enough to know when a new person's got the spark, or the talent, or the drive, or whatever it is that carries people to the top. Lulu Belle's got it—you can see it right away. It's in her walk, and in her exciting face, and in her vitality. I guess maybe you call it showmanship—or stage personality. Anyway, whatever it is, Tex didn't have it—and I knew it as soon as he had sung his first song.

He was sweet—and there was something appealing about him even if you weren't in love with him. I guess you'd say he *just missed* having what Scotty's got. He was as nice as Scotty and you knew it, and you liked him, but you wanted him to do something else where he could really shine. I knew all that, without looking at the Hoosier Hot Shots or Lulu Belle, who was sitting out in front giving this strange boy courage with the honest sympathy that was in her face. I knew it before I looked at Scotty, who was frowning with a kind of grave concern that changed his pleasant look. He knew and Lulu Belle and I knew that Tex was all right over there with those homesick boys who wanted to sing the songs of our country, but that he wasn't right for professional radio where everybody has to be topnotch all the time.

They told him right that afternoon—Scotty did it—swiftly and kindly, the way a surgeon does his duty.

"Look, kid," Scotty said, "you've got a nice voice and you might, after a long tough period of work, make the grade. But I don't think so. Your voice is a little thin for radio. It doesn't quite come off."

I felt every jab that Tex was feeling. Every word that Scotty had to say of course—he was that kind of fellow. And yet I knew that he was hurt. It hurts to let a dream die. And he was burying his dream right in this theater on Eighth and Wabash in Chicago. He was tucking it away, forever.

He managed a smile and a thank you, though. And he gripped Scotty's hand hard when he said, "Thank you, Scotty. You're a great guy."

The Hoosier Hot Shots talked to Tex, then, and all of them wished him luck in some other field. Only Lulu Belle didn't go to him. A woman knows that at a time like that a man wants to get away and be alone. I saw her flash him a quick smile of encouragement and belief and then turn around.

I stood there, numb, waiting for Tex to walk up that aisle and out of my life, forever.

Then I found my tongue. "Tex," I cried. "Wait for me!" And then we were out on the street, and I was beside him, matching my steps to his.

"Tex—"

"Don't talk about it," he commanded. His voice was tight.

I walked along silently beside him until we came to the drugstore where we'd gone last Saturday night after the show. "Look," I said, stopping by the door, "I don't think I'd better go any farther."

"That's right—you've got to go back and get ready for the show, haven't you?" he asked bitterly.

"Please come in here with me, Tex," I urged. "I want to—I have to—talk to you!"

"Sometimes it doesn't do any good to talk."

"But sometimes it does. Oh, Tex—please!"

He managed to smile. "I'm sorry, honey. I'm not being very nice. This isn't your fault. Sure, I'll come."

I felt a quick stab of relief as we walked across and took seats at the end of the counter. It wasn't very crowded—too near dinner time for most people to be bothering with sodas.

But I still felt shut out. I put my hand over his, but Tex was withdrawn, like a stranger. He had taken his hurt into a secret place where I couldn't follow.

"Tex—listen to me."

"Why do you even want to talk to me?" he asked suddenly. "I'm a washout. I'm no good!"

MY hand closed tightly on his. "You're not! Don't say that! Tex—nobody ever starts at the top. You haven't had any experience or anything. Maybe you'd be all right on a smaller station, to start. Maybe—"

"And maybe I'd better go back to farming, where I belong."

"Whatever you do," I managed to say levelly, "you'll be all right. I'll be proud of you."

His voice mocked me. "A lot I am to be proud of. The way I let you down in front of your friends."

"Tex, darling." I leaned closer to him. "You couldn't let me down. It takes a lot more than that to let a woman down when she loves you."

He just sat there, looking down at me. The hurt was still in his eyes, but I knew that the bitterness was fading out, to make way for tenderness.

"You're sweet, honey," he said at last. "But it's no good. You're in the big time. I'm not going to make that kind of money for years, and—"

Well, now was the time to tell him. "Tex—I've been trying to tell you. I'm not in the big time. I'm not on the



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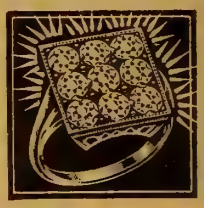
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"You're—you're lying, to make me feel better," he accused, and he was very angry.

"I'm not," I hurried on. "Tex—look at me. I'm not lying. It's the truth, now. I didn't mean to lie to you before, about being on the show. Truly I didn't. It was just that the show meant so much to you, and I—I was afraid you wouldn't like me if you thought I was just an usher. Please, Tex!"

All he said was, "As if anything in the world could make a difference in the way I feel about you!" but the words made my heart begin to sing again.

I THINK my relief and the warmth that was going through me must have been contagious. Because his next words came out in a sort of rush of release. "You know, honey, I guess maybe I never was as sure of getting on the show as I pretended to be. I guess I never really thought I was good enough."

I didn't say a word. I just let him talk.

"When you said maybe I could get a job on another station, I understood what I've been feeling. Let me see if I can explain it to you. I—well, I'm a farmer. I grew up on the land, and I never had a thought of doing anything after the war but going back to the land I came from, until Gabe and Ken and the others came overseas, and talked to me. And then—well, I never, even then, thought about getting into radio. I just thought about getting on the National Barn Dance. It was—well, sort of separate in my mind. See? I—I don't want to be in radio, if I can't be on the Barn Dance, honey. And that's not just sour grapes, either. None of the rest of it interests me. I'm—well, as I said, I'm a farmer. I'm not a radio performer."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I love the show, honey. The friendliness of it, the way it takes me back to

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the times when I was a kid, in Texas. It's the show I love, not radio."

Our sodas came then, and we sat and stirred them up, and put our straws into them, not saying anything. And then the most wonderful thing happened. Lulu Belle and Scotty came in!

And they knew just what to do, bless them! They didn't try to avoid us, or leave us alone. As soon as Lulu Belle had made her purchase at the counter, they came right over and climbed up on the stools beside us, Lulu Belle at one end and Scotty at the other, just as if we were all young people living in a little town in Minnesota or Arkansas or somewhere. Just as if we were the best of friends—and all of a sudden I knew that we were.

It was Lulu Belle who put Tex at ease. She didn't talk about the program but she didn't avoid it, either. And pretty soon Tex was telling her all about his life. About the war. About the farm in Texas where he'd been brought up, and which his mother had sold because she couldn't keep it going alone, after he'd gone.

BUT it was Scotty who put into words what had really happened to Tex. You know, I told you that Scotty's quiet, but really awfully wise. He was going to be a teacher once, and he graduated from college and took all kinds of courses in psychology before he got on the networks back in 1933. Well, now he just looked at Tex and said something that sounded like a sage. He said, "You know, Tex, we all get about what we want—and I don't think you really wanted to live in Chicago and get in radio at all."

"I thought I did, sir," Tex told him. "I thought it more than anything else in the world. But it was just the show—I didn't stop to think that I'd have to live in Chicago, along with it—that the show would only be one night out of the week, and the rest of the time—"

Scotty nodded. "I knew it. I think you just wanted the world that those songs made you lonesome for. You were homesick, Tex. You wanted to get back to the country. I guess you still do. I could tell that when you were talking, just now, to Lulu Belle about the place in Texas, and all the things you used to do on the farm. You sound like a first-class farmer, Tex—and believe me, I mean it, there's nothing better than the land."

"There isn't any land for me to go back to," Tex said, slowly.

Scotty shook his head. "There's always a place for a good man on a farm, somewhere," he said. "There's always a home and a job for a fellow who likes working out in the open air—who likes to be a farmer and wants to be a farmer, and isn't ashamed to admit it." And then Scotty went on to tell us that the Hoosier Hot Shots and most of the other Barn Dance folks owned farms. "All the fellows are putting their money into land," he told us. "They aren't fooling about liking the wide open spaces. They love the country."

"Shall we tell them about our farm?" Lulu Belle asked Scotty, and when I turned to look at her I saw that her eyes were dancing.

"We've got a farm," Scotty explained. "Down in North Carolina—in the Smoky Mountains, where I was born."

"And Lulu Belle was born there, too," I told Tex. "Just thirty miles away. But they never knew each other until they got together on the show."

"They didn't?" Tex' eyes were bright now, and the hurt, closed-in look was completely gone from his face.

"We've got a big log house there," Scotty went on, "and we keep putting in improvements each year."

"When 'Boyer of the Barn Dance' here gets too old for romance, we're going to live down there," Lulu Belle added.

"Pat Buttram's Boyer of the Barn Dance," Scotty protested, "not me. But that's what we're planning on, Tex—going down there to live when our show days are over. And you—hadn't you ought to think about going back to the country yourself, Tex? Back where you'll be happy?"

Lulu Belle was leaning across, now, her eyes full of amusement and impatience. "You're taking an awfully long time about it," she told Scotty. "Why don't you go ahead and say it?"

Scotty looked straight at Tex. "This farm I was telling you about, Tex. Lulu Belle and I thought—well, we wondered if you'd like to go down there and live for a while. Oversee."

"We need a manager," Lulu Belle put in. "We need a fellow we can trust to see that things get done."

Tex just sat there, not saying a word—but one look at him told the rest of us how he felt better than any speech he could have made. When at last he found his voice, it was to say, "But you hardly know me! I might not be any good. Why, you're trusting a stranger . . ."

"I know you," Scotty said. "I know you very well indeed. I watched you take it on the chin this afternoon. I watched you walk out of the theater like a man. I heard you making new plans when we walked in here—after a blow like that one must have been to you. I know you all right."

"Besides, we like your girl," Lulu Belle told him, giving my hand a little squeeze under the counter.

Tex looked down at me and suddenly he linked his arm through mine. "I like her, too. Terribly."

"THAT farm of ours needs a woman's touch when I'm not there," Lulu Belle went on, but Scotty wouldn't let her finish.

"Lulu Belle won't let a man alone once she's got an idea into her head," Scotty told us. Then he slid off the counter stool and took his wife's hand. "Come along—let's get out of here. Maybe they'd like a little time to make a few decisions for themselves."

We sat there, silent, for a few minutes. I was—well, I guess I was counting my chickens. I was thinking how wonderful the farm sounded. How more-than-wonderful it would be with Tex. I was thinking about keeping house, and never having to wait counter at the grocery store again, and—

And then do you know what Tex did, as soon as Lulu Belle and Scotty were out of sight? Yes, that's right. That's what he did. And he said, "Do you think you're going to like the Smoky Mountains, honey—do you think you're going to like it away from the city, living down there all alone?"

"I won't be alone," I whispered. "I'll never be alone again as long as I live."

And do you know what he did, then? That's right—he kissed me again. And just then the soda clerk slid two more chocolate sodas across the counter.

"On the house," he said, and winked.

Somehow, that wink put a period on the whole thing. Nothing could be wrong in such a wonderful, beautiful, friendly world. Everything had to be right for us—and it would be, because we'd make it so!

Glorious Fourth

(*Continued from page 50*)

cottage cheese and dill adding sour cream to make desired consistency.

Stuffed Curried Eggs

6 hard cooked eggs
½ tsp. curry powder
2 tsps. lemon juice
Sour cream

Combine egg yolks, curry powder and lemon juice, adding enough sour cream to make mixture of desired consistency. Stuff whites with mixture.

Pickled Beets

1 can beets (sliced or whole)
1 cup vinegar
1 tbl. minced onion
1 tsp. mixed pickle spices

Drain liquid from beets. Combine spices, which have been tied in small cheesecloth bag, onion and vinegar. Simmer for 5 minutes, add beets and simmer for 5 minutes more. Remove spice bag, pour beets and vinegar into jar and let stand over night. Chill before serving.

Boiled Dressing
(for Cole Slaw or Cold Asparagus)

1 tbl. flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. sugar
¾ cup hot milk
1 egg
½ cup vinegar
3 tbls. butter or margarine

Combine dry ingredients in top of double boiler. Stir in hot milk slowly. Add egg and mix well. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Add vinegar. Continue cooking and stirring until mixture is smooth and creamy. Blend in butter or margarine. Chill before serving. To use with cole slaw, add ½ tsp. celery seed to other dry seasonings. To serve over cold asparagus, add ¼ tsp. mace and 2 tsps. shredded almonds when adding butter.

Vanilla Fruit Pudding

1 package prepared vanilla pudding
2 cups milk
1-2 cups fruit

Combine pudding powder and milk and cook as directed on package. Remove from fire. Strawberries or other small berries, uncooked, may be used. Currants and gooseberries should be cooked before blending with the pudding mixture. Sweet cherries (pitted) may be used uncooked, but the sour ones will be improved by cooking. When using uncooked fruits, allow pudding mixture to cool before combining or topping with the fruit.

Honeymoon

IN NEW YORK

Once, on NBC's Honeymoon in New York, there was a couple whose story was very different from the usual boy-meets-girl affair. What Honeymoon In New York meant for these two people is told in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR, on sale at your newsstand on July 12.

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So Far Away

(*Continued from page 39*)

thing during the downhill dips of the roller coaster. He eggs me on.

A great deal of our love takes the form of kidding. And we've never quarreled but once. After that one time I walked off with an Army flier. A week or so later Bill and I were back together again. That flier just couldn't kid around like Bill does. For one thing, *he* thought double talk was silly.

But don't be led astray by our double talk. We have deeper bonds too. We are fond of music—particularly Rachmaninoff and his Second Concerto. The music angle is just right since all my life I've been surrounded by it. I love concerts, ballets and opera and taught Bill to enjoy them with me. The happy thing is that he responded so willingly. Music is in his blood too —but he just hadn't had time to find out about it.

THE thing I miss most in New York —next to Bill—is my record collection which numbers almost twenty thousand. I have everything from boogie-woogie to Bach.

I have no fears about our happiness. People who like to do things together —love to dance, to drink tea and to bowl—can always get along. The bowling part came hard for me though. It was Bill who taught me—and who still teases me because the first time I tried it I fell flat on my face.

We adore sitting by the fireplace reading poetry. Recently we have fallen in love with E. B. White's book, "Stuart Little". And now I mail fairy-tales to Bill every week.

Cats and dogs like us and we like them. Bill has two of the former and four of the latter. As you see there are many things which we can enjoy together. And mutual interests make a happy marriage.

It's lonely in New York. I fill in the time when I'm not working by walking and window shopping. Tony's and El Borracho are my favorite restaurants. I've only been on the subway once and confess that I have never been in Brooklyn.

But my chief amusement in New York is seeing "The House on 92nd Street." To date I have seen it seven times. With that and the twenty pictures of Bill that I carry in my wallet I feel a little closer to him.

And another thing that is a constant reminder is the silver bullet he gave me when I left. It has a paper dollar rolled up inside and a good luck charm dangling from one end. The special significance it has for us stems from the fact that he invariably borrowed money from me when we were dating. Then he used to tease me by asking if I had any mad money left. He always paid me back, of course. I hold the silver bullet in my hand whenever I [illegible]. It makes me think of Bill and I feel that it brings me good luck.

Since I've met Bill I've had two ambitions. One is to be a terrific singer —the best in the business; two is to have three kids and keep right on with my career.

Speaking of careers, I doubt that I would have amounted to anything if it hadn't been for Bill. He used to shout at my mother, "You've got to make this girl do something! She has a wonderful voice and should be starred in a radio show." Well, I finally made it. And a lot of it is due to Bill's insistence that I strike out for a career of my own.

None of it is due to Marymount Convent. When Daddy came to Hollywood in 1929 to work for Paramount, he and Eleanor put me in a series of private schools. I stayed in Marymount Convent for the longest period of time and I did learn Latin, German and French. What amuses me now is that during the years I spent at Marymount a great number of operettas were produced there. But they never let Margaret Whiting sing even a tiny part in one of them.

By next Christmas I hope Bill and I will be married. We have so many plans for our house and a wonderful life together. We celebrated last Christmas separately—and it was the last to be so celebrated. I gave Bill champagne glasses—he loves champagne. And he gave me an antique gold buckle which contains another good luck charm: my sign of the zodiac, Cancer; and a small gold record on which is engraved "It Might As Well Be—well, you know what. Love, Hambone." As you know, my theme song on the show is "It Might As Well Be Spring".

WHEN Bill is in the mood for cooking he does an excellent job—particularly with stuffed cabbage. On the coast he used to cook in my kitchen sometimes. Whenever I said, "That's not right," Bill invariably retorted. "You don't know anything about cooking. Get out of here." He was right. I don't.

I miss him terribly and think often of the rides we used to take out to the ocean. Somehow the Atlantic is not like the Pacific—perhaps because it comes without Bill.

Most of all I'm crazy about Bill because of his unexpectedness. We might be on the way home from a party at two A.M. and Bill will say suddenly, "How about it? Let's drive to Santa Barbara for breakfast—it's only two hours away." Nothing ever gets done in a routine way with Bill. It might start out that way, but the end will have a twist!

I know our marriage will be a happy one because with Bill there will never be any boredom.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 49)

almost too hard to think about. We went to Lynn Haven, Florida, on the afternoon before Christmas. We got nice rooms at the one hotel in this little peninsula town. We were told there was to be a program at the church that evening, Christmas Eve. We went, to find a crowded house. The program was lovely. At the close of the program the Sunday School Superintendent said, "Now we think we have provided enough treat for everyone, but the children will be served first as usual. However we are happy to have with us tonight some friends from Illinois—let's give them a welcome." Everyone applauded. Well, we felt happy of course but somewhat embarrassed—but to top it all off, this well-meaning Superintendent said, "Our gifts will be carried through the aisles in baskets—will the person at the end of the seat take enough sacks to supply that row of people and give all children theirs and hold the others until all children have received theirs. Now first, boys, I want you to take a basket to our Illinois friends—we are mighty happy to have you with us, God bless you." And when he insisted on my husband and me accepting a treat along with the children, we almost felt out of place—but when we were dismissed it seemed every person there tried to speak to us and make us welcome. We went back to our hotel rooms. At midnight, from our windows we could both see and hear the carol singers. We were both sad and happy.

Never had I wanted to cook a Christmas dinner as on that Christmas day, but no place where I could even bake a cake or Christmas cookies for my darlings. At noon on Christmas day we went down to the hotel dining room for our dinner, trying to be brave. The hotel manager met us and asked us to go into a small room adjoining as the large dining room would be full. We followed the manager into a pretty little room and to our utter amazement, there was a dining table set for just us six—laden with a golden brown turkey and every thing any one could think of or wish for on a Christmas table.

We certainly realized and appreciated God's goodness and the kindness of those fine people.

Mrs. A. O. G.

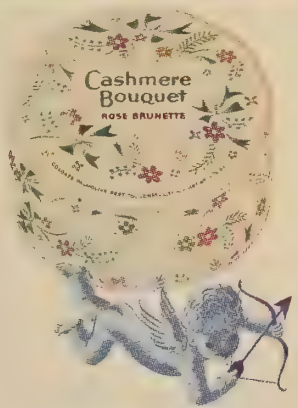
Dear Papa David:

My father was a very successful druggist in a small town. I was an only child about ten years old and I was very happy. I had about everything that could make life beautiful. I even had a doll imported from Paris which made me an important member of our club—the "Big Doll Club." Yet with all this I would often worry about many things that didn't seem to have an answer. One was Ella—her father was a barber in a little shop—her family was very poor because it was whispered, sometimes loud enough for Ella to hear—"her father drank and was no good." I liked Ella—but she couldn't belong to the "Big Doll Club" because she didn't have the first requisite—a *Big Doll.*

That Christmas, as a center of attraction in one of my father's store windows was a large doll. My father would say "That's the biggest doll in town—and Christmas Eve after the exercises start at the church I'll take her home and she is yours".

On the night before Christmas, at the dinner table I asked my father if I could take my doll before the church program because I wanted Santa Claus to put her on the tree for Ella. I think my father was a little disappointed because I didn't want her myself but he said "Go ahead."





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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

I'll never forget Ella's face when Santa took that big doll from the tree and handed it to her. I began to learn what it is to be truly happy at Christmas as I watched.

Many, many years after there was a Christmas Eve which due to the misfortunes of depression wasn't so happy. On this evening I worked late. I lived with mother and daddy. They were both ill from worry over the loss of all of our savings. In fact at that moment I couldn't go home with a simple little gift for them. There was no money.

The janitress came in to clean my office —she was going home early to her little girl. How I wanted to send something home to that sick child and I cursed my luck and all the world.

Then a knock sounded and as I stepped into the reception room a well-dressed woman and a young man entered. She said—"Oh you don't know me—you've forgotten me—I'm Ella and this is my son who is attending military school. I just wanted to see you again and we were going thru the city and I decided to look you up."

We talked and then she said, "I have a little Christmas gift I want to leave for you. I've never forgotten the biggest doll in town! You know that doll changed my whole life—it made me think I could amount to something. It was a wonderfully kind thing you did and I could never thank you before because I was ashamed to let you see me cry. But thank you now —and a Merry Christmas."

She was gone. I called the janitress and we opened the little Christmas box and there was a hundred dollar bill.

I went to the window and looked out across the city and told God with all my heart that come what may I would always believe *this* world was a beautiful world.

Mrs. M. B. S.

Dear Papa David:

Because of an unkindness toward me in the past, I had come to hate the entire human race . . . and had lost interest in life. Not feeling well enough to be employed, and not attempting anymore to secure medical aid, I neglected my personal appearance, became anti-social, and as time went by, I came to have a double reason for keeping my lips pressed together at all times.

Mrs. G. and I often used to see one another at the neighborhood grocery where I did most of the marketing for my mother, brother and myself. That was our only introduction. One day I was surprised when she brought me a fresh cherry pie she had baked. I took it without comment. I was surprised when she sent me a New Year's card. For this I said "thanks." I was astonished when she came to my house and said, "I want you to have your teeth fixed."

She went on hurriedly, "A woman across the street from me has had such beautiful work done, that I got the name of her dentist, and called him, saying I was calling for a friend, and asked when he could see you in regards to what has to be done, and to send me the bill."

A few days after my first visit to the dentist, I asked Mrs. G. what the amount of the bill would be, and she answered "Someday, when you're in a position to pay, I'll tell you the amount, and you can repay me, or better still, you can do the same for somebody else."

"After your teeth are fixed," she said, "I'll take you to my hair dresser for a permanent and a hair-do; then we'll buy you a new outfit and some make-up." But why? I wondered. "We're all human beings," she answered.

Mrs. G. is a housewife of moderate means, and her friendly interest in me and kindness has given me a burning outlook and

kindlier feelings towards people. Mrs. G. has found and gathered up the lost threads of my life, and put them in my hands again.

Miss A. F.

Dear Papa David:

This story I am about to tell is about two women who were neighbors of mine and whom I loved as sisters because they both treated me as such.

I had just moved into a three-story apartment house. I had noticed the woman on the floor above me. She was the most regal-looking woman I had ever seen. I thought to myself—she would never give me a tumble as a friend. She looked so proud. I was so ordinary looking. I thought I'd never feel at ease with her.

The neighbor who lived on the first floor was also proud looking, although a different type. She was short. A very nice looking woman. Would either of them be friendly to me?

Here is what happened: I had lived in this house about three weeks when both of them called on me, because their children had informed them that I was ill.

I told them that I really needed an operation, but I hated to leave an unknown housekeeper in charge of my children while I would be in a hospital. Without any hesitation whatsoever, and with insistence, both of them offered to take my children into their homes. I was surprised at such a generous offer and I thanked them both for being so kind, but I really couldn't expect strangers to do such a thing for me, a new tenant. They repeated their offers every time they called on me after that, which was every day. Finally, I got so ill that I had to go for the operation. Each woman took one of my children to care for.

As if they weren't doing enough already, they sent me flowers and gifts at the hospital. When I came home my children were clean and neatly dressed. Their clothes were brought to me all laundered and ironed. One woman had baked a large cake to celebrate my arrival. Both were helping around the house to make me comfortable until a hired girl could come.

Neither one seemed to realize how much they had done for me.

Mrs. M. M.

Dear Papa David:

At the age of 20 I married a swindler and crook, to spite a boy I imagined myself in love with. I lived with the man seven years. In these seven years I brought three sweet little boys into the world. My husband wanted to give the second boy up for adoption, and would have, but I fought for dear life itself, and finally won.

One of my babies was born while my husband stayed in jail six months. He would have gone to the penitentiary, had it not been for me. We never had decent clothes to wear or had enough food to eat. I could have gone home to my parents, but pride kept me with this man, as everyone in our community had predicted an unhappy ending when I got married.

My baby was one year old, when my husband left me for a blonde. This was a terrible blow to my pride, but I didn't care anything for my husband. I gave him a divorce under the condition that I have full custody of the children.

So I started my new life with three little boys, just enough clothes to cover our bodies, and not one penny in my purse. I went home to my parents. My brothers and sister were married, so there was no one else.

My father gave me a job working in the field with the hired boy for a dollar a day. I topped fodder, pulled corn, shocked cane. Helped round up the cattle, doctor calves, drenched sheep and goats, and helped during the lambing season. I began to feel free once more. I enjoyed meeting my former friends.

My boys were healthy and so was I. Our wardrobe was beginning to look like what I wanted it to. People were beginning to say I looked ten years younger. Some even called me pretty.

The war came along, and one hired boy after another was drafted, so I did the work of the hired boy and mine too. I was unusually healthy, so I donated blood.

Then I met a man. A man who had known suffering similar to mine, for he had lost his wife and had to look after his two girls. We seemed to understand each other from the start. He, like I, lived with his parents in the country, and loved to watch things grow.

A year ago he gave me a lovely diamond ring, and soon we'll be married. We will, I'm sure, have many problems to face, with our fast growing children, but I truly believe we will meet each one squarely.

I. T.

Dear Papa David:

I had infantile paralysis when I was five months old and it left me so severely handicapped that I had to attend a school for the physically handicapped.

One of the boys whom I graduated from grammar and high schools with, became good friends with me. And as we got older our friendship developed into love. My family didn't encourage this love affair because my friend was quite handicapped too.

We decided to get married, if he could get a job. It took him a year to get the first and only job he has ever had. Due to the good judgment and faith his boss has, he has risen from a jeweler's apprentice to a full-fledged jeweler and designer.

We did get married and have been very happy because people (our families included) have given us the chance to prove to ourselves and them that despite any handicap we can all become useful citizens and live a normal happy life. This I think, is a good example for our wounded soldiers to follow. These boys who fought and were injured for us deserve our faith.

Our latest conquest of ourselves and society is our own home which we just bought. It's a lovely little house almost made to order for our special needs. The people that were the most shocked over our marriage, are the proudest of our new home and our successful career.

Mrs. E. B. G.

Dear Papa David:

I'm a schoolgirl of fifteen and I live with my mother. My mother works in a laundry, and I'm not ashamed to say it. I'm very proud of my mother because she is a woman in her fifties, who stands and sweats all day at work pressing clothes.

Her feet aren't taken care of very well and they are very sore when she comes home from a hard day at work. We live in a three-room apartment, in fact it resembles a shack. I always dreamed of having a lovely comfortable apartment, someday. If I ever get married, I'll want to be settled in a house all complete and furnished. I never like to invite my girl friends up to my apartment because I'm embarrassed for them to see it.

I want to quit school after I'm sixteen so I can help my mother out a little, for she's been working since my father died, when I was a baby. She used to clean people's apartments to raise money to put me through school.

I appreciate all my mother is doing for me. For some day, please God, if she'll live till then, I'm going to take over where my mother left off. If I were rich, complete with clothes and a beautiful home I would regret it as long as I lived because I like coming up the hard way and I'll know I did something in my life.

Miss G. T.



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ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE.

What About Television?

(*Continued from page* 19)

though related fields—broadcasting, manufacturing, Government, and public—there is increasing evidence that ultra-high frequency television is inevitable. Not only is clear home reception within a station's service area assured, but it is also possible to send the new pictures over long distances through coaxial cable. Columbia demonstrated the process on April 19, when its color pictures were sent from New York to Washington and back—a distance of 544 miles—over the A. T. & T.'s cable link connecting these two cities.

The industry has not yet fully agreed as to *when* the move "upstairs" to the high frequencies should be made. Columbia believes it should be made as quickly as possible, and that it can be made within a year's time.

But if the public is asked to buy low-frequency black-and-white receivers, a later move into the high frequencies could cause a great deal of ill will and confusion. For the low-frequency receivers can *never* be made to pick up the vastly improved pictures in the high frequencies, either in black-and-white or in color.

AS recently as a year ago, there was considerable doubt as to when the better high-frequency pictures would be brought out of research laboratories and demonstrated as commercially practical. Guesses ranged from five to ten years, and even longer. Yet CBS demonstrated the practicality of its new color television within five months after V-J Day. The pictures were infinitely better than the color pictures Columbia had first demonstrated in 1940. The transmitter radiated a signal far more powerful than the most powerful black-and-white television station operating in New York.

At the end of the war, there were high hopes that a product-starved America would have at least a part of its appetite satisfied in 1946. Strikes, material shortages, and uncertain price regulations have postponed the expected feast. To the extent of this postponement, the gap between production of black-and-white television receivers and production of color receivers has been closed. It is certain that viewers who wish to wait for color will not have to wait "indefinitely." They need not even wait "one year."

Since fewer than ten thousand people in the United States now own television sets, the chances are that you have never seen television—to say nothing of color television. Perhaps a little test will bring the case for color television closer to home, for it is stated most eloquently in the direct testimony of your own eyes.

Let your imagination, if it can, drain all color from the objects that now surround you. In your mind's eye, how much of the life, reality, and interest of your surroundings is lost with the loss of color?

Try another. As you read the following words, try to think of them in terms of the single word "gray." Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet . . . rose, zinnia, dandelion, holly, forget-me-not, lilac . . . apple, orange, lemon, lime, huckleberry, grape.

The case for color television, in the last analysis, is the case for color, itself.

Once We're Married

(*Continued from page 27*)

known would be there—a regret for having hurt his parents so deeply. He remembered a time, long ago, when he had been sick; his mother had sat at his bedside night and day, never leaving, and his father had brought toys home with him in the evenings . . .

What power they had over him, simply because they loved him! He could break that power only by fighting, ruthlessly, as he'd fought tonight—and he was sick of fighting, he'd had more than enough of it in the last two years.

After a long time he got up, undressed in the dark, and went to bed.

Sally was in the drugstore, the next afternoon, when the telephone rang and a voice she didn't recognize said, "Miss Burnett? This is Berg Ruskin, at the bank. Could you spare a few minutes to come over to my office?"

The telephone jerked in her hand. All day long she had been pushing herself mechanically from one familiar duty to another, feeling nothing but a dull unhappiness. Now, at Berg's request, she was suddenly alive again. She had never spoken to him in her life, but she knew him by sight, knew the spare, wiry figure, so like Phil's, the lined face and sharp eyes. She wasn't afraid of him. She wanted to talk to him. Because, after all, Phil must have told his parents they were in love and wanted to be married; this was her opportunity to make a good impression.

"I'll be right over, Mr. Ruskin," she promised.

THE bank was closed, but one of the tellers let her in at the side door and led her to Berg's private office. She had her first qualm of uneasiness at the sight of him sitting behind his neat desk, waiting for her with an impassive face. She had wanted to make a good impression on him, but now she sensed that there was no way for her to make any sort of impression on him, either good or bad—that he had his mind made up about her in advance.

"Good afternoon, Miss Burnett," he said. "Please sit down. I asked you to come over because last night Philip told me you and he want to be married."

Sally's heart gave a single great leap. "Oh, I'm glad," she said. "I hoped that was it. I wanted him to tell you."

"Did you?" Berg asked in his dryest most unbelieving voice. "Frankly, his mother and I cannot approve of this marriage. He is of age, and there is no way we can prevent it. But if Philip does marry you, it will be without our consent and without our help. Do you understand what that means?"

Sally seemed to shrink in her chair, but she kept her eyes unwaveringly on his. "Yes, I—I guess I do," she said. "You mean you wouldn't help him to finish his education, you wouldn't give him any money or—or let him visit you."

Sally pressed her hands together. "Did you ask me to come over here just to tell me that?"

"No. Not entirely. I thought it might perhaps affect your decision. But there is something else, too. In view of the possible connection between your family and mine, I took the trouble this morning to visit your brother."

Sally looked uncomprehending.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Vacation time this year brings more opportunities to travel. If you happen to be near Fremont, Mich., please stop in for a visit and see how baby foods are made.

Mrs Dan Gerber



What makes a baby smile?

Food, of course! Naturally, you make it your loving responsibility to feed him quality foods. We make it our responsibility to supply those quality baby foods to you. We select just the right kinds of fruits and vegetables, wash them in pure, artesian water, then cook them the Gerber way *by steam* . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. That same stress on quality produces "just-right" texture, and pleasant taste. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every label!

Ready for Cereals?

Start your baby on Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal—two cereals which are made to suit baby's needs, from the start right through babyhood. Both cereals are enriched with added iron and B complex vitamins. Both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve, just add milk or formula.

Remember, it is always wise to check baby's feeding program with your doctor.

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"He tells me he had no idea the other two men were planning to hold up the cafe—he thought they were going in to collect some money they said Art Powers owed them."

"That's true, Mr. Ruskin!" Sally said eagerly. "I know it is. Oliver's a little wild and reckless, but he isn't bad. He wouldn't commit a crime—"

"It may be true," Berg interrupted her. "I rather believe it is—your brother didn't strike me as a criminal type. He's badly frightened, and it seemed to me that if he could get out of this difficulty he'd be a great deal more careful in the future. He said something about expecting to go into the Army soon."

"Yes—he's eighteen. We both are, you know, we're twins. And he expects to be called almost any day. He used to be awfully anxious to go."

"IF he should be convicted of being an accessory to an attempted robbery," Berg said, "and were sent to prison, he of course could never join the armed forces." He picked up a pencil and tapped it thoughtfully on the glass top of his desk. "It would be a pity if he had to serve a prison term. A thing like that could ruin his whole life. It occurred to me that I could talk to the district attorney about him—I have a little influence there—and under the circumstances it might be possible to get him released at the preliminary hearing."

Sally leaned forward, her eyes shining. "Oh, Mr. Ruskin, if you only could! But—" She hesitated, taken aback by the continuing indifference of his face and manner. "I don't understand. You mean you'll do all this—just because Phil and I—are going to be married . . . and Oliver's my brother?"

"Not at all," he told her. "I'll do it on the understanding that you and my son will *not* be married."

Sally understood then, and she sank limply back in her chair. "Oh," she whispered. "Oh, I see." There was silence in the little office, while Sally thought of Oliver, who had always been so close to her until these last few months, Oliver with his light-hearted grin quenched now in the ugly cell at the jail. Everything Berg had said was true: if Oliver were sent to prison it would ruin him, turn him bitter and sullen and angry at the world. She thought of her father and mother too, of their easy-going ways, their stunned bewilderment at Oliver's arrest. She could save Oliver, she could give happiness back to her parents. She could —if she would accept the bargain Phil's father was offering her.

She felt trapped, hemmed in by events. The rapture of a few minutes before, when she had learned that Phil had, after all, had the courage to face his parents and tell them he loved her —that rapture had turned into despair.

"This isn't fair!" she said desperately. "I can tell Phil I won't marry him—but I can't stop him from loving me. And he *does* love me. He showed that he does, last night, when he went and told you so!"

"I'm sorry, but I doubt that. If Philip still loves you after he has finished college and decided what he wants to do with his life, then his mother and I will withdraw our objections. Actually, I believe he'll have forgotten about you by then."

He was so positive and assured that in spite of herself she was infected with doubt. It could happen. Phil's love was real now, but even real things died if they were starved. Away from Littleton, Phil would meet other girls, dance with them, laugh with them; he would find other interests, in which she would have no part. Imperceptibly, their lives would separate, and when he came back to Littleton they would meet on the street and be strangers.

"NO!" she said violently—and it was as if she hadn't thought the answer out herself at all, as if it came out of her flesh and bones and blood. "I won't do it! I love Phil, and if he loves me and wants to marry me I won't do anything to stop him."

"And let your brother be sent to prison?"

"He hasn't been sent there yet! You said yourself that you believed him when he said he didn't know about the hold-up. Maybe the judge will believe him too. I'll get a lawyer for him, and do everything else I can to help him—but I won't do this!"

Her voice broke, and she jumped to her feet, keeping her face turned away from him so he wouldn't see the tears.

Back in the drugstore, she went to the washroom and did what she could to repair the damage tears had done to her eyes. She still had two hours of work ahead of her, and people would be quick to notice that she'd been crying, if she gave them a chance, and to speculate on the reason why. And now that she had thrown Berg Ruskin's bargain back at him, she was terrified. If Oliver were actually sent to prison, it would be as if she herself had sent him there. She had told Berg bravely enough that she would find a lawyer for Oliver, but that was easier to say than to do.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Why, Minnie Huckleberry! Hollywood hasn't changed you a bit!"

People came into the store and she waited on some of them and they went out again. Mr. Simpson looked at her quizzically, but she didn't notice. When the clock hands finally reached six, she was out of the store in a flash and hurrying down the street to my house—to tell me everything.

"Of course you weren't disloyal!" I said, and I meant it. "I never heard of such a thing, and I'll tell Berg Ruskin so myself, next time I see him! Trying to interfere with the due process of law, just to get his own way! The idea! You did perfectly right to refuse him, Sally Burnett, and I'm proud of you."

"That makes me feel better," Sally said with a wan smile. "But it still doesn't help Oliver."

"You go down tomorrow morning and talk to old Judge Lawton," I told her. "The Judge doesn't practice much any more, but he's still smart as a whip, and he'll let you take your time about paying him. I wouldn't even be surprised if he'd do it for nothing." I chuckled. "So Phil walked right out of here last night and told his folks he wanted to marry you! I hoped that was what he had in mind, but I wasn't sure."

SALLY clasped her hands around her knees. "Aunt Jenny," she said timidly, "you say I was right to turn Phil's father down, and I'm glad you think so, only—how does anyone know what's *right?* I don't mean what's smartest, or best for yourself—but really right all around. For instance—" The smooth white skin of her forehead puckered into a frown. "I love Phil and he loves me, but maybe it isn't really right for us to get married. Maybe he'd be better off without me—considering who he is, and who I am, and how his parents feel about me—and everything. I don't want to marry him, if it would be bad for him—if someday, a year or ten years from now, he was going to be sorry. Do you see what I mean?"

"I see, yes," I told her. "It's a question wise men have been puzzling over since the world began, I guess, and it does you credit to be thinking about it too. I don't know that I can answer it, except to say that you just have to follow your heart. If it's a good heart—and yours is, Sally—it'll steer you right, nine times out of ten."

"Maybe that's true," Sally mused. "That's what happened this afternoon. I didn't think about Mr. Ruskin planning to interfere with any due process of law to help Oliver, or anything like that. I just knew I couldn't let him bribe me into giving up Phil. Not even for Oliver. That was following my heart, wasn't it?"

She called a neighbor of her mother's on the telephone, and sent a message that she was going to have supper with me. It was a quiet meal, just the two of us sitting at the kitchen table, eating Irish stew. Now and then Sally would glance at the clock and once, just after she'd done this, she caught my eye and smiled. "Phil will come here tonight," she said. "I know he will."

He did, soon after seven. Sally was on her feet at the sound of the doorbell, and I let her answer it. I heard the murmur of their voices from the front of the house, and I smiled happily to myself. I didn't disturb them.

But when I finally went into the front room I knew something had gone wrong.

Phil was standing beside the center table, flipping the pages of one of the magazines that lay there—just turning

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them over, without any purpose, and I'd have sworn not seeing them. Sally sat on the Chesterfield, watching him, her lips barely parted as if words were trembling on them which, once spoken, could never be called back. I tried to act as if I didn't notice anything; I said hello to Phil and patted Sally's shoulder as I went past to my own chair. Phil answered my greeting absently, closed the magazine, and started on another.

"Aunt Jenny," Sally said suddenly, "do you remember what we were talking about—about following your heart?" She was still looking at Phil. "I'm beginning to see what you meant. But sometimes it's hard to do."

Phil glanced up, frowning. "Follow your heart?" he asked.

Sally didn't answer him, at least not directly. "Phil told his father and mother last night that he wanted to marry me," she said. "But he's not very happy about it."

"Well," Phil exclaimed angrily, "did you expect me to be? I haven't even seen my mother today—she's been in her room with a sick headache. And Dad came back at me tonight with a long argument about how we could at least wait a couple of years. Lord knows, he's trying to be decent."

An almost imperceptible smile touched Sally's lips, and I knew she was thinking of Berg Ruskin's proposal to her. Evidently she hadn't mentioned that to Phil. Naturally, she wouldn't.

"Do you want to wait, Phil?"

"No, I don't! But I don't want to cut myself off from my father and mother, either. Don't you see?" Phil demanded. "I'm sorry for them—I'm fond of them, and I hate to make them unhappy. It's a terrible thing to break off with your parents. How would you feel, Sally, if marrying me would cut you off from *yours?*"

"I—I'd feel the same as you do. I'd hate it."

"WELL, then. I don't know what you're complaining about. You wanted me to tell them, and I did. But I didn't promise to walk around shouting with joy afterwards."

"No, Phil. I know you didn't. I don't blame you," Sally said in that oddly quiet voice. "I'm only—sorry."

"The main thing is still that we're going to be married."

Sally shook her head. "No, we aren't," she told him. She stood up. "I was wrong, Phil. I thought that if you simply went and told your father and mother what you intended to do, that would be the end of it. Of course it isn't. They won't let it be the end. They love you, you're their only child, and they want you to have the best girl in the world for your wife. I'm not surprised that they don't think I'm her. And I know they'll never change. They won't ever accept me. So—" She took a deep, quivering breath. "I'm not going to come between you and your parents, Phil. I won't do it. It would be—wrong."

"Sally!" Phil took one step toward her, and stopped. "Wait, Sally. You're upset—we both are—"

"I'm not at all upset, Phil. I have been. But not now. The minute I saw you tonight I knew I was going to have to let you go. We're not—we're just not meant to be together. And don't think I'm angry at you, or disappointed. I'm not. I simply see how things are. Right now I could make you leave your family for me. But later on, maybe a year from now, or two, you might look at me and wonder why on earth you

ever did it. I couldn't stand that. I couldn't stand living, day after day, waiting for the time when it would happen—being afraid of it. Even now, I know you'd be relieved if I suggested taking your father's advice and waiting until you've finished going to school."

Sally paused, and Phil didn't answer.

"There's no chance for us." Her voice was almost a whisper. "No chance at all. So you'd better go now."

"Sally!" He tried to take her in his arms, but she shook him off.

"Please—go away!" She sounded furious, and maybe Phil thought she was; maybe he wasn't old enough to have found out that unhappiness can make your voice as harsh as anger. He stepped back, hesitantly, and then he made up his mind, and he was gone.

Sally sank down on the couch and leaned back, her eyes closed. "I did it, Aunt Jenny," she said. "I did what seemed right. And I'm sorry already."

Well, it was over between Sally and Phil, and things ought to have gone on for them just about the same as before they met. Only, as a friend of mine says, "Time is a one-way street."

SALLY tried her best to go back. She concentrated on Oliver—I went with her several times to see him. He'd had a shock, that boy—one that had done him a world of good! And fortunately, he was released at the preliminary hearing for him and the other two men (who pleaded guilty, incidentally, and got one-year sentences each). "Do you suppose Mr. Ruskin did it?" Sally asked me. "Even though I turned him down, do you think he went ahead and helped Oliver when he found out I'd sent Phil away?"

"Maybe," I said. "But in my opinion it's more likely the district attorney saw he didn't have any case against Oliver, and let him go, all by himself."

Anyway, whatever the reason, and none of us could be sure of it then, Oliver was free again, and he didn't wait to be drafted, but went off to Metropole the very same day and enlisted in the Army. So as I said, Sally had nothing to worry about. She took up with all her old friends again—

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dropping in to see me about once a week, but otherwise being busy going dancing and for automobile rides with half-a-dozen different boys. She used a bit more make-up, and bought some new clothes—on credit, she told me defiantly—and when you went into the drugstore you would likely as not find her joking with some young fellow sitting at the soda fountain.

It was Phil who changed. He took a job in the bank, to keep busy until time to go back to school in the fall, and from being a friendly, pleasant youngster he turned morose and uncommunicative. He did his work all right, as far as anyone could tell, but when it was over he went straight home; and at home he spent most of his time in his own room, reading and studying. He was polite to Berg and Helen, but that was all. If Helen suggested that he ought to go out and see some of his old friends, the boys—and, Helen really meant, the girls—he'd gone to school with, he would say, "I don't feel like it, Mother," in a tone that was so indifferent, but so final too, that Helen couldn't pursue it.

HELEN herself wasn't feeling entirely secure these days. Seeing the way Phil had withdrawn into himself, she found herself wondering, against her will, if she and Berg had been wrong. Perhaps they should have given their consent, let Phil go ahead and marry his Sally . . . But then she would pass Simpson's drugstore, on one of her shopping trips downtown, and see Sally leaning over the counter, laughing with Harry Todd or Charlie Edwards, and her resolution would come back, as strong as it had ever been. A girl like that—why, she'd have made Phil's life one unending torment, once the first bloom of marriage had worn off!

Yet Phil's dejection nagged her conscience, and as the weeks went by and he showed no signs of shaking it off she went on trying to help him. She invented reasons for going to Metropole on Saturday afternoons, and asked Phil to drive her there in the car. He always agreed, as if it didn't matter where he was or what he was doing. He sat in the car or walked along the Metropole streets while she was shopping, and when she was through and suggested that they stay for dinner he answered, "All right, Mother. If you'd like to." They would go to the best places, and Phil would order and eat, and answer Helen's remarks with the proper words; but she always had the feeling that he wasn't actually there with her at all, that his thoughts were somewhere else.

She finally did something she shouldn't have done.

It was toward the end of April, and they were driving home from one of their excursions to Metropole. The fields on each side of the road stretched away, dim under a half moon. By day they were green, but now the green was like a pale mist hugging the ground. Phil had put the top of the roadster down, although it was cool, and the air was damp and filled with the smell of things growing. To Phil, on a night like this, the thought of Sally was nearly unendurable. He wanted to go to her, feel her slim body in his arms, put his lips against the velvet of her skin. But a queer inertia kept him away. She had said, "We're not meant to be together," and the words had struck him with a dull finality.

They were halfway home when Helen said, above the hum of the motor, "Phil—I've got to talk to you. I know you—you blame your father and me because we opposed your marriage."

"You didn't just oppose it," Phil said. "You prevented it. I told you Sally had refused me because she didn't want to come between me and my family."

"Yes, I know," Helen said nervously. "But you must believe it was only for your own good—"

"I believe you thought it was," Phil broke in. "I wish I didn't."

"A girl like that— You've seen how she's been acting lately, going around with any boy that asks her. She isn't worth grieving over, Phil."

Unconsciously, Phil began driving faster. "Sally has a right to go out with anyone she pleases. After the way I treated her, I certainly haven't any voice in what she does!"

"I don't know what you mean by that, Phil. She was the one who said she wouldn't marry you."

"And the reason she said it was that she saw how miserable I was over disobeying you and Dad—because she saw that I was still a kid, tied to you both, without any will of my own!"

There. He'd put it into words at last—the ugly, humiliating secret that he had tried to keep even from himself. He felt a wave of relief, a slackening of the tension that had made him move carefully and speak as little as possible all these weeks.

His mother sat up straight beside him, her eyes on the road ahead. "That's not why she said she wouldn't marry you, Phil," she told him. "It's time you knew the truth."

His head jerked toward her, then back to the road.

"Your father called her in to his office and talked to her. He promised he'd get the charges against her brother dismissed if she would give you up. At first she refused—or pretended to. But that night she broke off with you."

Phil's hands, gripping the steering wheel so tightly the skin was stretched over his knuckles, pulled the car around a curve. "If that's true—" he said harshly, and stopped.

"It's true, Phil. Every word of it."

"She could have told me that was the reason!" he burst out bitterly. "That would have been the honest thing to do—instead of letting me think it was my fault!"

"She was ashamed, of course."

"I'D have understood—" Phil began, and stopped. Would he have understood, or would he have been as bitterly angry as he was now, at this very minute—angry at Sally, and at his father too? Because there had been other ways to help Oliver, honest ways, involving none of this behind-the-scenes maneuvering.

"Very clever of Dad," he said scornfully. That was the last time he spoke until he stopped the car in front of the Ruskin house. "Go on in, Mother," he said coldly. "I'm going downtown."

"But—" Mechanically, Helen opened the door and stepped to the curb. "Why? What are you going to do?"

Phil leaned over to slam the car door shut. "I don't know," he said. "I have a hunch I'm going to get drunk."

In the final chapter of Once We're Married, Aunt Jenny tells how everything exploded between Phil and Sally—exploded in a crash that involved family, friends—Aunt Jenny most of all. Read it in the August RADIO MIRROR, *on sale Friday, July 12.*

Murder for Two

(*Continued from page 37*)

"I thought you might feel a bit odd here, under the circumstances," she said. "But I guess you agree with me that evil things don't live after they're done." Then suddenly she gasped and put a hand against her mouth. "My iron! I left it on—I must be going." She started toward the door, stopped on the threshold and called back, "It's nice to have this place rented again. Everyone else was so cowardly about it. I'm glad you brave people came along!"

She was gone. They could hear her footsteps moving carefully down the hall as Jerry shut the door. He found himself holding both the door-handle and his wife, who had suddenly thrown her arms around his neck.

"Oh, darling, let's get out of here!" she said. "I have a streak of woman's intuition that otherwise we're going to be very unhappy!"

Jerry took her arms away. "Nonsense!" said he. "I'm going out now and get our bags from our latest hotel. I'll be right back. We have a home now, Pam, and that's all that matters!"

He re-opened the hall door—and a handsome young man whose eye had obviously been glued to the keyhole fell into the room.

"Better watch that!" Pam told him as he regained his balance. "You'll have a keyhole mark on one eye and not on the other."

HE paid no attention to her. "I'm Mr. Stone, from the apartment beneath you," he said, offering a hand to Jerry.

"Oh, your gloomy mother just left," Pam said.

"Not my mother, my wife," said young Mr. Stone. Then he turned back to Jerry. "I guess you don't know how to read or you wouldn't be here," he remarked flatly.

"Of course we can read—almost anything in English, that is," Pam said.

"Well, then—read this," said Mr. Stone. He pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket, presented it to Jerry, bowed, and left abruptly. The door slammed hollowly on his quick exit.

"The Stones are so abrupt," Pam lamented, staring at the door.

But Jerry, unfolding the newspaper Stone had given him, whistled suddenly, and Pam rushed to his side. She saw a newspaper with a month-old dateline—and the headline: "YOUNG WOMAN FOUND MURDERED IN PARK AVENUE APARTMENT." The story read: "Beautiful Mrs. Maria Lombardy, 26, was found murdered today in her richly decorated Park Avenue apartment. Her body, clad only in a nightgown, lay beside her bed. The murder weapon, an ordinary steel kitchen knife, was still buried in her back. She had apparently been killed around 1 A.M. Her son Robert, aged three, had been found only a few minutes after the murder by other residents of her apartment house, crowded in the box of the dumbwaiter shaft. The murderer had evidently started to strangle him, been frightened by the child's screams, and had shoved him into the dumbwaiter box for some purpose of his own.

"The dead woman's husband, Corporal Sam Lombardy of the United States Army, arrived in New York City from overseas duty the day of the murder, but at present cannot be located either by the police or friends.

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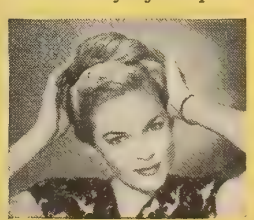
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Army authorities report that he went absent without leave during debarkation from his troopship, and have no clue as to his present whereabouts."

"I remember that case," Pam said slowly and thoughtfully. "It wasn't solved. The police finally decided to call it 'murder by person or persons unknown.'"

"I remember it too, now," Jerry agreed. "And it certainly explains why Mr. Bower was so anxious to rent us this joint. Even in these times, most people don't want an apartment with such a new and grisly history."

Pam gave a little hopeful hop. "Listen, Jerry, we can still get out of the lease. All we have to do is remind Mr. Bower that he signed us up without telling all the facts. . . ."

"Nope, we're staying," Jerry said flatly. "Murder or no murder, it's an apartment." He started toward the door. "I'm going now to our hotel and get our things. I'll be right back." This time he opened the door to an empty hallway, and closed it decisively on a dejected Pam.

ALONE, she instantly felt a rush of nerves. She looked uneasily out the window into the growing darkness, wrung her hands unhappily—and went hurriedly to the bar. "I'll mix me a drink to keep up my courage," she said aloud. She mixed it, sipped it, and said aloud again, "My courage, you are keeping up!"—when suddenly there was a tinkle and a rush of sound. A rock landed on the rug at her feet. It had been thrown through the window, probably from the dark rooftop next door, and there was a note fluttering from it by a piece of twine.

Pam, her knees weak, went over and picked up the rock. The note, written in ink in rough printed letters, said, *Get out while you're still alive!*

"Just as you say!" Pam told it, and began running hysterically for the door. She flung it open—and saw Jerry outside, sagging under numberless suitcases. He came staggering in under his burden, talking brightly.

"Pretty quick trip I made, huh?" he said. "Reason for it was I found the hotel had obligingly packed our bags and left 'em in the lobby. We'd been thrown out of our room. Pam, we got this place in the nick of time, and it's got to be our happy home from now on!"

"Change that to unhappy home, and you're quite right," said Pam faintly. She shoved the rock and note forward for his study, and then sat down suddenly in the nearest chair.

But her sour omen seemed wrong for the next few hours, during which they had dinner at a cheerfully-lit restaurant, and returned to a comfortable bed. "A bed that's ours for the next year, instead of the night," Jerry told her just before they both fell asleep. But he was wrong about the bed being theirs for much of that night.

Pam awoke to find herself sitting up in sheer terror. She had begun shaking Jerry awake before she saw the reason for her fear. An unexpected visitor was just entering their bedroom via the fire escape outside their window—a man, silhouetted against the pre-dawn gloom. He was dressed in a huge overcoat, and Pam saw the white blur of a handkerchief over his face—and the gleam from the gun in his hand.

His voice, when he spoke, was low and hoarse. "Just stay in bed with your hands up," he ordered. "I'm going to

search the place, and I won't hurt you unless it's necessary."

Even as the Norths' arms rose in unison, Jerry's foot kicked Pam's ankle under the bedclothes. Then, suddenly, he shouted, "Look!" Pam instantly picked up the cue and screamed at the top of her lungs. The stranger whirled—and at that moment Jerry leaped from the bed and enveloped the masked intruder in his long arms.

He had the gun wrenched away in a second. In the struggle, the stranger's hat fell off and his handkerchief slipped down—and as Pamela snapped the bedside light on, he was revealed as a she. And a very beautiful blonde she.

"It's a woman!" said Jerry, amazed.

"Then come out of that clinch with it," said Pam coldly.

Jerry stepped back, still clutching the gun, and immediately the lovely burglar burst into tears.

"I'm Maria Lombardy's sister Lola," she sobbed, "and I just got here today from my home in Oregon. I came to try and clear up the mystery of my sister's death, which the police didn't seem able to solve." She looked at both of them through wet lashes. "The superintendent wouldn't let me into the apartment. I thought it was empty, so I came up to search it by way of the fire escape—disguised just in case of emergency."

"IT would have been nicer to ring the bell," Pam said from the bed.

The girl ignored her, turning to Jerry. "And I can't help wondering about my brother-in-law, Maria's husband. He's back in the country, you know. He came back the day of the murder. But he's disappeared. I—I just thought maybe I could straighten out a lot of things if I came."

"I think so too," Jerry beamed at her. A glance from Pam changed him hastily back into the role of loyal husband. Pam said sharply, "And now what can we do for you?"

The girl looked at her appealingly. "You could let me stay on your living-room couch until morning. Then I could search for clues by daylight. It's only another couple of hours." The amiable Norths eyed her tear-stained face—and shrugged. "Okay," they said in chorus, and Pam rose to settle her in the livingroom.

In another few minutes, the darkened apartment was filled once more with the symphony of snores. But then again Pam found herself sitting bolt upright in bed, again peering at a dark, muffled figure coming in from the fire escape—again with a concealing handkerchief over his face, and with a gun in his hand.

This time Pam didn't bother to shake Jerry. "Here's that man again," she told him wearily.

"You should change your costume for the second act, Lola," Jerry muttered sleepily. But he too sat up, no longer sleepy, when Lola's frightened voice called from the next room. This was a completely new intruder! And a much more business-like one than Lola.

In no time he had the Norths and Lola crowded in a corner of the bedroom with his gun trained on them, while he began a systematic search of the room. He had quickly and skillfully covered half the room when Lola suddenly gasped in reaction. Then she ran forward a few feet and said accusingly, "You're my brother-in-law—Maria's husband!"



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He moved so quickly the Norths hardly knew what happened. Without a word he stepped forward and hit Lola on the jaw. By the time she had sagged to the floor he had run out through the livingroom, and the Norths heard the front door slam behind him.

"Tarzan with clothes on!" Pam said, rushing to Lola's aid. But Lola was already sitting up, rubbing her jaw thoughtfully. "No, I'm not hurt much," she assured Pam. Then she added, almost to herself, "Of course, I could be wrong about him. . . ."

Meanwhile Jerry had the telephone in a strangle-hold and was yelling at the police to canvass the building and nearby streets. It was only a half hour before the telephone shrilled, with a police sergeant on the other end of the wire. "Not a thing, Mr. North," he rumbled. "Nobody we could find in the neighborhood but several men walking their dogs. And one dog walking its drunken man."

"Okay, thanks for calling," Jerry told him.

Again the North apartment settled to quiet. Again three peaceful snores were the only sound in the dawn-graying air. And then, suddenly, the doorbell began to ring. It kept on pealing insistently.

"Tomorrow," Pam said wearily as she followed her husband out of bed, "I suggest we move to Times Square."

AT the door, Jerry looked surprised at what seemed to be an empty hall. "Why, there's no one . . ." he began.

"Look down," Pam advised.

He did—and saw a baby boy, not dressed for calling. He wore a striped flannel bathrobe and blue pajamas. Behind Jerry, Lola cried warmly, "It's Maria's son Robbie! Hello, baby, you look just like your pictures!" she hugged him. Meanwhile Jerry began interviewing the baby over her shoulder.

"How'd you get here, son?" he asked.

Robbie lisped an answer at once. "The Tones, downthairs, have been takin' care of me. My mummy went away, you know."

Jerry persisted, "I know, but how did you happen to come up here now?"

"I dot up and unwocked the door, and tame up here," Robbie lisped, sensibly enough. "I wanted to thee if Mummy was back yet."

"She's not—and I think you'd better come back to bed, Rob," a positive voice cut in. The Stones stood in the open doorway, both dressed in bathrobes. It was Mr. Stone who had spoken, and now he stepped forward and took a firm hold on Robbie's small hand. "We missed you, and thought maybe you'd come calling at your old home. But now you have to finish sleeping," he said.

"Oh, no!" Lola said, her voice pleading. She kept one arm locked around Robbie. "Let him stay here for breakfast—it's almost time for breakfast. And I haven't seen him ever before. I'm his aunt, you know. Let him stay!"

Old Mrs. Stone said to her husband, "Yes, dear, let's let him—"

"Absolutely not," Mr. Stone told her flatly. He turned back to Robbie. "Come on, boy. Back to your crib."

Lola turned to Pam helplessly, and Pam rallied hastily. "Let him stay," she said. "But don't give him any false hope about breakfast. We haven't any foo. . . ."

She got that far when Jerry cut in. "I demand that Robbie stay here for breakfast," he told Stone. "Frankly, I

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won't take no for an answer." His tone was belligerent. So belligerent that Mr. Stone, scowling, reluctantly backed out. He nodded imperatively at his wife to follow him. Pam hastily shut the door on them. Then she stood watching her husband rush to the baby's side.

"What did you see the night—the night you were put in the dumbwaiter, Robbie?" he demanded.

Robbie, who had been smiling up at him, suddenly looked as if a mask had fallen before his face. He gazed back in utter blankness. "Don't 'member," he said indifferently.

"Yes, you do. Try, Robbie," Jerry insisted. "What did the man—or woman—look like? Think."

Still blank-faced, little Robbie tried to inch away from him. "Don't know," he muttered.

Pam interrupted. "Little as I know about children, Jerry," she said, "I can see that the shock of that night has made him forget everything. His memory is gone. You might as well give up."

Jerry rose to his feet, shaking his head in disappointment. "I'm afraid you're right. Children often forget something that terrified them—it just blots out in their minds." He paced the floor, thinking. "But he might know the answer to the whole tragedy . . . and there's some way to make him recall it. There's something that will bring it all back."

THEN he got an idea. Jubilantly he turned to Robbie, swung him off the ground. "I have it! The dumbwaiter! We'll put him in it—maybe that will do the trick!"

Robbie gurgled happily as Jerry ran with him to the dumbwaiter shaft, with Pam and Lola behind them. But the minute Jerry slid wide the door of the dark shaft, the little boy began whimpering and straining away. "Don't wanna go in there! Dark!" he said, kicking and wrestling in Jerry's arms. And by the time Jerry had pulled the big dumbwaiter box into view, the baby was screaming in terror.

Pam took a stand, with Lola backing her up. "Jerry, little as I *still* know about children, I can see he doesn't cotton to that idea." Then she took an even firmer stand. "I shall get in the box—me and my flashlight," she decided. "Maybe the murderer dropped something in the way of clues down the shaft when he was stuffing Robbie into it—anyway, we'll see. It won't

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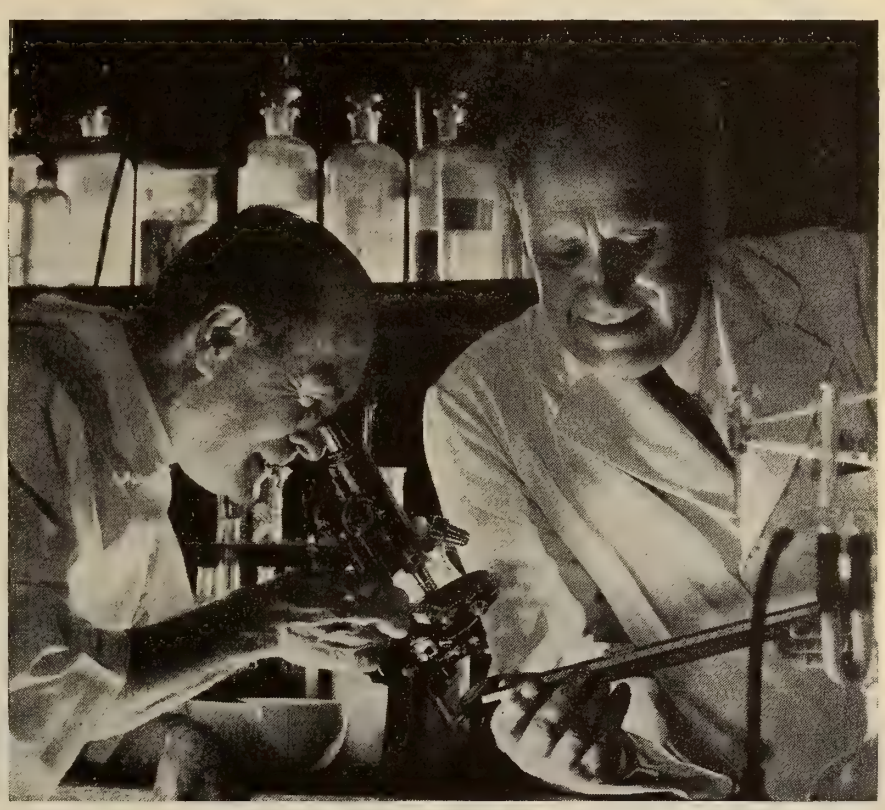
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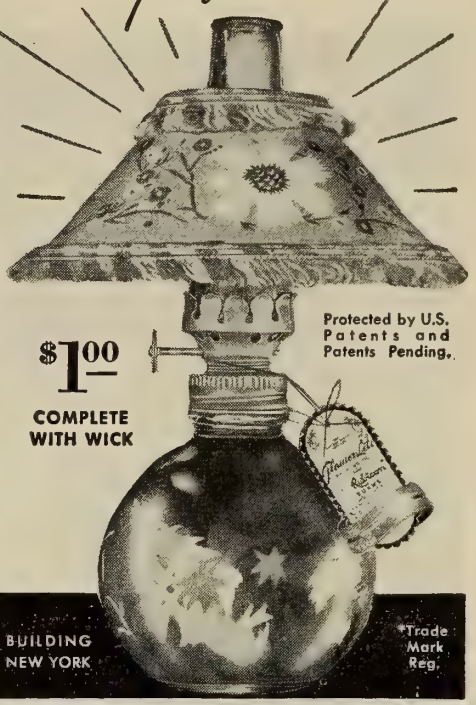
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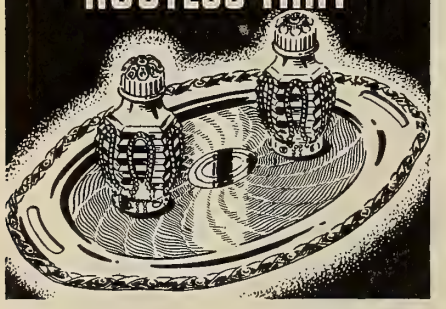
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hurt—the least it will do is show Robbie there's nothing to be afraid of. Then maybe we can get something out of him." Once she had the idea, she could hardly wait for Jerry to finish his careful testing of the ropes. Then, pulling her flapping pajamas tightly around her, she climbed into the box. A second later she had manipulated the ropes and had sunk out of sight into the dark shaft. "I'm going down a little," she called up through the gloom, "Maybe I'll find something—a stain on the walls, at one of the other floors, or something like that. A clue!" Lola joined Jerry at the opening, with Robbie clinging to her hand. They watched the ropes moving in front of them, and heard Pam's cheerful call float up, "First floor down—and all's well!" Then, it seemed only a second later, the ropes in front of their eyes went dead still. A second after that and they heard Pam's voice, muffled but terrified.

"Jerry! Help!" she was shrieking. "I think somebody's cutting the ropes!"

Jerry turned sheet-white. Over his shoulder he shouted, "Lola, call the police." Desperately he began working hand-over-hand on the rope that pulled the box upward. But his voice, as he called down to Pam, didn't match his sweating face at all. "Don't look now," he called lightly, "but it's the old man to the rescue." He went on doing the only thing he could—heaving on the rope, praying it wouldn't sever before he could drag her up to safety. Then, far below in the shaft, there was another scream from Pam and a crash. The rope on which Jerry was heaving leaped from his hands, almost pulling him into the shaft after it.

BUT he managed to keep his hold, bracing himself against the sides of the dumbwaiter door. Meanwhile he yelled Pam's name down the shaft, his voice quavering.

Muffled, embittered, her voice floated up. "Yes, my dear husband. What do you want?—And before you tell me, let me say *I* want to get out of here. I'm stuck in the shaft—and somehow this box has fixed it so I'm sitting on my head!"

Jerry almost grinned in his relief. Then, straining, he began lugging again at the rope. In between pulls, he called down to her, "There's no killing you off—the clumsy fool cut the wrong rope! Which dooms me to haul your hundred and fifteen pounds upward all by myself!"

And finally the box appeared in sight again, with Pam balancing it in the middle of the shaft with her hands. And Pam talking copiously about the rope-cutter in particular and dumbwaiters in general. And Pam adding, as she clambered back into the apartment, "Another thing—my pajama coat has been over my face most of my upside-down trip. Remind me to buy some new pajamas—I kept chewing thoughtfully on these, and I don't like the flavor of the material!"

Shaking and sweating from his recent efforts though he was, Jerry stared at her as if she had spoken with the wisdom of Solomon. Then he snapped his fingers with an idea and said aloud, "Over your face!" A second later he had grabbed a handkerchief out of his pocket and hastily tied it under his eyes. While Lola and Pam stared at him in amazement, he bent down to small Robbie. "Who am I, Robbie?" he asked through the handkerchief.

Robbie stared at him only for a second. Then he said, "Mither Tone," and

burst into noisy, heartbreaking tears.

Everything happened fast from then on. Jerry ran into the hall, with Pam on his heels. As they headed for the stairs, four policemen got out of the elevator. "Follow us!" Jerry yelled, and all of them ran down the stairs to the floor below. A second later, they were pounding on the Stones' door. They were only just in time. Stone, hastily dressed and carrying a small bag, was caught half-way to his own door as they knocked it in.

"Arrest that man," Jerry said, "for the murder of Maria Lombardy and the attempted murder of her small son."

Then both the Norths jumped forward to catch old Mrs. Stone, as she toppled to the floor in a dead faint.

Later, after Stone had been taken to police headquarters, Pam and Jerry sat in a sunny window of their apartment eating a tray breakfast.

"You can now explain everything," Pam said through a mouthful of egg.

JERRY, through his bacon, explained that young Mr. Stone, who had married old Mrs. Stone for her money, had seen in the lovely young Maria Lombardy a chance for even more money and love to boot. So he had wooed her, in the absence of her soldier husband, and had thought he'd won her. But when she heard that her husband was coming home, she'd changed her mind. Infuriated, Stone had murdered her—by coming in with a handkerchief over his face in the dead of night and knifing her. Little Robbie had seen the whole thing sleepily from his crib, and recognized Stone's familiar voice when Stone spoke to him through the handkerchief. So Stone, whose murder weapon was sunk deep in Maria's heart, had hastily attempted to choke the boy and had wildly put him in the dumbwaiter box—meaning, no doubt, to complete the job from his own apartment's dumbwaiter opening in a few minutes and then toss the lifeless body down the shaft.

But the boy's cries had roused kindly old Mrs. Stone, who had already dragged him from the box when young Mr. Stone reappeared. Then, in the excitement of the police investigation, Stone had decided to do away with the boy after the spotlight was off the case. He and Mrs. Stone (she in innocence) had kept the police from questioning the little boy too fully by saying that the shock of it would affect his mind indefinitely. In any event, Robbie remembered nothing of the horror night until Jerry's questioning.

Meanwhile, Robbie's father's mysterious disappearance in New York had been much like Lola's visit—both wanted to find Maria's murderer without being hampered by the police. It was the father who'd come in via the fire escape and hit Lola (gently) when she identified him. But Stone was responsible for the rock thrown through the window with the scare-note attached.

"And now Robbie will find a home with his father and all will be well," Jerry wound up. Then he looked sharply at his wife, whose nose was buried rudely in a newspaper. "Just what are you doing?" he demanded.

"Looking at the housing ads," she said without emerging from behind the newspaper. "This place will be too monotonous from now on. But here's one that sounds promising. It's an 80-year-old house, with a history of ghosts, located in a Florida swampland. . . ."

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Don't You Know I Love You?

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Run along, you peacock," I said gaily. "Let a woman have a chance."

I went to the wardrobe, and took from its hanger the yellow dress I had worn the night Dick proposed to me. How tenderly I had cherished it!

"Dear God," I prayed softly, "please help him to remember just the dear, lovely things! For this one night, anyhow. Please, God!"

Dick was waiting for me in the livingroom. "Remember me?" I asked, smiling shyly at him from the doorway. But Dick didn't smile back. Instead, he got slowly to his feet, and his face was white as he stared at me. "That's the way you looked when I married you," he said, his voice seeming to accuse me. "You look just exactly the same," he repeated, staring.

So he had remembered!

I WANTED to hold out my arms to him, to tell him I was the same, to let him hold me in his arms as he had then, but I knew I must not. He would do it, it was what he wanted, but later he would hate me for it. It was enough now that he found me beautiful. As through some inner mirror, I saw myself through his eyes. In that dress the color of soft sunshine, with my hair—brushed so hard for so many weeks!—waving away from a face in which there must be still some sparkle of excitement, with my eyes masking their pleading with gaiety—he thought me lovely. He wanted me close. It was there, in his face, in his involuntary movement toward me. But I stepped back.

"Oh, no, not really," I said lightly. "That's a coincidental resemblance, as they say in the stories. I'm far from being the same, really. Come on—fried chicken, cream gravy, hot biscuit, everything you like."

Dick grinned as he followed me into the diningroom and held my chair. "How are you different?" he challenged. The grin was in his voice too, as though he were just making conversation, but I thought I sensed a tenseness.

"Better," I said, looking into his eyes. "Much better, Dick. Less selfish, less—my goodness. I'm getting light-headed myself. Might be starvation, don't you think?"

Laughing, chatting, deliberately keeping on the surface of things, we ate our dinner. I kept looking around the cheerful room with its pale blue and ivory paneling, which we had planned together with such pride; the delicate flowery draperies, the china, the candles in their silver holders that had been a gift from the Pads. Everything spoke of shared happiness. Of lives knitted together through hours of interwoven thinking, planning, habits. Could they be broken as lightly as Dick thought? Was that what he really wanted?

It wasn't until we finished dinner, and were sitting on the couch in front of the fire, that anything definite was said. Dick spoke slowly, reluctantly. "I guess we'd better get it all said, Merry. It's—nothing new, it shouldn't be hard to bring it out and face it. After all," he turned to me, but he didn't look at me; his eyes were remote, remembering, "we both knew we'd made a flop of our marriage. We talked about it before I went. It was plain enough

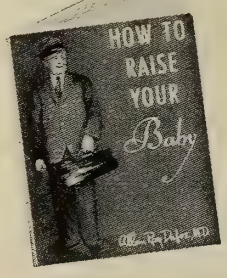


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then, and the past three years haven't changed what went before. We just weren't any good together." When I didn't answer, he repeated almost angrily, "We weren't, were we?"

I took a deep breath over the tightness in my throat. "No. No, we weren't Dick. But maybe—three years is a long time. I've thought a lot about us, tried to discover where we went wrong—where *I* went wrong."

"It's over!" Dick jumped up restlessly, walked about the room, sat down again. "It'll hurt too much to drag it all up again. We decided on divorce, and we were right."

"Yes," I whispered. Everything in me was tight, strained, hope and my desperate need of him tangled with the fear that I couldn't find words to reach him. "But maybe it was a mistake. If we'd been more patient, given each other more time. . . . Don't you see, Dick, I understand better now. I've grown up. I didn't mean to be selfish. I just didn't want our marriage to be like so many others; like Mother's. I guess I was a little unbalanced. I wanted the right thing—but I went about it all wrong. I know that now."

"I'LL say you did." Dick was grim. He wasn't meeting me half way—not any of the way, in fact. He shook his head. "It wouldn't work. I know you mean it for the best, Merry, but it just wouldn't do. We don't see things alike."

"We're older. People do change. We—we loved each other very much, once." It was the wrong thing to say. I knew it as soon as the words were out. He didn't want to be reminded. "We did." His voice was unsteady with anger. "I loved you more than was good for either of us, I guess. I couldn't see that the friendly, happy feeling—like tonight—was just an accident, that basically we had nothing to build on. Oh, what's the use of this, Merry!" I turned from the look in his eyes, the twist of his mouth. "Let's stop this. It's dead, and I want to forget it. Let's just let each other go, and start out free."

His words were like the official seal on a death sentence. "All right," I said, quietly. "We won't say any more then." I got up. "Would you like some music?" I walked steadily toward the piano, careful to keep my head turned so he couldn't see my face. My eyes felt as if someone had thrown a handful of sand in them. It was all I could do to keep from sobbing. So this was to be the end of all my dreaming! I had asked for it, of course, but it didn't make it any easier. I sat down at the piano and began playing. That always helped me.

While I was playing, the Pads arrived. I had forgotten to call Darling, and had time only for a mutely apologetic glance at Dick as breathless and excited they crowded around him, all talking at once. There were still a few missing from the old crowd, some who were still in service. Some wouldn't come back at all. I saw Dick's eyes take quick note of this, and a swift shadow crossed his face, before he joined in the fun.

"Didn't we hear music while we were pounding at the door?" Darling beamed around at me. "Look, Merry, girl, when you're celebrating, this is how you do it." She popped down at the piano, began pounding out all the raucous, gay old melodies the Pads had loved to sing in the old days, the ones that had always made me wince. I saw Dick glance at me, and look away, puzzled at the expression on my face. He didn't know—I hadn't had time to tell him—

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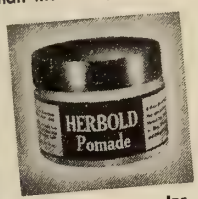
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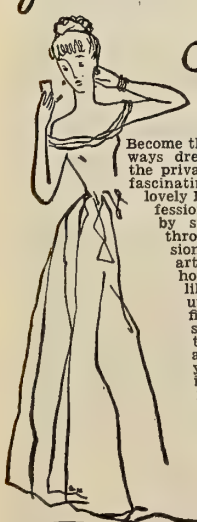


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how I had changed about the Pads, how much Darling and her wonderful, zestful personality had changed my way of living, while he'd been gone. The girl he'd left would have been shrinking in a corner, in a ladylike way, obviously waiting for her guests to go home. Now, if it hadn't been for the emptiness inside, I would have been enjoying myself. I'd learned how, these past three years.

Mentally I shrugged. But he didn't care, I reminded myself. He didn't want me, changed or no. He wouldn't wait to give us another chance.

While someone else took over the piano, and I took coffee round, Darling fell into earnest conversation with Dick. The snatches I heard only made me more hopeless. "Merry thought she was a one-woman army, the way she pounded the piano day and night for those boys," was one bit. Then there was something about Dick's mother, and the Red Cross work . . . but Dick wasn't really listening. Half an ear turned to Darling, half to the singing, his eyes on her vivacious, mobile face, he smiled as though whatever she had to say would please him, even if he wasn't really listening to it.

THE Pads didn't stay long. Dick got up when they started to leave. "I'm coming along," he said loudly, almost as if he expected someone to object. "If you'll wait a minute, I want to speak to Merry, before I leave. I've got to push on to Mother's tonight. She's been sick."

"Isn't Merry going with you?" Darling's voice was as short as Dick's, as uncompromising. "After all, it's your first night, and I know your mother will want Merry, too—" Something she saw in my face must have stopped her. "Oh, well," she finished lamely, "I guess you and Merry know what you want to do."

"It's all right," I said softly. "I have a headache, so I'd better stay home. If you'll excuse me—"

I followed Dick into our bedroom, my heart beating as if I'd been racing. My eyes flew to his face.

"I'm going now, Merry," he said abruptly. "It's better this way. Easier and—quick."

I held my head high, forcing my lips to smile. "You mean you won't be back?"

He nodded.

"I'm sorry." Sorry! That was a foolish, empty word for the way I felt. "Let's see each other, sometimes."

He nodded stiffly, almost reluctantly.

After that, time ceased for me. I hardly heard what the Pads said as they left. I noted almost indifferently the compassion in Darling's eyes, the half promise. She would do what she could of course, but what could anyone do?

I stood alone in our livingroom, looking about it, seeing the ghost of a thousand dreams trailing through it, mocking me. I couldn't stand it, I thought desperately, I'd have to do something, go somewhere. But where would I go? Back to mother's? I knew from experience that wouldn't help. Ghosts have wings, they follow you. You can't get away from them. No, I might as well stay right here. Maybe there were happy ghosts, too. Maybe they'd finally come to my rescue, if I gave them time.

I walked slowly back to the piano, and sat down. What had I been playing? Chopin, of course. He knew about heartbreak, wreckage. I had been playing a Chopin prelude for a radio program when Dick first saw me. I don't

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know what he was doing in the broadcasting room. He wasn't supposed to be there, but Dick was always bobbing up where he wasn't supposed to be. I looked up, after finishing my number, my face lighted with the loveliness of the music, my spirit caught by its glory, and there was Dick smiling down at me. Somehow, his face and the music got all mixed up together right then and there, in my heart. And from that time on it was like that. Don't listen to people who say it can't happen. It does. It did to me. And it didn't seem strange, at all. It was the most natural thing in the world. I was in love.

"Please," he said eagerly, "don't lose that look. Or is Chopin the only thing that makes you feel that way? You know — radiant and sort of transported."

I smiled, directly and with no hope of disguising my feeling. "Chopin was, or music was," I told him. "Up to now." And our eyes held, and held.

A month from then we were married.

"Someone else might find you," Dick insisted. "I can't think how I ever had such luck, anyhow. But I won't try to stretch it out. It might not hold."

"It will hold, all right," I told him. "But, Dick, I want our marriage to be different from those of most of the people I've known. I couldn't bear it if it were like my parents. They're divorced now, but they weren't for years. They lived right there in the same house, and they were like strangers. Do you know I can't ever remember seeing my father kiss my mother! I don't believe he ever did. They weren't disagreeable, or cross like lots of people. I can't imagine my mother ever losing her temper. I don't even think they were unhappy. Of course, there was plenty of money, and they were gone lots of the time, but it *does* seem odd, don't you think, for two people to live like that—don't you suppose they were ever in love? Why did they get married if they weren't?"

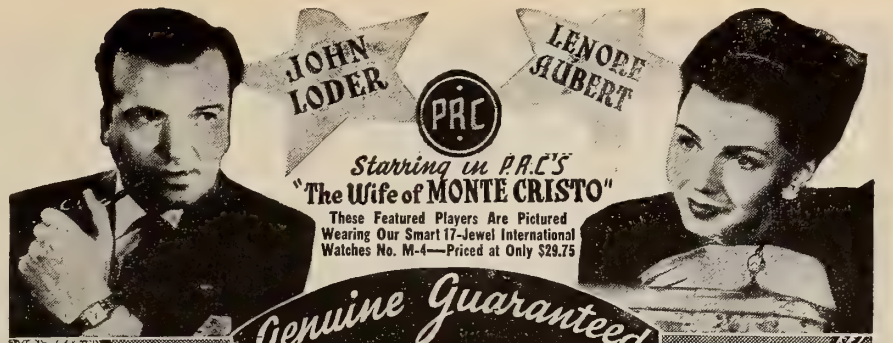
DICK shook his head. "Can't imagine," he admitted. "Your mother is lovely enough for any man to love. You look like her. Look here," he grinned, "you don't suppose it runs in the family, do you?"

"Not on your life. I'll show you. I'm never going to let you out of my sight. You'll see. We're not going to be a bit like them."

I didn't need to worry. We weren't like them. To begin with, we didn't have any money except Dick's salary as a reporter, and it was small. Dick wouldn't hear of my accepting the allowance my mother wanted to continue making me, which she was well able to afford. He even refused the beautiful house mother picked out as her wedding present to us. "We'll start on our own, even if it isn't too good," he insisted. But to make up for his refusal, he bought a charming little cottage, with sunlit, brilliant rooms, opening out onto a backyard gay with flowers. "On the instalment plan," he admitted sheepishly. "A dollar down, and the rest scattered over the rest of your life."

From the first moment, I loved it. It was something of my very own. Something Dick and I would have, just the two of us. How well I remember that afternoon in late spring when Dick brought me for the first time to see the little house in its bright setting of flowers.

I turned to him with swimming eyes. "I love you," I whispered, putting both arms about his neck. "I'll love you as

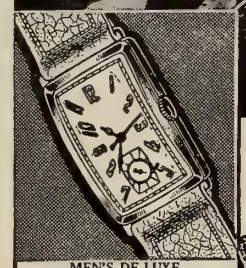


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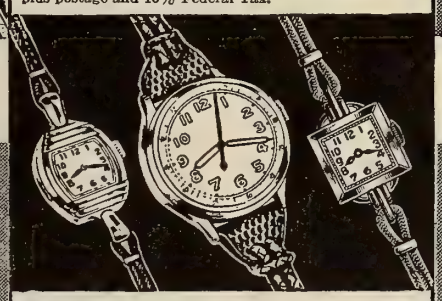
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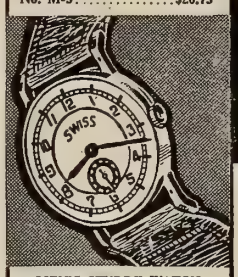


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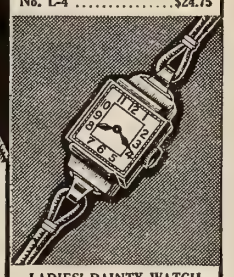


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long as I live and afterwards, too."

"Here, here, you mustn't make rash statements. Always is a long time, and love has wings, they say. Especially love in a cottage," he teased. "They say it even flies out the windows."

I couldn't bear to have him tease. "Don't, Dick," I pleaded, "Our love won't fly out of any window. We'll keep it away from everybody. We'll shut people out. We'll keep it just for ourselves."

We plan like that in our selfish blindness. I didn't know then that I had just planned the death of our marriage, right at its beginning. Deep dry sobs shook me at the memory of my weakness, the weakness in my own nature that stole happiness from me. The beautiful things of life do not come to those who shut themselves away from life, I know that now. They are born out there in the stream of living, in the relentless ebb and flow that hammers character into solid beauty.

But I didn't know that then! So I tried to shut people out of our lives.

THERE was that first time Dick wanted to have his friends from the office out. "The Pads are swell, Merry. I want you to know them. They're my best friends—almost my only ones. I don't have much time. And I want to show you off to them! They're crazy to know you." I smiled at the eagerness in his voice, but I shook my head. "Not yet, Dick," I pleaded. "Please let's wait a little while. We've only had two weeks, darling. People and things will break in soon enough. You don't mind, Dick, do you—just a little while longer?"

He smiled, but a little shadow seemed to cross his face. How was I to know I'd reached a crucial moment in my life? The only warning I had was the tiny shadow that crossed his face. Why, oh, why, didn't it pierce my heart and make me understand? All my life had been making me unready for this moment. At least, that was what I told myself later, when the memory of the moment had become an agony past bearing. But it isn't life that unfits us for its big moments when we hover on the brink of momentous decisions, but our own selfish reactions to life. Our pettiness! Our greed! I had learned that too.

Dick went back to his work, back to his friends, and I was left at home. My days were filled with thoughts of him. Of our happiness. I worked around the house and garden with a heart brimming with joy, and songs trembled from my lips in an overflow of happiness. I planned every moment so that the time would pass quickly until he was back home again. I studied my cook-book until I knew how to cook all the things he liked best. I kept the house spotless. And when the moments seemed long, I sat down and played my heart out on the mellowed ivory keys, over which I had hovered since babyhood. It had been mother's wedding present to me.

My happiness seemed so complete that I couldn't understand Dick's insistence that I have outside interests. "Keep up your radio work, Merry, darling," he insisted.

"I don't need outside interests," I objected, closing his arguments with a kiss. "I have you, and that's all I want."

Dick started to say something, then seemed to change his mind. "How about having your mother over to dinner sometime real soon—maybe tomorrow? And I'd like us to spend a

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day or so with my mother. You've never met her, and she doesn't live far away. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, I would, Dick. But let's wait a little longer. Mother will understand, and your mother, too, I know. I don't want anybody else except you, right now."

"But, Merry, it's all wrong. You can't go on like this. Invite your friends out to see us, and I'll bring mine. Let's make it a gathering place for our friends. I've always wanted that kind of home. How about it?"

"But, Dick, I haven't any real friends. We've only lived here a short time. And, besides, I've never cared much for friends. I've had mother, and my music. Aren't you happy with just me?"

"Of course, I'm happy with you, Merry. But it isn't the way to live. Nobody could stay happy like that, not long. It just isn't normal."

"But Dick, I thought we agreed that we didn't want people to clutter up our lives. You're all I want. And what you're thinking, what you've been doing while you've been away, all the things to know about you—why, that's all I want ever."

"Oh, darling, you're sweet. But you're wrong—wrong!" His hand was gentle on my hair, but even as he caressed me, I heard him sigh, and that sigh seemed to echo, and re-echo in my heart—to steal out into the vastness of the world around us. And suddenly I was afraid. I moved closer to him, seeking the warmth and security he alone could give me.

IT was the next day he called me from the office to tell me to be dressed when he got home, we'd have dinner up town and go to a violin concert afterwards. "Dress up, darling, I don't want anyone to outshine you. Besides, I have a surprise for you."

I was disappointed, and I showed it. "But, Dick," I urged, "I've something special planned for dinner. Couldn't we go another time?"

"Not exactly." Dick's voice was dry, annoyed. "This violinist won't put off his concert because of our special dinner."

"Well, no," I laughed. "Of course he won't. But we could have dinner first if you're anxious about the concert. We'd have plenty of time."

"That's funny. Look, Merry," he said, "I thought you liked music—that was why I got tickets to the concert. But if you don't want to go just say so, and I'll call it all off."

"I'll be ready," I said quietly.

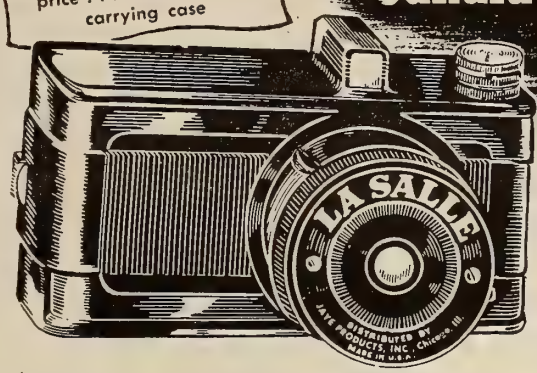
I hung the receiver back in its cradle, wiping the tears from my eyes as I did so. It was our first approach to a quarrel, and I didn't know what to do about it. Maybe he doesn't really love me, I thought in anguish. If he did he wouldn't always be so anxious to get away from me, would he? He wouldn't insist on my doing things without him. And I *was* right! He ought to have consulted me before making plans!

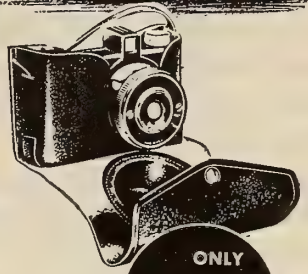
But, in spite of all that, I put on one of my loveliest evening frocks. A dark chiffon, with a tracery of silvery gray seeming to outline it, enchanting in its dreamlike mingling of light and shade.

It was well I did, for there was unexpected competition. Dick's surprise was a birthday dinner for Darling—Anne Darling—and the rest of the Pads were there. I sat opposite her at dinner, and wondered miserably how Dick had ever happened to marry me with her around. And she was in love with him, too, I decided. You couldn't help seeing

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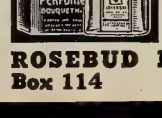
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it. At least, it seemed so to me. She wasn't beautiful—not in a formal, artist's way—but from the crown of her red head to the tips of her tiny feet, she was brimming with aliveness. You had only to look at her to know she was fascinated by life, eager to respond to it. She laughed at and dominated the men in the party without even making an effort, hard-boiled newspapermen though they were. But her blue eyes seemed to linger on Dick. And Dick's eyes were warm and friendly as he looked at her. My heart sank lower and lower. No wonder he'd been so keen about the Pads! If there were any more like her—

"Here, snap out of it, Merry—all right for me to call you that?—" a nice blond boy sitting next to me whispered. Vaguely, I remembered Dick had called him Philip. "Never show the other fellow your hand," he bent toward me, smiling, "it gives him a sure lead, you know. Besides, you hold trumps, remember?"

"I—I don't feel well—thanks, Philip."

"Sure," he grinned, "did I say trumps? I meant all the cards. But, really, Darling's regular. She's swell. You'll like her."

I DIDN'T. I was jealous for the first time in my life. I knew it, and was bitterly ashamed but I couldn't help it. I did my best to conceal it, but the evening wasn't a success. I didn't need Dick's, "Whatever was the matter with you, Merry? I never saw you act like that. Didn't you like my friends?"

"Not exactly," I admitted. "At least, not all of them." I looked at him pointedly as I spoke. "She's in love with you. I suppose you know that."

"Who?" Dick looked surprised. "You can't mean Darling."

"Yes, I do too."

"That's funny. It must be something new. She could have married me any time she wanted to up till the time I met you. Or any of the other men. But she couldn't see it like that."

"You wanted to *marry* her?"

"Naturally, Merry." He frowned. "We all did. It didn't mean anything. She knew that. You're not jealous, are you?"

"No, of course not." But I knew I was. I turned away sick at heart. It might not mean anything to this Darling woman that Dick had wanted to marry her first, but it did to me. I brushed the tears from my lashes.

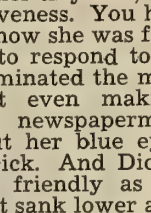
I knew Dick was disappointed in me, knew he felt I hadn't measured up. And it hurt. It does when you're very young, very inexperienced. I knew I took love too seriously. It isn't all of life, it's just the coloring, the vitalizing force back of it. I let little hurts cloud my days as if they'd been major disasters.

Over the keyboard, my fingers trembled into a soft minor wail as I bowed my head and felt the tears of shame and bitter humiliation fall swiftly on the ivory keys. This was the hard part of my story, the part I would so gladly blot from my memory, but even my tears could not do that. It was written into the score, written in crashing discords, in harsh, vibrant tones of violence and pain. Could they ever resolve themselves into the tender melody of my love song again? It didn't seem so.

Dick didn't give up easily. He kept trying to get me to be a part of things. "Let's have the Pads out," he'd suggest. I always found an excuse. And yet on the one night each week which he always kept for them, I insisted on being included. I felt like an outsider. I never tried to join in their fun, but I wanted,

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grimly, to be where Dick was, and that was all I thought of.

Gradually, the tiny rift widened. Not noticeably, at first, but surely, inevitably. There was the time Dick wanted me to go for the weekend to his mother's with him. I'd been a few times, but I'd never been willing to stay over night. This time I refused again. And Dick went without me! I didn't find out until after he was gone, then one of the Pads called and gave me the message.

I began dropping in at the office. I knew he didn't like it, but on one pretext or another, scarcely a day passed without my either going or telephoning. I was ashamed of myself, and I knew I was embarrassing him, but I was like a person with a consuming desire. To be with Dick every moment! Not to let anything matter to him more than I did. And yet I should have seen where it was all leading, should have realized that I was surely losing him. I think I did. But I seemed unable to leave him alone. Even when he came home, and wanted to go out for a few minutes, I insisted on going along. One night he wanted to walk down to the corner drugstore for a package of cigarettes. It was raining, and cold, but in spite of a bad head cold, I insisted on going along. Dick was angry.

"You're getting impossible, Merry," he said sharply. "You know you've no business out in this weather. Can't I be trusted to walk to the drugstore alone, even?"

THE next day I had a high fever, and Dick had to send for Mother. When I was better, Mother tried to reason with me.

"I won't have my marriage turn out like yours," I snapped.

"Did it ever occur to you, Merry," she said quietly, "that you might be going the same way, and much more quickly?"

I looked at her, speechless.

"Your father loved another woman when I married him. She married another man—I didn't know until it was too late. I might have won him if I'd tried, but I was proud, and I didn't try. He never stopped loving her, thanks to me, and both our lives were miserable. What you're doing is worse. You're trying to fence in a thing like love, and you can't do it any more than you could sunshine. It will escape you, fly far away. Love is a free thing. It has wings, Merry.

"You're not happy, dear. And Dick isn't happy either. If you don't wake up very quickly, you're going to crash on the rocks you yourself have rolled into your path."

She was right. But the crash was much nearer than she guessed. I didn't guess what the result was going to be when I picked up the telephone that night. It was almost time for Dick to come home, but he called to say he couldn't make it. "And, Merry, I need your help. We have an important radio program on tonight. It's patriotic—we're trying to wake people up to the danger we're in if we don't do more about this war. We'll be actually in it in a few weeks, if we wait that long. And almost nobody seems to believe it. Even Darling is singing. She has a fine voice, but she generally won't use it. What we need is an accompanist. The one we asked has flu. I'll be right out for you, honey. Put on your very gayest frock, and let 'em have it."

I was frozen the instant he mentioned Darling. Whatever he'd asked of me, after that, would have been impossible.

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And besides, I told myself with the familiar rush of bitterness, I wouldn't be a fill-in. They all knew I loved to play; if they'd really wanted me, they'd have asked me in the first place.

I hardly waited for him to finish. "I can't, Dick," I said. "I haven't been practicing lately, and I'm rusty. Besides, I don't want to accompany your friend. Get someone else."

"You mean you won't play?" My heart ached at the strangeness of his voice, but I wouldn't let myself give in.

"No," I said coldly, "I won't."

He hung up. And that night he didn't come home. I walked the floor half the night. I'd go to bed and stay until I couldn't stand it, then I'd get up and go to the window. He might be coming! Once I called the office, but he wasn't there, and they weren't expecting him in. Between times, I walked the floor. When morning came, I had a raging headache. My imagination had run the gamut. I had seen him dead, run over, perhaps; I'd seen him with Darling in his arms—arms that should have been holding me; I'd seen him in all kinds of agonizing places. But as the torturing hours of the day passed, I knew I must find out where he was. Anything was better than this. "Oh, Dick, Dick," my heart kept calling, "don't leave me alone. There's nothing else in the world. Come back—come back. I'll do anything, anything."

About dark, I could bear it no longer. I put on my hat and coat, and went to the office, I'd make them tell me something, I vowed. They had to know where he was; they always knew.

I PUSHED my way past the girl at the information desk, and went straight to the news room. It was completely empty. But that wasn't strange. I knew the men were usually out at that hour. I'd just been hoping one of them might still be there. There was nothing for it but to wring something from the girl at the desk. I bit my lips, hating to ask her anything. Too late, I wished I'd followed Dick's advice and been more friendly. I hadn't known how to be, but I wished now I'd tried a little harder.

When I asked about Dick, she looked me over coolly. "We're not allowed to give out information," she said, indifferently, "but he's out of town, I can tell you that much. He'll be gone several days. Darling is covering the assignment with him."

I tried to smile as I turned away, determined not to let her know how hurt I was. Dick hadn't bothered to call and tell me, and he'd gone with the woman I hated. It didn't matter that the fault was mine—the payment was mine too. But she shouldn't know! No one should!

"Thank you," I said quietly, as I turned at the door.

Something she saw in my face must have caused her to relent.

"I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Jordan," she advised. "Two of the men and Darling are with him. They're expecting some big news to break any minute. They didn't know they were going until the last minute, and I imagine he didn't want to wake you. It really *is* big news, and the men don't think when things are breaking. They move! And fast! You get used to it after a while, and don't mind so much." She smiled at me, timidly. "Really, I wouldn't worry. I'd go home and get some rest. You'll see he'll be all right."

I smiled back at her gratefully. She was trying to help me, trying to save



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I said again—"thank you for everything."

She was right, it *was* big news. I never knew just what it was, but in a few hours the whole world knew that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. And in a few hours, I knew Dick was being sent as special news correspondent from his paper: *that he had asked for the assignment.*

He made no excuse for going without telling me when he got home. He came in quietly without a word, and began throwing things into a bag.

"Dick," I said pleadingly, "what are you doing? Where are you going?"

"About as far away as I can get," he said coldly. "I'm washed up with all this. If marriage means what it has to us, I'm through for keeps. We're not even friends." He paused, his arms loaded with things. "Look," he said, leveling his glance at me, "maybe it's my fault; maybe we should have taken longer to know each other before we got married. Anyhow, I'm willing to take the blame if you'll just call it quits. That's what we both want, isn't it?"

I FOUGHT back the wave of blackness that threatened to engulf me. It couldn't be true! This was worse than dying. This *was* dying, and doing it while you looked on and knew all about it. It was dying and living at the same time.

"Dick," I forced words through stiff lips, "Dick, you aren't in love with anyone else—not with Mrs. Darling, are you?"

His look was almost contemptuous, now. "No, I'm not. It would be simpler if I were, I guess. All I want right now is to get away, to get hold of myself again. I feel as if I'd been living under wraps, tied down hand and foot. If I were in love with anyone, Merry, it would be with a real person, a grown-up woman, not an immature, hysterical child whose only way of living is to grab what she wants and hide away with it, frightened of people, never letting the daylight in." He tossed a shirt angrily into the suitcase. "I don't want to hurt you, Merry, but I'm hurt myself. I had such terrific hopes for us. I thought we'd grow together, and learn, and be a wonderful combination. But you don't want any of that, and I don't want your way. It would drive me insane, or break me completely, in a few more years. It's like living with a pretty picture—you like it as long as it stays pretty and your taste doesn't change, but if you get tired of it, you want it down." He shrugged. "I'm sorry, Merry, but that's the way it is. I've known it a long time." He stopped, but his words went on and on in my head.

I forced my pride to help me, whipping it into life.

"I guess you're right," I said, hoping my voice lashed as his had done. "I suppose we did make a mistake. I suppose our love wasn't the wonderful thing we thought it."

His eyes softened. I held my breath, waiting—

"I guess not," he said quietly. "But I wanted it to be."

I sat down suddenly. "When are you leaving? Do you have to go right now? Don't they usually give you a few days?"

"Not when you ask for a job, and they want you in a hurry. This was the way I wanted it. It's better for us both. You'll be taken care of financially, of course. You're my wife, and you'll stay my wife until I get back. You

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can stay here, or go to your mother's. I'd rather you went to her, it will be better. But the house is yours. You've a right to it."

A right to it! A right to his house, to his money, but not his love! *A man likes a picture unless his taste changes, then he wants it down—*

After he was gone, I went back to mother's. She was the one who closed the house, and saw to everything. Later, when the house shortage was acute, she re-opened it, and we rented it furnished. It was hard, but by then I was used to hard things. There were long periods when I didn't hear from Dick, at all. I began to change. Like spring emerging from the barrenness of winter, life began to move through me again, and hope began to send tiny experimental shoots above the surface.

Agony can be a very sharp knife, and it can cut through layers of selfishness, and reveal the very heart of truth. It was as if a searchlight had been turned on in me, and I turned in loathing from the thing I saw.

It was something mother said that pointed the way back. I was sitting at the window watching the slow drifting of autumn leaves to the ground.

"When nature has no use for things, she discards them, to make way for new life. It takes time, but in the miracle of new life, old, outworn things take their place and help to enrich the soil for the new—and this goes on forever. Nothing that is not helpful ever survives in nature long." She was knitting, and she didn't even look up as she went on. "Life is like that, and we have to accept it. Even grief is a sin, if you let it become an obstacle in the path of growth. I want you to remember that, Merry. It's time you took on new growth, time you let past hurts nourish the plant of a richer life. Pick up the old threads, and gather new ones in, and go on from there."

I DID. It wasn't easy. The first thing I did was to go to see Dick's mother, and I stayed several days the first time. . . . After that, I went often, but I asked her not to tell Dick, I didn't want him to think I was trying to win him back like that. And I wasn't; I grew to love her as I did my own mother, and she grew to depend on me, to look forward to my coming. And happiness began to touch the edges of my heart again, tuning it to gladness. In my reaching out, I drew the Pads into my circle, and made friends of them. They drew me back into the radio field, and into other fields of usefulness. I often accompanied Darling, as she sang for the soldiers training for overseas duty. We became firm friends, and it seemed odd to me that I had ever hated her. She told me one day while we were talking that the boy she had been engaged to had been killed in an accident and that was why she had never married. But, as I looked at her, I knew some day she would love again; she was made for warmth and happiness.

I smiled ruefully. "I used to be jealous of you, did you know?"

She nodded. "That was silly. Dick never will love anybody but you."

I shook my head. "He must have changed. He didn't love me when he left. He told me so."

"He didn't love what he thought you had become," she said gently. "But he's always loved the woman you actually are. You'll find out."

But she'd been wrong. Now he'd come—and gone. And this time, he wouldn't be coming back. I had held a dream to my heart, now the dream would have to die—to make way for other growth. But could it? I knew better. This was something that would not die. It was a rainbow spanning my world, from end to end. It was a bird's call in the early morning. It was life, and death, and life again. It was beauty, spreading wide its wings, soaring into the vast spaces of time and eternity.

My fingers paused, grew still. Was that the door-bell? How long had it been ringing while music flowed from my heart in an endless triumph, through my finger tips? Who could be ringing at this late hour? Could Dick have changed his mind, had he decided to try again? He'd left his key, so he'd have to ring—the key was right there on the table where he'd left it. It *must* be Dick, no one else would be coming tonight. He must have changed—Darling's face flashed through my memory, there had been understanding there, and a message, something she wanted to tell me—had she made Dick see his mistake before it was too late? She might have. She was like that!

Love has wings! My heart sang softly as I hurried to the door. Wings, yes. Not just to fly away. But wings with which to return, also. In my heart, the melody of my love-song sang, again, clear and sweet, above the crash of chords. Was it Dick waiting outside? Somehow I knew it was. I lifted my hand to open the door.

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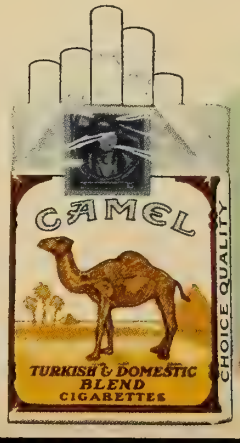
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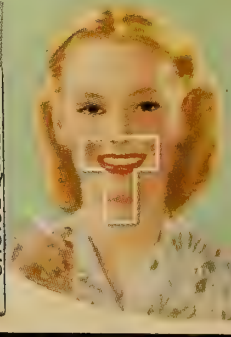
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Between the Bookends



Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by Helen Neushaefer

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Finger Tips
by Helen Neushaefer

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Hey, Sugar... don't make a mis-step now!

Your bath took care of the past—but for future freshness, make Mum your next step

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Remember, after your bath washes away *past* perspiration, you still need to guard against risk of underarm odor *to come.* A risk many a smart girl avoids by topping off each bath with Mum.

Half a minute for Mum. A fingertipful of snowy-white Mum—and you're safe for the day or evening. No chance of underarm odor playing traitor to your charm.

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Our Living Portraits photographer goes into the private life of one of your favorite medical men, in September, to bring you a series of real-life pictures of Young Doctor Malone, his wife Ann, his precocious young daughter Jill, and all the people who have been making this CBS drama so exciting.

* * *

Ma Perkins turns her observant eyes and her kindly heart to a young couple in love, and tells their story with deep sympathy. Watch for the surprise ending, when Ma steps out of the role of observer and engineers an unexpected twist that will delight you.

* * *

Gene Autry tells his first Radio Mirror story in our September issue. Gene isn't the hero; it's a young boy he knew. Or maybe it's a horse. You'll have to make up your own mind after you've read it!

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COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

YOU can usually tell a Hollywood blonde a mile off by her symptoms: sequin dress, platina fur jacket, and ostrich plumes in the hair. Knowing these basic facts, many a wiseacre has lost a bet on Betty Rhodes—because she's one Hollywood blonde who looks like a wholesome lass from any other city in the U. S. She's addicted to simple clothes, cloth coats, and hats instead of feathers . . . and this in spite of the fact that she's a blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl with a figure that stops the traffic on Sunset Boulevard every time she walks into the NBC Building.

This she does with marked regularity, since she's the songstress-star of the Meet Me at Parky's show. She's also been heard with such radio stars as Fred Allen, Johnny Green, George Burns and Gracie Allen; she has been a guest on such coast-to-coast programs as Screen Guild, Harold Lloyd's Comedy Theater, Dick Haymes' Something for the Boys, and many more. And that's not all: she's been in dozens of motion pictures, and she is known in the entertainment world as the "First Lady of Television," due to the fact that California's only television station has glutted her with roles.

To accomplish all this, she hasn't been sitting idle for the past twenty-five years—which is her exact ago. She was born in Rockford, Illinois; and by the time she was seven she had moved, with her parents and older brother, to San Francisco. She also moved into a radio station at that age and made her first professional appearance. By the time she was nine she was in Hollywood doing more of the same, which has continued ever since.

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Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- ☐ *A hot bath*
- ☐ *A lukewarm bath*
- ☐ *A cold shower*

When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant?* Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- ☐ *Smooth them with an emery board*
- ☐ *Trim them with your teeth*
- ☐ *Wear artificial nails*



No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!



What's new on the beach this year?

- ☐ *The Life Guard*
- ☐ *The Bloomer Girl*
- ☐ *The hamburgers*

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends:* pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

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FACING the MUSIC



Lew White, whose organ music theme-lines many a radio drama, arranges his working day so that he can spend as much time as possible with Barbara, Mimi, and his lovely ex-model wife.

Recently discharged Ben Gage is vocalist-announcer on NBC, Thursday nights at 8.



By KEN ALDEN

GINNY SIMMS and her husband Hyatt Dehn have sold their pretentious hilltop home for $140,000 and are building a larger retreat a quarter of a mile higher up in the Hollywood mountains. The required expansion was made necessary by the construction of a nursery.

* * *

Dinah Shore is now on a long personal appearance tour, the first she has undertaken since her USO overseas jaunt. Dinah was the victim of rumors stating she had permanently lost her voice, following a mild bout with laryngitis. The trip is simply proving how wrong gossipers can be. At the New York Paramount Dinah received $10,000 a week. Dinah's NBC show was dropped because her sponsor was affected by the serious food shortage and could not continue so costly a radio enterprize. Dinah should have no trouble in getting a new sponsor.

* * *

The Alan Youngs have parted. The young comedian is seeing the Hollywood sights accompanied by some of the town's prettiest blondes.

* * *

Bing Crosby is after blonde Peggy Lee, current juke box sensation, for his much-discussed Fall radio show.

The bobby sockers certainly give young singing star Bob Graham plenty of attention. While he's at CBS every Sunday rehearsing his number for the Baby Snooks show, young Hollywood high school kids get to work washing his car. As a reward for those chores, the youngsters receive front row seats for the broadcast and form the noisiest cheering section west of the Paramount Theater.

* * *

Jean Tennyson's Great Moments in Music has gone off the air and the chances are it will not return next season.

* * *

Marilyn Maxwell, radio film eyeful, is now being squired by Peter Lawford. Marilyn and John Conte have parted permanently. Incidentally, Marilyn gets the break of her life with a fat part in the MGM musical version of "Ah, Wilderness."

* * *

Freddy Martin is another bandleader who is not confining himself simply to leading a dance orchestra. Freddy has made an arrangement with the Hilton Hotel chain to operate record and music shops in all their hotels, including the Stevens and Palmer House in Chicago, the Ambassador in Los Angeles, the Plaza and Roosevelt in New York, and the St. Francis in San Francisco. They'll be known as Freddy Martin's Music Shops. In addition to this operation, Freddy will soon produce and manufacture his own phonograph records, although his own band will continue to record for Victor.

* * *

The newest dance band destined for the popularity brackets is one guided by pianist Jack Fina. Jack is the sensational keyboard wizard formerly with Freddy Martin's band. He should be at the Waldorf by the time you read this. Freddy Martin is backing the group.

* * *

The new Irving Berlin hit, "Doin' What Comes Naturally" from the Broadway musical, "Annie, Get Your Gun" has lyrics too spicy for the air.

* * *

The French import, Charles Trenet, is a sure bet for the air and films as soon as he masters the English language. He scored a sensational hit at the Embassy Club, New York, where he made his American debut. He is a combination of Sinatra and Chevalier—and that ain't bad.

(Continued on page 76)



Boy! Was I glad to get rid of her!

So I'm looney? So I'm off my rocker? But photos do lie, Eddie. If she is here next week when you come up you'll know what I mean.

It's kind of a shame, too. She's such a swell gal otherwise, and she isn't having any fun on her vacation.

If gals only knew how guys back away from halitosis (bad breath) they wouldn't be without Listerine Antiseptic... not even for a minute.* See you next week.

Al.

*__RIGHT YOU ARE, AL.__ It's only good common sense to use Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. You may not know when you may be troubled this way. And Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against halitosis of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

START YOUNG, Stay Young

with
VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

HOW do you feel when you feel all right? And how do you *look* when you feel "all right"?

Believe us when we say that sometimes just one or two days of better eating will make you feel and look like a different person.

You've heard of and are familiar with various vitamins by name, like Vitamin C and Vitamin B1. More than likely you know that some foods contain a bit of copper, a tiny bit of magnesium and a total of some eight or nine various minerals called trace elements.

But do you know that these minerals and vitamins act as catalysts? They actually precipitate some of the most important changes in your body.

What you call vitality is the end result of a series of chemical reactions brought about by mineral and vitamin catalysts. The same story holds for pep and a thousand and one other things which make you feel alive.

Well, let's go into some detail about one of these essential bits of chemistry.

Sugar, as you know, is widely hailed as a quick energy food. So are starches and fats, for they all contribute potential energy. And there's the catch. Sugar, starches and fats are simply fuel for the body energy.

They do not produce energy until they are burned (metabolized) in the body.

You can cram your body with candy bars, bread, alcohol and other so-called energy foods but not one ounce of real energy will you gain unless the body sugar is sparked, or ignited . . . even as gasoline in your car or coal and oil in your furnace. And where does this spark come from?

Well, the spark that finally releases the energy locked up in starch and sugar foods is called cocarboxylase and is made up of a little bit of phosphorus which is united with Vitamin B1. Without this magic compound you can't get all the energy available in the bread and cereals you eat. And if you don't eat foods that contain Vitamin B1 you won't be able to make cocarboxylase.

We could go into a similar story for almost every one of the vitamins and the trace minerals. It's much too long to even hint at here of course. But, we do hope it gives you some idea of why fruits and vegetables, which are the abundant sources of these factors, can make such a difference in your diet and make such a difference in how you feel, and how you look.

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Citrus fruit juice; Eggs; Whole wheat toast; Milk or coffee.

Dinner: Orange-onion salad; Ham; Sweet potatoes; Spinach; Date custard.

Supper: Cottage cheese and chive salad; Peanut butter canapes; Milk.

MONDAY

Breakfast: Citrus fruit juice; Whole grain cereal; Milk or coffee.

Lunch: Raw carrot and celery sticks; Scrambled eggs with bacon; Whole wheat toast; Apricots; Milk.

Dinner: Lettuce and tomato salad; Salmon loaf; Carrots; Green lima beans; Spice cake with raisins.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Same as Sunday.

Lunch: Potato salad with sliced tomatoes and green pepper; Cornbread sticks; Pears; Milk.

Dinner: Coleslaw; Baked beans (Navy or lima); Stewed tomatoes; Beets and greens; Citrus fruit cup.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Same as Monday.

Lunch: Carrot and raisin salad; Vegetable soup; Raisin-rice (brown) pudding; Milk.

Dinner: Mixed greens salad; Liver with onions; Potatoes; Kale; Prune whip.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Same as Sunday.

Lunch: Pot liquor cocktails; Toasted cheese sandwiches; Carrot sticks; Apples; Milk.

Dinner: Romaine salad with Bleu cheese dressing; Veal cutlets; Peas; Cauliflower; Strawberries or ice cream with fruit sauce.

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Same as Monday.

Lunch: Tomato juice; Omelet; Whole wheat rolls; Fruit cup; Milk.

Dinner: Cucumber salad; Oysters; Broccoli; Potatoes or corn; Lemon meringue pie.

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Same as Sunday.

Lunch: Lettuce salad; Bean or split pea soup: Stewed fruit; Milk.

Dinner: Coleslaw; Beef and kidney stew with potatoes and carrots; Grapefruit; Oatmeal-nut cookies.

These menus will give you a good head start on holding on to that look of youthful vitality. They'll build a healthy foundation, without which cosmetics don't really work for you at all. But the cosmetics and clothes, combined with health, work triple-time. For advice about them, *turn to page* 86.



Nothing younger and prettier than Pat Ryan, featured on Mutual's daily Real Stories show.



For more about food as a health and beauty foundation, listen to Victor Lindlahr at 11:45 every weekday morning, on MBS.

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

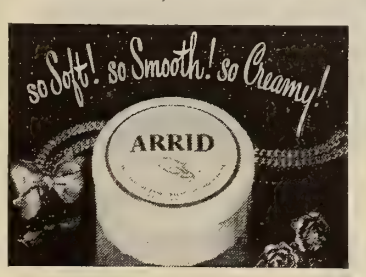
You who value your precious clothes, will adore the wonderful new, improved Postwar Arrid! It gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety for your skin and clothes. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! Saves your clothes . . . guards you against offending.



SUIT OF DARK GREEN LINEN, set off by gay calico headband and tied-on mitts! Note the new, round sleeve, the fitted midriff, the full dirndl skirt. Wonderful outfit for summer travelling! To protect it against perspiration stains, rely on Arrid, which stops perspiration more effectively than any other leading deodorant cream!

Midsummer Style Notes

Nothing so smart, for town wear, as a dark crepe dress or linen suit . . . with sharp accents of white or gay, contrasting color! But do be careful to guard against underarm perspiration stains. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is safe for skin, safe for clothes.





LITTLE DIRNDL DRESS of Navy Crepe, with big stitched cuffs and turtle neck collar of white piqué. Don't risk spoiling the crisp, cool look with underarm perspiration stains! Smart women use Arrid daily. Arrid stops perspiration better than any other leading deodorant cream!

New Improved Postwar ARRID

Some of the many stars who use Arrid:

Ilka Chase • Martha Raye • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen
Carol Bruce • Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Diana Barrymore

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. *Does not rot clothes.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy . . .* easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax *Also 10¢ and 59¢*

★ All postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

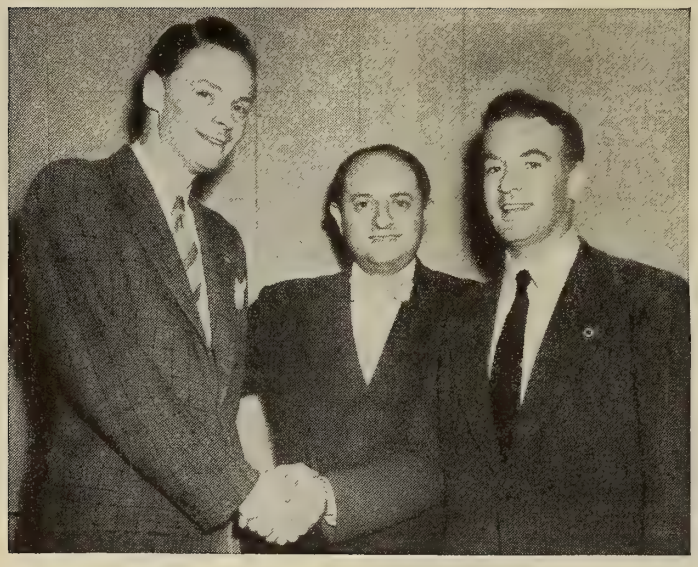
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7

Twenty-one years in show business were celebrated by Mitzi Green, who isn't much older herself. At the big party: Joan Edwards, Hildegarde, and Jackie Coogan, of radio.



By DALE BANKS



Merle Pitt (center), musical director of WNEW, welcomes back from overseas Jimmy Farrell and Ray Heatherton.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast



Radio Mirror's Editor Doris McFerran had a wonderful time recalling old songs when Paul Whiteman asked her to pick her favorites. They'll be played on Pops' ABC show, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT.

SOME PEOPLE have good memories. They haven't forgotten that our veterans are guys who gave up a great deal so that *we* wouldn't have to give up a great deal more. Take Margaret Whiting, who deserves a tip of the hat from all of us. She's invested the royalties from her best selling record, "It Might As Well Be Spring," in Hollywood property. She plans to build an apartment house for the exclusive tenancy of World War II veterans and their families.

But there's another side to this question. Network officials are beginning to paint a very gloomy picture for veterans anxious to get into radio. It seems to us that during the war there were some very fancy plans being made—about vast expan- (*Continued on page* 10)

Which of these Best-Sellers do you want FREE with Dollar Book Club Membership?





HOLLYWOOD'S greatest film studios have paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for these books—yet, by joining the Dollar Book Club now, you may have any one of them absolutely FREE! And, as a further demonstration of Club values, you may choose any of these other best-sellers as your first selection at only $1.00. Club membership brings you the finest popular current novels—many of them, like these four books, now being made into the sell-out motion pictures of the near future. And these splendid books come to you for only $1.00 each—a saving of 50% to 75% from the established retail prices of the same books in the publishers' editions. Mail membership form now!

HEDY LAMARR

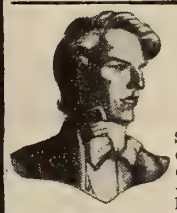
The seductive and lovely film star, plays the title role in the $1,000,000.00 motion picture version of the sensational best-seller, The Strange Woman, produced by Hunt Stromberg. (Photo: United Artists, Inc.)

THE STRANGE WOMAN
by Ben Ames Williams

The astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra" as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager, soon to be portrayed on the screen by Hedy Lamarr—an amazing woman who turned the face of a saint to the world, but was ruthless to the men who loved her.

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN
by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

He knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring . . . but no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! This is the prize-winning novel of the year—winner of the publisher's $20,000 award and the annual $125,000 prize awarded by M-G-M.



THE FOXES OF HARROW
by Frank Yerby

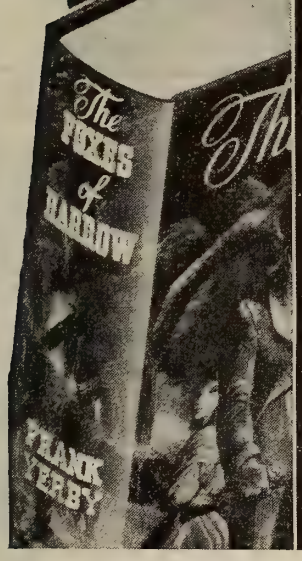
From the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world"—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. He loved danger and intrigue, and women loved him. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! A gripping 600,000-copy best-seller—soon to be made into a spectacular movie!

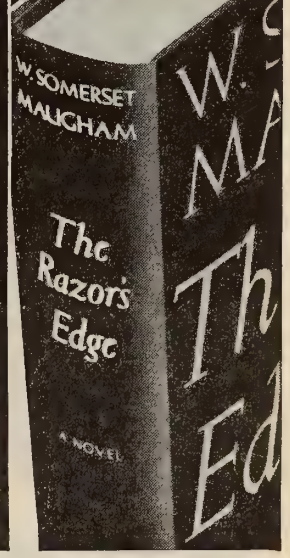
THE RAZOR'S EDGE
by W. Somerset Maugham

This was a hunger no earthly love could satisfy—one which tore Larry Darrell from the embraces of lovely Isabel and drove him on a quest around the world! And the story of what he wanted, and in what strange form it came to him, will hold you as though it were your own living experiences. A fascinating novel by "the greatest storyteller of them all."



Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power headline Darryl Zanuck's forthcoming 20th Century-Fox production of The Razor's Edge, supported by Herbert Marshall, Clifton Webb and others.





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THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB is the *only* book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only $1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail prices. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of $1.00 each.

Although one outstanding book is chosen each month for exclusive distribution to members at $1.00 each, you do not have to accept a book every month; only the purchase of six a year is necessary. In fact for convenience, most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent FREE your choice of any book described above. You may also, if you wish, choose one of these books as your first selection for $1.00.

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called The Bulletin, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If after reading The Bulletin, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each. There are no dues or fees.

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When you see your FREE book and your first selection for $1.00 and consider that these are typical of the values you receive for only $1.00, you will realize the great advantages of membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now!

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MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE:_____
(Write in the Name of the Book You Have Selected.)

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB,
Dept. 8M.F.W., Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once, as a gift, the book, title of which I have written in above. Also send me the following book as my first selection for $1.00:

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called The Bulletin telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are sold for $1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year to fulfill my membership requirements. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus few cents for shipping.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(PLEASE PRINT)

St. and No. .....
City ..... Zone No. (if any) .....
State .....
Occupation ..... If under 21, Age, please .....

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*Same price in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

(*Continued from page 8*)

sions in radio and a relative increase in opportunities. But some people, apparently, have *short* memories.

* * *

This could be a commentary on how it must be in Italy these days. When maestro Toscanini had his first taste of spaghetti in Italy on his return there after eight years of voluntary exile, he remarked, "But you should taste the spaghetti in America!"

* * *

One of the more unusual jobs in radio is held by Paul Talbot, who, before the war, was heard on Aunt Jenny and The Aldrich Family. Today, he's the American representative for Radio Andorra, the 60,000 watt station located in the tiny Republic of Andorra, which rests high in the Pyrenees between France and Spain.

The guide books list the principal occupation of the inhabitants—some 5,000—of Andorra as smuggling. But now Andorra is in a position to become an influence on the European continent far more potent than its size and population would indicate. This situation has come about because most European countries have nationalized radio which does not accept sponsored broadcasts and therefore American type programs are unfamiliar to most European listeners. All that will shortly be changed because Radio Andorra is now preparing French and Spanish versions of the better known American network shows—and these broadcasts will be sponsored by U. S. firms.

How the French, Spanish, Portuguese and the Swiss will react to commercials remains to be seen, and it is a problem which is causing the Andorran government no small amount of concern. An entire recent meeting of the Council—the Republic's governing body—was devoted to the question, "Shall we accept singing commercials?"

* * *

Orson Welles is a brilliant young man. Hardly anyone will deny that. It seems almost impossible to hit on any subject about which he hasn't some information or on which he hasn't done some clear thinking. But it turns out Orson has his Achilles heel, like everyone else. He was never any good at mathematics—and still has to have someone else handle his personal accounts. He can't make a column of



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.



Jay Meredith is one of the adventuring Falcon's companions. (Tuesday nights at 8:30, MBS).



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping If Defective or Not As Advertised Therein

MAKE EXTRA CASH *Easy-Now!*

Sell Smart Christmas Cards

Earn good profit on each $1 sale taking orders for Personal Christmas Cards **with name imprinted.** Show to friends, relatives, business people, fellow workers. **FREE Samples.** No experience! Earn EXTRA money with stunning New Assortments—Religious, Christmas, Everyday, etc. SPECIAL PLAN FOR LODGES, CLUBS, CHURCH GROUPS. For Quick Cash, send for your samples TODAY. WRITE NOW!

WETMORE & SUGDEN, Dept. 5-S
749 MONROE AVE., ROCHESTER (2), N.Y.

Personal Christmas Cards WITH NAME 50 for $1

"Lo-bra" FASHIONED FOR ACTION by Styleform "FOR GOOD FORM"



The bra that gives you just the right amount of freedom exactly where needed . . . constructed for unhampered action in sports. Assures admirable form . . . fashionably and functionally . . . And so delightfully decollete that it's perfect for evening wear, too.

Made in a variety of colors and fabrics. Sizes 32-34-36.

Available at stores everywhere . . . or write

STYLEFORM FOUNDATIONS

76 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



One of Charlotte Manson's many radio roles is Dr. McVicker, of NBC's daily Road of Life.

figures add up to the right answer.

* * *

Sometimes, maybe, we're inclined to be a little supercilious about things like the program-end descriptions of escaped criminals on the Gang Busters. We're not going to be after this. We hear that one of those descriptions, broadcast back in November 1945, was picked up by a couple of real detectives in St. Louis.

Months later, in April 1946 to be exact, the two detectives noticed a man with peculiar tattoo marks, similar to the ones described as appearing on one Henry Moity, murderer of two women. The man was arrested on suspicion and identified by authorities from the Louisiana State Penitentiary, from which Moity had escaped, and the two detectives are receiving a citation from Phillips Lord, producer of Gang Busters, as well as from the sponsor of the show.

* * *

Just to clear up the notion that child prodigies too often fade into mediocrity —here's a report on a couple of those Quiz Kids. Van Dyke Tiers was graduated from college on his nineteenth birthday, getting his A.B. from the University of Chicago—and making Phi Beta Kappa, by the way. Another holder of a Phi Beta Kappa key is Cynthia Cline, also a graduate of the brainy kid program.

* * *

Seems to us that every time we turn around Guy Lombardo is in a new business. He never gives up any of his older ventures, just adds new ones. Not content with being a bandleader of no mean repute, racing speedboats and running the Long Island Airlines, Lombardo is now distributor for Higgins Boats for the entire East Coast, including Cuba and the Bahamas. The Higgins Boat is a cabin cruiser designed along the lines of a P.T. boat, which latter the company manufactured during the war.

Guy is apparently making certain there will never be a rainy day in the Lombardo family.

* * *

Maybe you heard Paulette Goddard and her husband Burgess Meredith do their satiric version of a husband-and-wife chatter program when they visited Hildegarde on the Penguin Room show. The kicker is that ever since then the Merediths have been getting offers to do a husband and wife show.

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU CAN POWDER YOUR NOSE



Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.*

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, *Superfast*



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars... 39¢

R
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Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I *know* about housekeeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

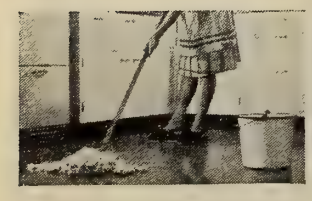
Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to *kill germs* . . . like "old hands" at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using "Lysol" *customary* in cleaning?

Baby: *Sure!* Almost *two-thirds* of all housekeepers use this real *germ-killer* . . . to help guard family health.

Mother: Then no more chances on germs, Toots. I'll keep *our* house "Lysol"-clean—*all the time!*

Every single time you clean . . . *disinfect with* "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"Lysol" the floors: Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm floor finish.



"Lysol" tub, basin, toilet. Kills germs, helps remove stubborn stains. Disinfects. Leaves a nice clean odor.



More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

For **FREE** *booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-46, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*



Maurice Copeland, of the Ma Perkins show, has an off-mike hobby—his harmonica.

Cal Tinney frequently comes up with ideas that are worth repeating. Here's one. Cal thinks that Americans have told themselves jokes about absent minded professors for so long that now they believe them. Cal's remarks stemmed from a charge by Dr. Harold Urey, one of the key scientists in the development of the atomic bomb. Dr. Urey said, ". . . good men simply won't work on the atom bomb the way the Army wants them to."

"I don't think our scientists, as opposed to our military men, are being listened to enough on the subject of atomic research," Tinney said. "We treat 'em like they may have sense enough to split the atom but that they don't have sense enough to come indoors when it rains. Atomic scientists are not absent minded professors. Neither are they chattels or trained seals. They are brilliant men who may have trouble getting along with the military mind. It would be much safer for this country, if it wishes to keep its lead in atomic research, to assume that Doc Urey knows what he is talking about, and that he is not just talking through his microscope."

* * *

Odd data . . . Practically everyone connected with the Boston Blackie show is a former athlete. Richard Kollmar, the star, was a member of the tennis team at Tusculum College in Tennessee and later an outstanding water polo player at Yale. Maurice Tarplin, who plays Inspector Faraday, was a member of the championship ice hockey team at William and Mary. Lesley Woods, who plays Blackie's girl friend, was captain of the girl's basketball team at Northwestern. Jeanne Cagney was on the fencing squad at Hunter College.

Even the writers and producers of the program are former athletes. Co-writers Ken Lyons and Ralph Rosenberg, Jr., are expert baseball and track men, respectively. Jean Harrison, director of the program, captained her Philadelphia high school's swimming team.

And to make matters complete, Charles Gaines, producer in charge, has financed an amateur baseball team of teen-agers who play throughout New England during the summer to raise funds for various charities.

We see that the Ohio State Institute for Education by Radio has honored Mutual's House of Mystery—an honor which we heartily endorse. And for the same reasons as those given in the citation of the Institute, thus: "This program merits the award because it achieves the objectives essential in a program for children. First and foremost, it entertains; second, it is good radio drama; third, the suspense is resolved within the program, and fourth, it shows that superstition and fear are based on ignorance."

* * *

Network headaches department. Ever since Robert Merrill became a permanent fixture on the RCA Victor show, shrilling bobby soxers have been the bane of program producers. Their exuberance at times practically drowned out the orchestra, singers and announcers. But the problem has been solved—and neatly. And with psychology. NBC corralled six of its tallest and handsomest page boys and put them in charge of seating the screamer-fans. The result? The bobby soxers were awed into silence!

* * *

Colby College, up in Waterville, Maine, is up-to-the-minute in educational methods. Dr. Norman D. Palmer, assistant professor of history at the college, uses the radio scripts of Raymond Swing as part of his source material in modern history.

* * *

The Billie Burke Show has been running for some time now, but until recently the author of the script might just as well have been a ghost. Paul West writes the show at his home in Bedford, Oregon and, as a rule, wires it to Hollywood. When he turned up at a rehearsal not long ago, it caused quite a sensation in a small way.

* * *

Grace Albert, who alternates between gun molls and heroines on the Crime Doctor show, has a sweet sideline outside of radio. She is purchasing agent and eastern sales manager for her mother's fruit cake business, which began some time ago as a hobby and has developed into a flourishing enterprise —especially around holiday times.

* * *

Staats Cotsworth started it as a gag



Ventriloquist Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou are CBS's Friday, 7:30 P.M. summer show.

LITTLE LULU Gets An Earful by Marge



Copyright 1946, International Cellucotton Products Co.

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.





—and now lots of other radio personalities are taking it up. Annoyed by the taxicab shortage, Staats bought himself a doorman's whistle. The first time he used it, he was trying to get a taxi for his mother—and he was more surprised than anyone else when a taxi actually pulled up before him in response. He told the story as a joke on himself—but the idea is catching on and there's practically a run on the market in doorman's whistles in New York.

* * *

In spite of housing bills and all kinds of plans, there are still not enough places for people to live. One of the most novel solutions we've heard about so far is Herb Shriner's. He's the Hoosier humorist on the Frolics program. Herb got tired of apartment hunting in vain. He's bought himself a yacht and his summer residence will be an anchorage in the East River.

* * *

Some of Johnny Desmond's disappointed fans are practical, at any rate. Johnny's been informed that lots of the



You know the Bumsteads—Dagwood, (Arthur Lake) and Blondie (Penny Singleton), heard each Sunday on CBS.

young ladies who can't get tickets to his broadcasts listen at home and tend to their knitting. Johnny likes loud, colorful socks—and that's what the devotees are devoting themselves to—providing for him in profusion.

* * *

Did you know that if Xavier Cugat ever got tired of music he has a career all ready for him as a cartoonist? Once in the distant, pre-rhumba past, Cugy worked as a cartoonist for the Los Angeles Times. He gave up the job, as he puts it, because, "I found it impossible to be funny and make a deadline." Actually, that crack is more in line with his cartoon gags, because he really gave up his job to become a concert violinist.

* * *

Those of you who heard and liked the Truth and Consequences show devoted to veteran rehabilitation can now buy it in an album of records. Decca puts it out and the aim of the waxing is to help all drives on behalf of the veterans. All proceeds from the sales of the records will go to the Veterans Administration. So you'll be doing your share for the vets, as well as having an album of moving, vital records for

your own listening pleasure and fun.

* * *

Very few people know that the charming wife of tenor Jack Smith is Victoria Schertzinger, niece of the late Victor Schertzinger, who was noted for his fine direction of film musicals. With Jack moving his show to the Coast to complete screen negotiations, it begins to look as though a film career is on the books for Mrs. Smith, too. One bidder for Jack's services also offered Victoria a job as an assistant director.

* * *

We hear that Patti Clayton, lovely CBS songstress, has been approached by Harry Conover with offers to become one of his "Cover Girls". It's not surprising, of course. Patti is darned pretty.

* * *

Maybe it's occurred to you to wonder why, on the Married For Life show, the couples never get to kissing one another until the very end. It's a very practical reason. Very early in the run of the program, the producer found out that when a couple about to be married embraced and kissed, the split second timing of the radio show could

Cal Tinney's brand of homely philosophy is an American Broadcasting feature, Monday through Friday, 6:45 P.M.



go hang. So a little clever manipulating was done to arrange for all kissing to come at the very end of the show. Now couples can kiss as long as they like without interfering with that important little stop watch.

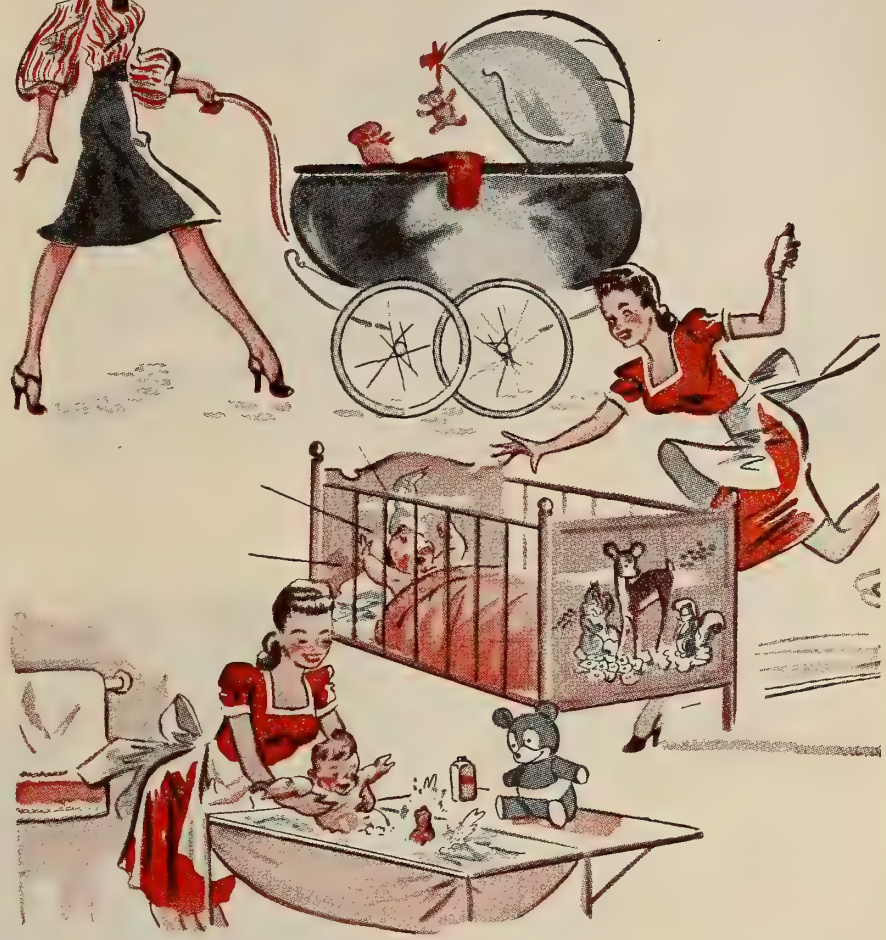
* * *

It's always been a mystery to us exactly how directors and producers in radio hit on any one choice for a role. McKay Morris, who plays Henry Newman on the Lone Journey show, says he was chosen after thirty-seven other actors had auditioned for the same part. Morris is a fine actor, with an excellent background. But what is the extra something the others didn't have?

* * *

On July 22, Paul Whiteman will play Radio Mirror Editor Doris McFerran's favorite old songs on his ABC show, Forever Tops (Mondays, 9:30 P.M. EDT). Wonder what love songs of past years make an editor's heart beat faster?

Tending the baby made mom rush like mad



But GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her hair smart for dad

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.





Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS THAT HOLD

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The King Sisters and Meredith Willson are on the NBC network Thursdays (8 P.M. EDT) while Burns and Allen summer-vacation.

Here are some puns to end all puns. They were dreamed up by Larry Wellington, accordion star of Reveille Roundup, who says a sonata is "a well-known crooner and aspirant to Bing Crosby's laurels." An aria is "a form of greeting, as, how aria today?" "Aida" is a verb—"Aida heavy breakfast and skip lunch."

It goes on and on that way. If you can take it.

* * *

The original Terry of Terry and the Pirates is back with the show. Cliff Carpenter was discharged last February from the Army and has been resting until recently at his family's ranch in California.

Cliff served more than two years as a rifleman in the 102nd Division, attached to the Ninth Army. He saw combat with that outfit from the Siegfried Line to the Elbe River, where the division met the Russians. Cliff took the long rest mainly to get reacquainted with his small daughter.

* * *

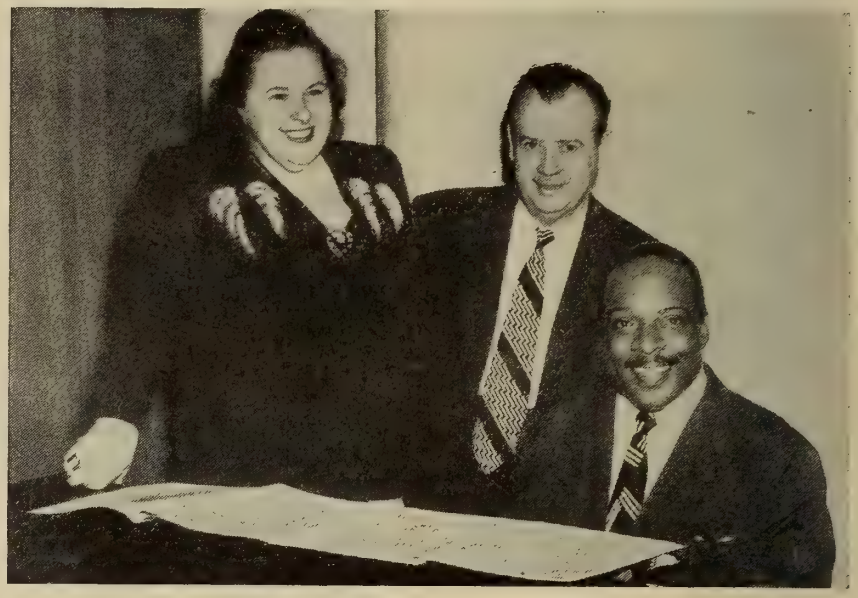
We miss Charlie McCarthy on the air these days, but it's good to hear Alec Templeton again. There's nothing else in the music world quite like Templeton's musical satires and personally we could listen to them for days on end. Here's hoping that some enterprising network will see fit to give Alec a permanent place on next season's air.

* * *

Our scouts tell us that David Nelson and Rickie Nelson, ten and six year old sons of Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, approve heartily of Henry Blair and Joel Davis, who play them on the Ozzie Nelson show. They visit the show regularly, sit in the sponsor's booth munching chocolate bars and nodding their approval at the right places in the script. For the two juvenile actors that's a real test of ability—to be favorably judged by the very people you're portraying. Wonder how often that really happens elsewhere?

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Harry Sosnik, Penguin Room maestro, is celebrating his 15th year as a bandleader . . . Kenny Gardner is back as Guy Lombardo's featured vocalist after three years working in Uncle Sam's Army . . . Ditto Lew Valentine, the original Dr. I.Q. . . . Chances are that Jack Dempsey will have a sports program on the air this fall . . . The recently released novel "The Hucksters" is sitting a lot of advertising agencies moguls on their ears. They don't go for the cracks taken at them or their business. Lots of radio people, however, are getting a big kick out of the book . . . William Spier, who produces the Suspense chillers, is setting up a film unit to produce the same kind of spine-tingling fare in pictures . . . Burl Ives has been signed to appear in a Walt Disney animated folk tale . . . Fifteen-year-old Anne Francis, who's been playing Kathy Cameron on When a Girl Marries, has been signed to a seven-year contract by MGM. She's a lovely little thing—slender, blonde, fragile as a porcelain shepherdess (you saw her picture on the March Radio Mirror cover, remember?) and should be first-rate movie stuff . . . Charles Paul, conductor of music on Theatre of Romance, has written the music for "The Star and the Sword," which will open early in the fall on Broadway . . . So, with all these plans for all these people for an exciting and busy future, we leave you with the thought that there are still among us some million or so veterans who don't have any such plans. And lots of them would like to get into radio. Naturally, there isn't room for all of them, but many of them were trained and got good experience during their service. Can't we work it out?



Kate Smith and Ted Collins listened in while Count Basie rehearsed for his recent guest-star date on Kate's CBS show, Fridays at 8:30.



INTRODUCING

JIM BRITT

JIM BRITT, Yankee Network ace sportscaster, is the man behind the mike who keeps New England sports fans happy all year with baseball, football, and general sports commentaries.

In the summer Britt, a former Navy air combat intelligence officer, broadcasts over WNAC and the Yankee Network vivid play-by-play descriptions of the baseball games of Boston's major league teams, the Braves and Red Sox.

This is his first year back on his civilian job and Yankee's silver anniversary of baseball broadcasting. He is also heard every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:15 P.M. on WNAC-Yankee in Jim Britt's Roundup.

When the leaves start turning in the Fall, Britt turns to the gridiron for his football broadcasts and his crisp voice is familiar not only in the six New England states, but also from coast-to-coast, because he airs East-West games, and many bowl games including the Sugar Bowl and the Cotton Bowl—covers the games wherever they happen to come.

As a matter of fact, it was through football that he first became at all interested in radio. He and Gus Dorais, his University of Detroit football coach, were listening to a football broadcast in 1933. Britt criticized it. Gus asked him if he could do any better.

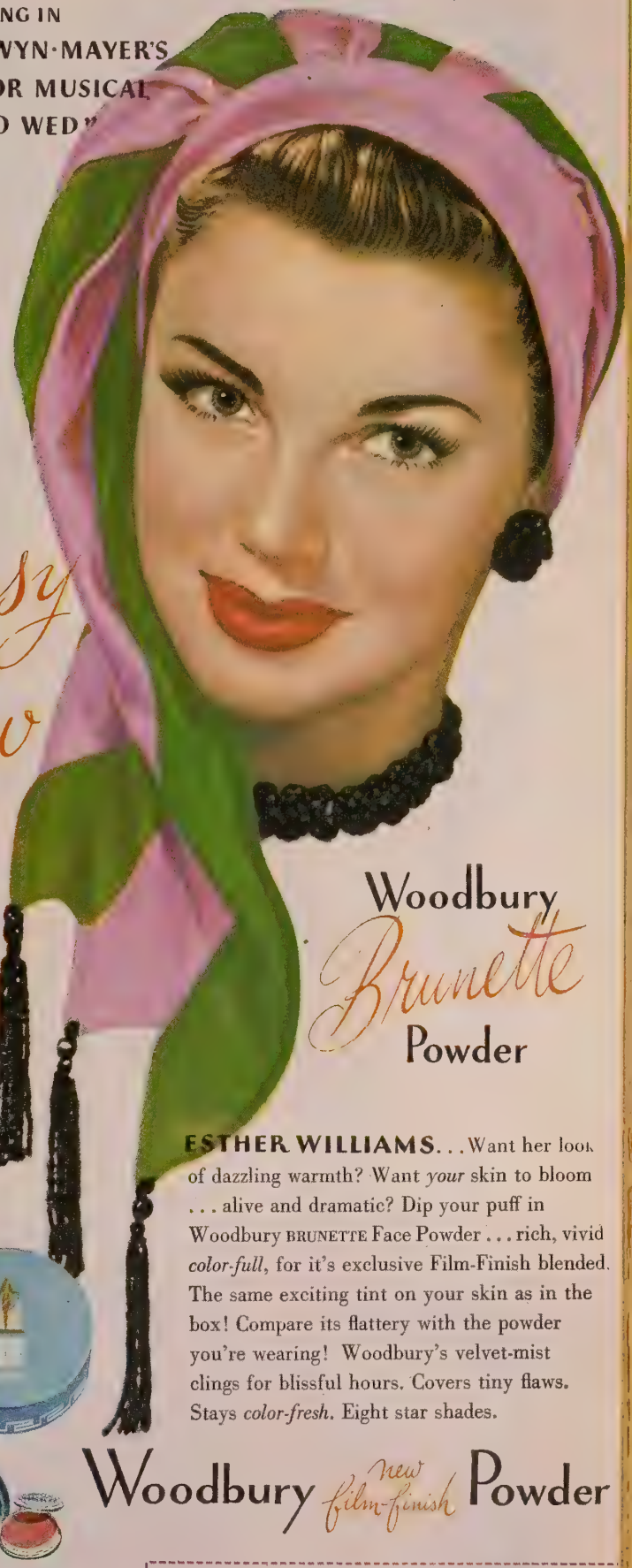
Britt's answer was, "How could anyone do a poorer one?" He wound up by broadcasting the home games of the Detroit team in 1933 for no pay.

He employs a tricky electric light board during his play-by-play football airers with two spotters following the ball via a system of push-buttons which flash directly behind his WNAC-Yankee mike. The board once handled 64 players in a Notre Dame-Wisconsin game.

Jim Britt is a native San Franciscan, over six feet tall, married to the former Peggy Kendall, of Beverly Hills, and the father of a ten-year-old daughter, Judith Ann. His hobbies are golf, squash racquets, and writing. He is much in demand as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker on his sports and naval careers. He also does sound work for Paramount sportsreels.

That's Yankee's Jim Britt, an adopted Yankee and a really versatile sports-

ESTHER WILLIAMS,
STARRING IN
METRO·GOLDWYN·MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL
"EASY TO WED"



Gypsy Glow

Woodbury Brunette Powder

ESTHER WILLIAMS... Want her look of dazzling warmth? Want *your* skin to bloom ... alive and dramatic? Dip your puff in Woodbury BRUNETTE Face Powder ... rich, vivid *color-full*, for it's exclusive Film-Finish blended. The same exciting tint on your skin as in the box! Compare its flattery with the powder you're wearing! Woodbury's velvet-mist clings for blissful hours. Covers tiny flaws. Stays *color-fresh*. Eight star shades.

Woodbury new film-finish Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP
...all 3 for $1*

1. Big $1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick... your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge... right for you

FREE! 8 POWDER SHADES! ★ MAKE-UP CHART!

Try all eight... find your most exciting shade! Make-up chart shows your skin type and the powder shade selected for you by Hollywood experts! ... Mail coupon to:
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 315 Valley St., Cincinnati 22, Ohio.

NAME.....



NEW CUTEX "PLAY RED" . . . brilliant, sun-sparkle color that glows in daylight—moonlight, too . . . spice for the browned-butter shade of your skin. When you like a sweeter flavor, try new Cutex "Confection Pink" . . . bonbon color, full of sentiment. Remember, now Cutex contains a new wear-ingredient to make it the longest-wearing polish Cutex ever had!

WHAT ABOUT Television?



2—NBC: THE CASE FOR TELEVISION TODAY

By JOHN F. ROYAL
Vice-President in Charge of Television, NBC

Last month, RADIO MIRROR *printed on this page the first of two controversial discussions on the subject of Television—the Columbia Broadcasting System's Case for Color Television. Here is the second of these articles, presenting the National Broadcasting Company's side of the picture. Here is what Mr. Royal has to say—*

You have been hearing much about television, this new wonder of mass communication, this new art of sight and sound combined, and I assume you have a natural curiosity about it. You now want facts. When will we have television, how much will sets cost, what about the color-television controversy, what are you going to see for programs, and what will be the social implications of the programs? These are only a few of the questions people want answered.

Except for the spoken and written word, there have been only six major innovations of method in human communications: printing, telegraphy, and telephone, the movies, radio—and now, television. The invention of each, in turn, has resulted in social and psychological changes and advances of a revolutionary nature. Changes which, with the exception of television, are already a matter of record.

In television are combined in one medium the singular advantages of each of the others. Mass communication became possible, for example, with the invention of the printing press. The telegraph gave wings to the transmission of ideas and messages, made possible their dissemination over great distances in shorter time. The telephone added the intimate quality of the human voice to the transmission of messages. The motion picture film made it possible for these ideas and messages to be dramatized visually, and recorded for the enjoyment of greater numbers of people. Along came radio—to reduce the dimensions of the globe to the proportions of a loud speaker, as it carried messages instantaneously and inexpensively to and from the farthest regions of the earth into the livingroom. Radio, within the space of a single generation, eradicated provincialism and fostered the greatest upsurge in all time. And now comes television—adding vision and animation to the speed and immediacy of radio communication.

Now, let's answer some of those questions I mentioned in the first paragraph. Number one on everyone's list is: when is television going to be made available to the general public? The answer to that is: *right now!* Black-and-white television is a going concern at this very moment, in key cities. New television transmitting equipment is being erected in a dozen more cities.

Corollary to that question is the second one: when will television sets be on the market and what will they cost? There are sets on the market now, and many more in the process of manufacture for early distribution. From the best information now available from the manufacturers, the first sets will probably cost between $200 and $250. There may be some cheaper ones, and in the fall, some larger and more expensive sets. These instruments will be ornamental, and the pictures will be of sufficient brilliance so that they can be seen by the ordinary light of your rooms in the daytime.

This seems about as good a spot as any other to bring to (*Continued on page* 54)

Honeymoon in NEW YORK

Honeymoons are supposed to be the special property of young lovers. But NBC's Honeymoon in New York recognizes that there are no age limits on romance



Herb Sheldon stood by with the gifts, and as Joy

I HAD hoped desperately that this trip to New York City would change things for the better between my husband and myself. But now, sitting alone in my hotel room the morning after we had arrived, I wondered if the trip would do any good at all—or if any marriage that was breaking up right under one's feet could be saved once it started breaking . . . even though I knew my heart was breaking too. If John and I continued this slow, steady drifting apart for much longer, I knew our marriage would be just another of those "after all these years, isn't it a pity?" tragedies that go neatly into the divorce statistics for the year 1946. Or maybe for 1947, or 1948—what did it matter which year a marriage died, if it were doomed to die?

"There must be an answer," I said aloud to the walls of my room. "There must be, after all these years of happiness."

Ever since the night before, our arrival night, I had been so sick with worry that I hadn't been able to think of anything but the problem. Instead of New York bringing us together, it had widened the breach between us within an hour of our arrival. . . .

But I wouldn't think of that terrible incident again. I had spent a sleepless night thinking about it. Now, I told myself, I was going to eat my breakfast, which had just arrived on a tray; and I was going to think constructively about John and myself. Somehow I was going to solve the problem. Meanwhile, to try somehow to relax, to forget just for a minute, I turned on the radio. I had noticed it during my wakeful night—I guessed it



Hodges handed them to us, Durward Kirby described them one by one to the radio audience. We were overwhelmed by them!

was there especially for lonely people like me! (I, Kate Greenan, who hadn't been lonely in twenty-five years—until last night.)

Resolutely, I flipped on the radio. I didn't know New York well enough to know what stations to dial, or what programs, or anything. I just turned the dial until I heard a cheerful masculine voice. Then I sat firmly down before my breakfast and poured my coffee. "Hello, everybody, and good morning!" the voice said. "This is Herb Sheldon talking to you from NBC at our usual nine o'clock rendezvous—announcing the show Honeymoon in New York!"

That's all he had to say—and I put down my untasted coffee with misery flooding my mind again. *Honeymoon in New York!* I was vaguely aware that he was introducing master-of-ceremonies Durward Kirby, who in turn talked about Trousseau Time music, with Joy Hodges singing. Then I heard a girl's voice beginning a love song.

But I didn't hear any more for several minutes—my thoughts wouldn't let me. I was thinking again how impossible it was to believe that my marriage was no marriage any more. I had met John Greenan twenty-six years ago, and we had been married for twenty-five. It had been a wonderfully happy marriage for nearly all of those years, too.

And then, quite suddenly, something happened. I knew precisely the day when things had begun going—well, not going wrong, but just getting stale as far as John was concerned.

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All the couples who appear on NBC's Honeymoon in New York have stories to tell as romantic as this, which was written especially for Radio Mirror. Tune in every weekday morning at 9, EDT.





I couldn't remember everything that happened. I was too glowing and happy and bewildered. My heart was singing to me that John was mine again!

It was two years after our son David's wedding, and a year after our daughter Jane's. Jane had married a nice young man she'd met while he was in uniform, and they had moved to Seattle. Our marriage had remained intact for a long time after both children had gone from our house, taking with them the noisy companionship they'd brought us for so long. It had remained intact until this one day, the day that I was later to label as the day our marriage began breaking up.

But at the time it hadn't seemed that way at all.

John had come home from his accounting office late that afternoon and said, "Dear, you are looking at the dream of every American business man. You are looking at a man who has retired." He had held out his arms to me. "You and I, Kate," he said, "are going to have some of the fun we deserve at last. The firm gave me my pension, and we'll always have a steady income, and everything's going to be rosier than you've ever dreamed. I'm going to do all the things I always planned on doing—cabinet-making, and playing golf, and reading. . . ."

How warmly, truly delighted I had been for him—for both of us! I remember putting my hand up to his iron-gray hair as he held me close to him, and I remember saying, "Darling, it will be wonderful—it's everything we ever wanted! Time to be together—more time than we ever dreamed we'd get!"

But that bright day, I realized now, was the beginning of the end.

Somehow, the old house became emptier with both of us in it all day long than it had ever been when I had been home alone . . . not emptier for me, mind you; but for John. Somehow, golf and cabinet-making left him long hours of impatience and aimlessness. He took to drifting into the kitchen where I'd be working and he'd wander around it like a lost puppy. Then he'd say, "Paring potatoes? Give me a knife. I'll help." But in only a minute, he'd throw the knife down angrily and go out, banging the door behind him. Not like my considerate, mannerly John at all.

And somehow I began to irritate him as I had never dreamed I could. All the things about me that used to amuse and refresh him began to get on his nerves unbearably—and I could see it, I could feel it! But I had no idea what to do about it. All my chatter about my sewing club, my luncheons with "the girls," my day every week at the hospital reading to invalids—always he had been amused and interested hearing my reports about these things. He'd roar with laughter over some of the stories I told about "the girls" and their quarrels, or over two of them wearing the same dress.

But no longer. Now he'd cut me off sharply with some caustic remark on the triviality of my stories.

It wasn't long before he began going out alone at night—just to the movies, or to take a walk. Just to get away from me, I knew, and my heart kept aching until I thought it couldn't ache any more.

Oh, there was no other woman in his life. Sometimes I wished there had been—then I'd have had something concrete to fight. How could I possibly combat this growing, building boredom John was feeling toward our life together—and toward me? How could I make myself over into something else (which I would gladly have tried) if *nothing* I ever did could please or interest him? Everything irritated him—my talkativeness, my silences, whatever I did. I loved him as completely as I always had, and his slights to me were doubly hurtful because of this. And some time, I knew, his growing feeling of staleness would swell into an active break-up. I knew it as surely as if it had already happened—there would be a small opening wedge, and then the distance between us would grow wider and wider.

That's why I recognized the opening wedge when it did happen—last night, our first night in New York. I thought wryly how it had been I who had suggested and pushed this trip in my desperation, as a change. I had used our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary as my excuse. John had agreed only indifferently to it, but he had finally agreed. And then, within an hour of our arrival in New York, he had put in that opening wedge. It had happened at the desk in the lobby of the hotel. I could still feel the wincing pain I'd had when it happened.

"Could we have two rooms, instead of one?" he asked, not looking at me but just at the clerk. And somehow, in spite of the hotel jam in New York, his sudden request had been granted. "Because of a lucky cancellation—and because you're only staying four days!" the manager had explained, beaming.

So, for the first time in twenty-five years, I had spent a night in a bedroom all to myself. John had come to the door of my room, and while the bellboy was setting down my suitcases he muttered something meaningless about sleeping better in separate rooms in a noisy place like New York. Then, with a quick nod from the doorway, he hurried after the bellboy to his own room. And I cried quietly into my pillow until almost dawn.

For that matter, I was crying again now over my breakfast. I had been crying helplessly for an hour this morning, ever since John had popped his head through the door and said, "Going out for the day, Kate. See you at dinner time." So I'd known he wasn't even interested in spending our first day in New York together And I had dreamed of so much from this trip—this second honeymoon, as I had called it to myself, with our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary (*Continued on page* 64)

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Oh, there was no other woman in his life. Sometimes I wished there had been—then I'd have had something concrete to fight. How could I possibly combat this growing, building boredom John was feeling toward our life together—and toward me? How could I make myself over into something else (which I would gladly have tried) if *nothing* I ever did could please or interest him? Everything irritated him—my talkativeness, my silences, whatever I did. I loved him as completely as I always had, and his slights to me were doubly hurtful because of this. And some time, I knew, his growing feeling of staleness would swell into an active break-up. I knew it as surely as if it had already happened there would be a small opening wedge, and then the distance between us would grow wider and wider.

That's why I recognized the opening wedge when it did happen last night, our first night in New York. I thought wryly how it had been I who had suggested and pushed this trip in my desperation, as a change. I had used our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary as my excuse. John had agreed only indifferently to it, but he had finally agreed. And then, within an hour of our arrival in New York, he had put in that opening wedge. It had happened at the desk in the lobby of the hotel. I could still feel the wincing pain I'd had when it happened.

"Could we have two rooms, instead of one?" he asked, not looking at me but just at the clerk. And somehow, in spite of the hotel jam in New York, his sudden request had been granted. "Because of a lucky cancellation—and because you're only staying four days!" the manager had explained, beaming.

So, for the first time in twenty-five years, I had spent a night in a bedroom all to myself. John had come to the door of my room, and while the bellboy was setting down my suitcases he muttered something meaningless about sleeping better in separate rooms in a noisy place like New York. Then, with a quick nod from the doorway, he hurried after the bellboy to his own room. And I cried quietly into my pillow until almost dawn.

For that matter, I was crying again now over my breakfast. I had been crying helplessly for an hour this morning, ever since John had popped his head through the door and said, "Going out for the day, Kate. See you at dinner time." So I'd known he wasn't even interested in spending our first day in New York together And I had dreamed of so much from this trip—this second honeymoon, as I had called it to myself, with our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary (Continued on page 84)

A new girl walked into Carter's Drug. Bill Webster emitted a low noise suspiciously like a whistle. And what a snowballing chain of events two simple things like that can start!

THOSE WEBSTERS and That Girl Jo!



IT WAS probably Eve who said it first—doubtless about the time that Abel was having the little ruckus with his brother. Anyway, since time immemorial, people have said that "boys will be boys." And it's true.

Billy Webster was only being true to the genus—he was simply being a boy, as boys will be—when he whistled at Josephine. But that started the whole thing.

As a matter of plain, sober fact, it wasn't really a whistle. Billy, having been nicely brought up, wasn't that crude. But the fact remains that he did purse his lips and emit a long, low sound that was about first-cousin-once-removed to a whistle. And Josephine recognized it as such. Trust that girl, Jo, to be able to detect and classify every noise or gesture made by anything male within approximately one mile of her person.

And Josephine, admittedly, was something to make a noise-first-cousin-to-a-whistle about. She came into Carter's Drug, where the gang was gathered that summer afternoon, with Sylvia Snow, and she made even redheaded, vivid little Sylvia look suddenly pallid. She was tall and slim, with a cloud of sunny hair, and eyes that Bill described afterwards as being like green grapes. It's a good thing nobody heard him. His reputation as the most he-mannish member of the Carter's Drug set wouldn't have been worth a nickel.

Sylvia smiled and waved as she and the luscious object she had in tow passed the table where the Websters, Bill and his younger sister, Liz, sat with Belinda Boyd and Jeep Stanley. But the new girl didn't look around.

"Huh," said Jeep, gazing after the retreating vision, "she didn't even hear you, Bill." Jeep had lately acquired

the habit of prefacing his every contribution to the conversation with a guttural "huh." Liz, who was more or less his girl, deplored it, but knew in some vague way that it was only a passing phase. Therefore her, "Don't say huh, Jeep" was purely academic, and she passed on swiftly to, "Well, I should hope not!"

"She wasn't supposed to," Bill assured them loftily. "I was merely—"

"Oh, she heard you all right," Belinda put in. "I could tell from her spine."

"Huh," said Jeep. "And what did you gather from her vertebrae, Miss Curie-eyes?"

"She must be Sylvia's cousin from Weston," Liz put in hastily, before the thing got out of hand. "Sylvia told me she'd be coming to stay for a couple of weeks—" And then she stopped, for Sylvia and the new girl had come back to their table.

"Mind if we sit down?" Sylvia took the invitation for granted and sat, without waiting. "There isn't another table in the place. Josephine, this is Liz and Bill Webster, and Belinda Boyd and Jeep Stanley. Jo Lynn."

Liz was pretty disgusted. It beggared belief, she told herself, that boys could be so dumb. There was her brother Bill, now, sitting there and looking exactly as if someone had hit him over the head with a sledge-hammer and he had only partly come conscious again. And all because a new girl, with a new look, had walked into their lives! It gave you pause, it really did!

As for that girl, Jo, she was in her glory. She knew how to play her cards; she wasn't paying the slightest attention to Bill. Oh, she talked to him, of course; she allowed the sun of her smile to warm him until he almost purred; she threw him a tinkle of laughter now and again, which he caught in the manner of a seal wolfing a fish. But Jeep was included too, and even the girls. Josephine knew that she was the new person, the center of interest here, and that all the young people in Carter's were looking her way. That is, she paid no special attention to Bill Webster until Sylvia, whose chief ambition at the moment was an appointment to the Freshman Week Committee, happened to mention that Bill was the president of the student council at Spring City High.

"Really?" Josephine batted her eyelashes at him in a manner which, if it wouldn't have got her the secret papers in international intrigue, was more than adequate in Carter's Drug. "But isn't that a terribly responsible job? I mean, everybody in the school is actually responsible to you, and you're responsible to them, and—"

"It is," Billy admitted with fine originality, "a very responsible job." And he beamed as if Josephine had just been thoughtful enough to knight him.

Belinda opened her mouth and then closed it again, firmly. Liz choked on her coke. And their eyes met, across the table. There, for goodness H. sakes, was that Josephine, acting as if being president of the student council was rather more to be desired than being president of these United States. And there was Bill, giving out with a combination squirm and beam and looking altogether as if he were waiting for the next vacancy at the looney-bin. Disgusting, their eyes agreed. Made one positively sick—but nauseous!

Belinda decided it was high time to put a stop to it.

Sylvia and the new girl walked by, not paying the slightest attention.



"It's almost four," she said, briskly. "I have to meet Mother downtown—"

"There's a lot of work to it," Bill said, addressing himself to Jo, "but it's fun, too."

Belinda cleared her throat, and tried again. "It's nearly four—"

"Of course, it carries a lot of responsibilities—"

"And I have to meet Mother—"

"And it means that you're practically forced to attend all the games and parties—"

"I have to meet Mother downtown!" Mrs. Boyd, patiently waiting on the corner fifteen blocks away, probably heard Belinda clearly. Even Bill did, that time. He started to get to his feet.

JOSEPHINE raised her eyes. "I'm soooo sorry you can't stay," she murmured. Apparently she had now taken the lease on Carter's Drug and was dispensing gracious hospitality. "We'd love to have you. Besides, Sylvia and I had planned to have you all at the house for cake and lemonade, afterwhile." Her eyes swept the table. "But *you* can come, can't you, Bill? And Jeep? And—er—Liz?"

"Thanks," said Belinda, and walked out with the air of one trapped like a trap in a trap.

Liz muttered something about being late to dinner and left, too, clutching some old, torn shreds of dignity about her. But no one noticed. Except maybe Sylvia, and it was obvious by now that Sylvia didn't count. No one, it appeared, was going to be allowed to count for the next two weeks but that girl, Jo!

Bill came floating in about two feet above the carpet that evening at about the time the rest of the family was starting dessert. He hugged his mother, which immediately, as it always did, got her fresh out of the mood for scolding him. George Webster, however, had a few things to say, and he said them in a tone of sweet reasonableness cribbed directly from Mrs. Webster's stock line when *he* was late for dinner. "Don't you think, Bill," it ran, "that you owe us some explanation? Your mother works hard to see that our meals are hot and tasty and on time, and—er—" He caught Jane Webster's eyes at the moment, and the rest was lost.

"I was held up," Bill explained earnestly. "I took the girls home from Carter's"—his tone implied that it was only the gentlemanly thing to do— "and we stopped at Sylvia's for cake and lemonade, and—"

"Cake and lemonade?" repeated his mother. "And a soda at Carter's too, no doubt?" She watched with her never-failing admiration as her son helped himself generously to thick slices of cold roast and a mountain of salad. "What is that animal with six stomachs?"

Bill ignored that. "I asked Josephine to go swimming with us tomorrow," he said in the direction of his sister.

"The girl staying with Sylvia?" his mother asked. "How nice."

"Yes," agreed Liz. "Very nice. Belinda will be crazy from it."

Bill laid down his fork, aggrieved. "And why not? For gosh sakes, Josephine's a stranger in town. She practically doesn't know anybody, for gosh sakes. Why, it's practically our duty to see that she isn't lonely—"

"Josephine," Liz informed him, "would not be lonely in the wilds of Africa. She'd suddenly find herself able to speak Dyak like a native—"

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"Do you mean to say, Liz Webster," Bill went on, his voice rising to an indignant squeak, "that you aren't going to be nice to that poor girl, for gosh sakes? That you aren't going to speak to her?"

"Oh, I'll speak to her," Liz told him coldly. "I'm civilized, I hope. But we're not obligated to entertain her. That's Sylvia's worry. And besides, Belinda's my friend. After the way Jo cut Belinda out this afternoon—"

Bill was the picture of outraged fair play. "Cut Belinda out? Well, for gosh sakes—she had to meet her mother somewhere. *Girls!"* He glared vindictively at the forkful of potato salad halfway to his mouth, and then bolted it with a suggestion of practiced cannibalism.

"Don't get so excited," his mother told him mildly.

"Excited? Not me! I'm not excited." Of course not. A Webster could face tragedy—nay, even betrayal at the hands of his kith and kin, without flinching. "I'm not excited."

Liz stared grimly at her roast beef and let it go at that. *Boys!*

But the next morning she was happy to learn that she had support in her feelings about Josephine. Solid, substantial masculine support—the kind a girl needs

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Liz shook her head dismally. "I don't understand! She stays just close enough to Bill to keep tab on him. And yet she seems to have just as much fun with the other fellows. Why does she bother with Bill?"

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Did the apple grow as these
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The twisted apple crouches low
In a sheltered place,
As poor bewildered, frightened Eve
Hiding from her outraged Lord;
In storm, it seems to fly, as she
Before the lightning's fiery sword;
Its elbowed-branches crooked to shield,
Its bound feet straining at the sod;
Its shining hair astream upon
The wild breath of an angry God.
Was it the serpent's monstrous coils
That bent the boughs and trunk awry,
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Is Woman.

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Between the

New poems to give wings to your imagination, togeth

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That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
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—William Shakespeare: The Two Gentlemen of Verona



QUIET EVENING

The moon drifts down the sky, veiled in white dreams;
And pungent fragrance from the wood-smoke clings
To the cool west wind that whispering sings.
From many windows gold light softly streams,
Pale shadows deepen into lavender
And loosened from the trees leaves seek the ground
Slowly, reluctantly and without sound,
While overhead young bird-wings faintly stir.
Gay, childish laughter echoes down the street,
Doors stand ajar and mother-faces peer
Into the quiet evening till they hear
That happy music, children's homing feet.

—Edith Tatum

Ted Malone has chosen this month many poems that are old favorites, and new poems that will be favorites

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Some call it fate, and some the hand of God,
And some leave ever unnamed the working out
Of life mysteriously to their good
Or to their harm. But this beyond a doubt
I know is more than casual accident:
Your being, through the years, lover in friend,
And friend in lover, listening when I call,
Your keeping faithful until life shall end.

—Elaine V. Emans

SHIP'S LANTERN

These mountains hold some kinship to the sea.
The wind speaks, here, of distance it has spanned.
Above these heights the stars wheel ceaselessly
In steadfast paths that sailors understand.
And never did the fabled ports of old
Store richer cargoes than the autumn spills
When frost pours out its treasure-laden hold
Of jeweled splendor all along the hills.
Sweet distance lures the dreamer to clean heights
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And it is fitting that, long journeys past,
This lantern burns in anchorage, at last.

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RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Bookends

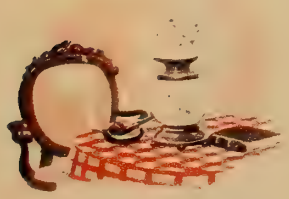
ith lovely lines from the past that perhaps you've forgotten

GIRL AND ORCHARD

Her blue dress blows by the wall, and far-off hazes
Build on the west a wall of greater range;
The orchard sways with fruit on which she gazes
Through wind and pattern-change
The wind is tossing the sudden drift of swallows
Over the hilltop grass that is leaning away;
And something out of her dreaming turns and follows
Something, as sure, must stay.
Hot bees dip in the cups of orchard clover,
Quiet speaks to her with more than sound;
She looks on the laden boughs, then turns to discover
Crimson and gold on the ground.
Together they stand on the hill, each with a reason
For being part of a mood that is touched with glory—
The orchard heavy with fruit, and her own season
Lovely and transitory.
—Glenn Ward Dresbach

UNREGENERATE

In my budding years I thought
Love was all; all else was naught.
Love was more than food and drink
And satin gowns and capes of mink.
Love was everything, said I,
The heart could borrow, beg, or buy.
Love, I vowed, was right and true.
And heaven help me, I still do!
—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith



EVENING SCENE

On all things worn, the night plays tricks.
Lamp light is kinder, by far, than day
To threadbare furniture, scratches, nicks,
In a home where happy children play.
The table that wobbles, the fabric that's torn
Are gently obscured from critical view;
The night is kind to all things worn—
Kind to me, too!
—May Richstone



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, on ABC.

QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE

What husband can, however sage,
Identify the nylon's gauge
Which his good wife, however dumb,
Can spot from here to Kingdom Come?
—W. E. Farbstein



I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously, with the throng.
—Ernest Dowson
Non Sum Qualis Eram

HIS SONG

No longer do we hear him sing
Though he is gallant still and strong;
Surely the Muses to him bring
The melodies he loved so long;
Morning and night we're listening—
In vain, in vain . . . She was his Song.
—Archibald Rutledge

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
—Lord Byron: She Walks In Beauty

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
—Lord Byron: Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

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—Edith Tatum

RADIO MIRROR will pay

FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

GIRL AND ORCHARD

Her blue dress blows by the wall, and far-off haxes
  Build on the west a wall of greater range;
The orchard sways with fruit on which she gazes
  Through wind and pattern-change
The wind is tossing the sudden drift of swallows
  Over the hilltop grass that is leaning away;
And something out of her dreaming turns and follows
  Something, as sure, must stay.
Hot bees dip in the cups of orchard clover,
  Quiet speaks to her with more than sound;
She looks on the laden boughs, then turns to discover
  Crimson and gold on the ground.
Together they stand on the hill, each with a reason
  For being part of a mood that is touched with glory—
The orchard heavy with fruit, and her own season
  Lovely and transitory.

—Glenn Ward Dresbach

UNREGENERATE

In my budding years I thought
Love was all; all else was naught.
Love was more than food and drink
And satin gowns and capes of mink.
Love was everything, said I,
The heart could borrow, beg, or buy.
Love, I vowed, was right and true.
And heaven help me, I still do!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith



EVENING SCENE

On all things worn, the night plays tricks.
  Lamp light is kinder, by far, than day
To threadbare furniture, scratches, nicks,
  In a home where happy children play.
The table that wobbles, the fabric that's torn
  Are gently obscured from critical view;
The night is kind to all things worn—
  Kind to me, too!

—May Richstone



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, on ABC.

QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE

What husband can, however sage,
Identify the nylon's gauge
Which his good wife, however dumb,
Can spot from here to Kingdom Come?

—W. E. Farbstein

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously, with the throng.

—Ernest Dowson
Non Sum Qualis Eram

HIS SONG

No longer do we hear him sing
Though he is gallant still and strong;
Surely the Muses to him bring
The melodies he loved so long;
Morning and night we're listening--
In vain, in vain . . . She was his Song.

—Archibald Rutledge

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

—Lord Byron: She Walks In Beauty

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—Lord Byron: Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Barry Cameron



The story of a mar

BARRY CAMERON is a returned veteran who has worked out his readjustment problems with common sense—and the help of his lovely wife Anna. Barry's overseas experience — three and a half years of it—has contributed to his advancement at the Johnson Plant, where he is now a rising executive. (Spencer Bentley)

Barry Cameron, conceived and produc

struggles with his heart



ANNA CAMERON, Barry's wife, worked during his overseas service, and has continued to work as a model since his return. Though she has been successful, Anna wants to retire as soon as she can, to devote herself to her husband and to the happy marriage her love and understanding have helped to create. (Florence Williams)

by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard
M., EDT, over NBC network stations

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Barry Cameron, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard



MARAINE CLARK, renowned as one of America's greatest actresses, has burst into the Camerons' lives to play a startling role—that of Barry's long-missing mother. And it isn't play-acting, for Maraine is actually Barry's mother though she kept the fact secret for many years. Maraine is a woman forever unpredictable, always startling—and never dull.
(Played by Dorothy Sands)



VINNIE has been Maraine Clark's maid for a long time. Serving a temperamental, willful woman like Maraine is not the sort of job that would appeal to everyone, but Vinnie finds many compensations in it—for example, caring for the actress's beautiful things. Though she is fired at least once a week, Vinnie has enough sense of humor to take these, and all the other of Maraine's frequent outbursts, in her stride.
(Played by Doris Rich)

JOHN NELSON, the attractive young man who owns the model agency where Anna works, has been the cause of much misunderstanding between the Camerons. Because Anna was very helpful to John in his early struggles to make the agency a success, a close friendship has grown up between them, which has been mistaken for love by several people who don't know either of them too well. Though Barry knows how unfounded such suspicions are, he has sometimes found John a disturbing element to his peace of mind.
(Played by Scott McKay)





MRS. MITCHELL is the motherly owner of the boarding house where the Camerons live. Because she has no children of her own, Mrs. Mitchell has adopted the two young people who occupy the whole top floor of her house, and has made all their doings—all of their failures, successes, problems, and joys—as much a part of her own previously lonely life as though she were in fact an affectionate elderly relative.
(Played by Helen Carewe)



Because both Barry and Anna Cameron are alert, active young people with varied interests and plenty of character, they sometimes find married life not quite as placidly smooth as, ideally, it should be. Anna's career as a model has complicated their lives a bit, and they have also had to contend with all the different pressures that come to bear on any youthful couple who are just beginning to make their way. But Anna and Barry are very much in love. Their faith in each other is a growing thing, already tested by misunderstandings which they have ironed out together. One of their greatest pleasures is breakfasting together, an affectionate interlude which leaves them cheerfully facing the problems of the busy day.



JOSEPHINE WHITFIELD is Barry's aunt, and a very troublesome element indeed in the Cameron household. Motivated by a most unreasoning jealousy of Anna, Josephine tried from the beginning to break up Barry's marriage, and has caused her young nephew and his wife a great deal of unnecessary unhappiness. But her intense remorse for her past misdeeds has earned her the forgiveness of Barry and Anna.
(Played by Elsie Hitz)







WILL STEVENSON is Barry's superior at the Johnson Plant, and Barry is fortunate to have him both as a co-worker and friend, for Will has a good-natured, easy-going temperament which is not easily ruffled or confused. MARTHA (left), Will's wife, doesn't always feel that her husband's forthright, outspoken directness is the right way to handle all situations, but because she has learned to curb the impatience she sometimes feels, theirs has become a truly happy marriage.
(King Calder, Mary Hunter)

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"AT FIRST SIGHT—



"That musician," June's family called Bob—but that was years ago.

Love at first sight? Look at June and Bob Crosby, who went from that first heart-stopping moment into a serene and lasting happiness

By
Mrs. BOB CROSBY

FOR a long, long time I have refused to tell the story of the way I met Bob Crosby, how we fell in love at first sight—*really* at first sight—and lived happily ever after.

For one thing there was a fictional quality about the whole proceeding which—if it *had* been fiction—would have bounced it back in my lap with a rejection slip marked "not plausible." Also, there is always a question, I guess, of how long is "ever after."

Now, however, when we are old married folks, with seven—almost eight—anniversaries behind us, when we have three children and another one on the way, I feel secure enough in the present and sure enough of the future to recount the whole amazing business—with all the implications it may have for an eighteen-year-old girl that she can, *if* she's as lucky as I was, take one look at a man—*if* he's the right man—and be his forever. (Sorry to be so "iffy," but those ifs are important.)

It happened during Easter vacation in 1936. I was a freshman in Sarah Lawrence college in Bronxville, New York, and had flown home to Chicago to spend the holidays with my parents. It was a very merry week, and I managed to go out dancing every night—with a casual beau. Luckily I was between "engagements."

My beau and I, having "done" all the older night clubs, decided to try the town's newest—the Congress Casino, where Bob Crosby and his band were playing. I had never heard of Bob Crosby, believe it or not, and, yes, I made the usual and tiresome remark that he probably was just trading on the reputation of the Crosby I *had* heard of. The band probably couldn't play anything but waltzes. But I would go if everybody else wanted to. We could always leave if we didn't like it. Besides, Bob Crosby was Bing's brother, the gang told me—that almost made the trip worthwhile. I certainly didn't dream, at that time, that I would be spending the rest of my vacation within hand-holding range of the bandstand.

I didn't notice Bob in particular, at first. But I liked the band. They all looked so happy.

"For once," I remarked, "here is a bunch of musicians who look as though they're glad to be here—as though they enjoy their work."

And then I got a good look at Bob.

"Well now," I said to myself, "that is not hard to take. Not hard to take at all.

and Forever!"



"Let's dance up closer to the bandstand," I added aloud.

We danced back and forth in front of the band—in front of Bob, for he was all I saw—the rest of the evening. And I guess—from what happened later—that he saw me too.

The next night I inveigled my friend into taking me back to the Casino—the music, I said, was so much better than anywhere else. And we danced back and forth in front of the band again.

About midnight—I had gone to the powder room to make repairs—a girl I didn't know came up to me and asked a couple of very odd questions.

"Were you here last night?"

"Did you have on a black suit with lynx collar?"

Then came the $64 question, the oddest of all:

"Would you like to meet Bob Crosby?"

I didn't answer. You can't talk with your mouth wide open, you know. So she explained. She was the publicity director for the hotel. Bob had looked her up, explained that he had noticed me the night before—wanted very much to meet me. Her instructions were to stand by in the girls' room until I put in an appearance, and then to arrange an introduction.

I was sure there was a joker in the deck somewhere, but I promised to come into the lobby at the next intermission.

When the time came, I was surer than ever that one of my friends was playing a joke on me. So I excused myself and slipped off alone—at least if I were going to be humiliated it wouldn't be in front of my escort.

I walked into the lobby feeling very silly indeed—but I needn't have, for there waiting by a pillar stood my new acquaintance from the powder room and my dream man, Bob Crosby, himself.

I didn't have time to be embarrassed. He was charming to me and insisted that at the next intermission he would be delighted to meet my friends. Perhaps, he suggested, we (*Continued on page* 78)

ONCE WE'RE

AN AUNT JENNY

AT FIRST, Phil Ruskin and Sally Burnett were just two of the many of Littleton's young people who often drop into my house looking for cookies or advice, or both, or just for the fun they seem to get out of meeting there. But I soon realized that Phil and Sally were in love, and as soon as I knew that, I knew, too, that there was trouble ahead. For Phil's father, Berg Ruskin, was president of the bank and his mother one of Littleton's social leaders, while Sally was definitely "from the other side of the tracks." And trouble, as I expected, came.

In the first place. Phil, just home from the Army, had always been very much under the thumbs of his parents. He was all for eloping with Sally and telling his parents afterwards. But Sally—very wisely—would have none of that. She knew it would start their marriage off on the wrong footing. She insisted that Phil tell his mother and father that he and Sally were in love, and were going to be married. Finally, she and I persuaded Phil that Sally was right—but unfortunately, the night before Phil planned to tell his parents, Sally's brother was arrested—he had driven the car for two robbers who held up a diner in Littleton. Oliver insisted that he didn't know what the men were doing in the diner, and nearly everyone in Littleton believed him. But, as Phil pointed out that evening, it certainly didn't help any in telling his parents that he wanted to marry Oliver's sister, Sally. Sally and Phil had a bad argument at my house that night, but Phil finally did go off to tell his parents.

Of course, they raised violent objections. And the next day, Berg Ruskin called Sally down to his office and told her that he would get her brother released if she would refuse to marry Phil. Of course, Sally said no—it was a hard decision, but she had to make it—she couldn't make a bargain like that. And that night at my house, Phil and Sally argued again—this time because of Phil's very obvious reluctance to marry Sally at once. He wanted to wait. He had told his parents, but he didn't want to add another blow by marrying Sally at once. And the argument ended with Sally's breaking the engagement.

It was one day a little later, that, not knowing that Phil hadn't heard about it, his mother told him about his father's offer to Sally to help her brother if she would give Phil up. Oliver had already been released from prison because of lack of evidence that he was actually involved in the robbery. And, of course, it seemed to Phil that that was the reason that Sally had broken the engagement—that she had accepted Berg's offer!

It meant to Phil that Sally's feeling for him had never been strong enough to come before her feeling for her family.

Sally told me how she had made Ernie leave the Log Cabin before Phil saw her there with him one night



Sally and Phil had to find their happiness.

And what was the measure of it? The warmth of kisses,

perhaps? Or the peace of a free conscience?

MARRIED_

REAL LIFE STORY



ONCE WE'RE MARRIED_

AN AUNT JENNY REAL LIFE STORY

AT FIRST, Phil Ruskin and Sally Burnett were just two of the many of Littleton's young people who often drop into my house looking for cookies or advice, or both, or just for the fun they seem to get out of meeting there. But I soon realized that Phil and Sally were in love, and as soon as I knew that, I knew, too, that there was trouble ahead. For Phil's father, Berg Ruskin, was president of the bank and his mother one of Littleton's social leaders, while Sally was definitely "from the other side of the tracks." And trouble, as I expected, came.

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After that night, Phil Ruskin provided the Littleton gossips—and I'm not denying that there are a few—with something to talk about. He gave up his job at the bank, or I should say he didn't so much give it up as never go back to it. "Why should I work?" he said to Ed Horton, the bartender at the Smoke Shop. "My father's the richest man in town—ask him, he'll tell you so himself—and I've got a thousand dollars of my own I saved up while I was in the Army. With all that, why should I work?" He looked down at his glass, saw that it was empty, and tapped it against the polished wood of the bar. Ed filled it up again.

THAT story, along with a good many others, got around. I heard that Phil usually wasn't seen anywhere until late in the afternoon, when he would appear at the Smoke Shop and start drinking. Later on, he might go next door to the pool room, and stay there until it closed. Or he'd call up some girl and ask her to go with him out to the Log Cabin. He didn't have a car of his own, and he couldn't get his father's, but that didn't bother him. There were always boys or men around the Smoke Shop to give him a lift if he wanted to go anywhere. They weren't the ones he had been friends with before he went into the Army, but he seemed to be companionable enough with them now.

No one in town dared to say anything to Berg or Helen Ruskin about him. No one at all.

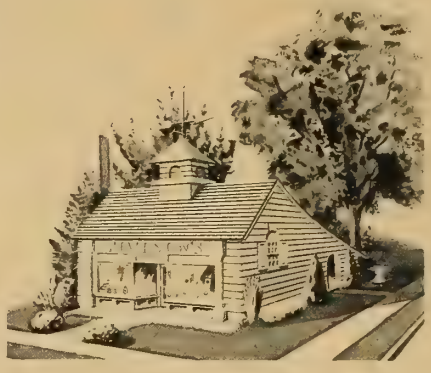
They showed how proud they could be, in those days. Berg went to the bank at the usual time every day, walking as erect and prim as ever, nodding to the people he knew and looking straight through those he didn't. Before Phil started his drinking, Berg had been invited to make a speech at the monthly meeting of the Lunch Service Club, and he made it, standing there in his dark grey suit and white shirt and neat polka-dot tie, talking about how much Littleton needed a new library. It was a good speech, too. Helen went right ahead with her Church Guild and Orphan's Home work, and when it was her turn to have the bridge club meeting at her house she served chicken patties and mocha pecan cake, and made just as fine a hostess as she ever had. She was showing the strain, though. She had begun looking her fifty years while Phil was overseas; then, when he first returned, she had brightened up again, but now the strained lines around her mouth were back. And whenever I talked to her I got the impression that she wasn't really listening to what I said.

There aren't many different places you can go to in Littleton, and Phil and Sally were bound to meet at one of them, sooner or later. The only reason the meeting didn't happen before it did was that Sally tried her best to avoid it. She and Ernie Meadows, she told me one day, were at the Log Cabin one night when Phil came in, but luckily Sally saw him and was able to persuade Ernie to leave before Phil caught sight of them.

She wasn't quick enough, the first Friday night in June when Cotter's Pavilion opened.

The Pavilion has a dance floor, open at the sides but with a striped awning over it. You can buy beer and soft drinks and sandwiches, and eat them at little tables set around under the tall poplar and cottonwood trees, and on a spring or summer night it's a pleasant place to go—even for old folks like me. This year the dance floor had been enlarged and an orchestra hired from Metropole, and the weather was as soft and warm as summer, so a good crowd turned out.

Sally was with Ernie Meadows again. She'd been going out with him a good deal—not steadily, but oftener than with anyone else. He was a nice boy, it seemed to me—honest and good-natured, with a wide grin—and it was plain he thought a good deal of Sally. As for Sally herself—well, who could tell what she was thinking, under her gaiety?



Once We're Married is a brand new Aunt Jenny story. Listen daily to Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories, broadcast every Monday through Friday, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

They danced, and sat at their table and talked, and Ernie told Sally that he was in line for a better job at the power company. He might have said more, only just then Phil was standing beside them. He'd come out from Littleton with two other fellows from the Smoke Shop, and Sally hadn't seen them arrive.

"Hello, Sally," he said. "How's everything?"

Sally looked up at him, and for a minute she couldn't speak. She had thought it was all over between them; she'd done her crying, all alone by herself, and then she'd lifted her chin and gone out to build whatever kind of life she could. She had trained herself to see him on the street or across a dance floor, and not to show that she cared, but instead, as unobtrusively as possible, to avoid coming face to face with him. But now, at the sound of his voice, blurred as it was with liquor, her knees turned weak and words stuck in her throat.

Ernie Meadows jumped up, all politeness. He didn't know there was any connection between Phil and Sally; not very many people in town did. He didn't even know who Phil was, because he'd lived in Littleton only a year.

Sally found her voice. "Hello, Phil," she said. "Do—do you know Ernie Meadows? Ernie, this is Phil Ruskin."

Phil had been drinking, but he had sense enough to shake Ernie's hand when it was offered. He didn't have the sense to go away right afterwards, though. "Mind if I sit here with you for a while?" he asked Ernie. "Sally and I are old friends, and we haven't seen each other in a long, *long* time."

Ernie didn't see Sally's quick, involuntary gesture of protest. "Why—why, sure," he said, puzzled but still polite, and he drew up a chair from another table. Phil sat down.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I've got a feeling that Sally's been trying hard *not* to see me. How about it, Sally? Haven't you?"

Below the surface of the table, Sally's hands gripped the edge of her chair, hard. She wanted to leap to her feet and run away, as far and as fast as she could—away from Phil's handsome, flushed face, the odor of liquor on his breath when he leaned toward her, the reproach of his presence in this condition. She wanted to run away—but another part of her wanted to stay and put her arms around Phil and press his head against her breast, kissing away the torment that had brought him here.

"You see?" Phil said to Ernie when she didn't answer. "She practically admits she's been avoiding me." He shook his head in owlish reproach. "Bad, very bad. I wouldn't have thought Sally'd forget her old friends. She's a very loyal person. But maybe—" His voice lost its ponderous mockery and turned hard and brittle. "Maybe it's only her family she's loyal to!"

Sally's breath caught raggedly in her throat, and she shrank back against her chair. She couldn't take in the full meaning of Phil's taunt—not yet. She only knew that it was cruel and horrible, that he'd said it because he wanted to hurt her.

And of course Ernie was completely at sea. He looked from one of them to the other in amazement, and then he said loudly, "Look here, Ruskin—I don't know what all this is about, but you'd better stop annoying Sally unless you want a punch in the jaw."

Phil paid no attention. "How *is* Oliver?" he asked Sally. "How's he getting (*Continued on page* 80)

A "MY TRUE STORY"

Wonderful Day



The real-life experience in Wonderful Day is adapted from the script "Balanced Dinner", written for My True Story (heard on ABC, 10 A.M. ET, 9 A.M. CT, 11:30 A.M. MT, and 10:30 A.M. PT., every Monday through Friday).

"DON'T do anything. Don't worry about anything!" Doctor Peters had ordered.

But how can you stop worrying—especially when you have carried the load I had for seven years?

I turned, fretfully, nervously on the clean, hot, white sands of Laguna Beach, easing the shoulder-strap slightly off one reddened shoulder. Easy enough for the doctor to advise complete relaxation, but he had no concept of the nerves inside me that quivered to be on the move, that tensed and would not let me relax.

A big breaker broke and foamed up on the beach, curling around the little sand piles nearly at my feet. But I barely heard the crash of waters or

the mournful cries of the sea gulls or the faraway voices of the other bathers dotting the beach.

Much clearer in my ears—though he was miles away in Los Angeles—was the habitual fussy scolding of Mr. Jensen in the bakery shop where I worked. From habit, even now, I caught myself listening for his dread "Miss Ballin! There's a customer up front—!"

Or else I was wondering what was happening at home. Was Mother running up bills, going on one of her "splurges" in her usual impractical fashion?—now that I wasn't there to watch the budget? Were Jim and John, the twins, in trouble again with the neighbors? Was Flick, my pretty, flighty sister, getting out of hand? Poor Dad had been in a wheel-chair these past seven years and I had taken his place as head of the family. Was Flick too much for him to control?

I buried my head in the sand, while I tried, unsuccessfully, to blot out all thoughts of Mr. Jensen—of Mother—of Flick. My hair jerked loose from its smooth net and from long habit I started to train it back in its usual severe manner.

My back was to the ocean or I might have seen it coming. But there was no warning. I was helpless to move, with my hands upraised to my head—when the huge wave broke—swept far up the beach—and my first warning was an icy drenching, me, blanket and all!

"Oh! Oh—my shoes—!" I grabbed for the floating sandals, scrambling gracelessly to my feet, making futile darts for suntan oil, sun glasses, candy bar. I jerked the blanket, but it held fast.

"Let go!" I yelled to the figure lying prone on one corner of it. The wave receded quickly, but this man—obviously one of the strong swimmers who "ride" the breakers in—had been left behind in its wake. "Get off!"

HE TURNED his breathless face up to me.

"Hi!" he panted. He seemed very comfortable, where he was. "That was a lulu. Did you see me come in?—did you see that bonny wave take me clear out from by that raft and carry me in right up onto your blanket?"

"No, I didn't," I said, crossly. "Just look at my shoes!" I held up the soggy cloth sandals. "And my bottle of nail polish is full of sand—you and your wave! Get off that blanket—it's all wet and I want to get into the sun and out of danger. There may be another one coming!"

He hoisted his long, lean frame up slowly. He studied me gravely, but there was laughter behind his soberness. I fussed a little under his stare, remembering the disorderly cloud of my hair and that my nose was beginning to peel just a little. It was hard to hang on to my dignity.

He took one corner of the blanket and flapped the sand off it with a quick, strong movement of his hand. His red hair stood up on end.

"There's a problem here, Angus." He pretended to be talking to himself. "Can I go off and leave this girl in her unhappy illusion? It's plain she thinks the ocean is something to look at and the sand is something to curl up in with a good book. That's a terrible state of affairs. Here she is—a visitor—and here I am with my duty staring me straight in the face. She's got to be educated."

I was edging away from him a little, not sure what he had in mind. He was bundling my junk up inside the blanket and I wanted to stop him—but somehow I couldn't.

"You see how it is," he told me, with that laughter still peeping out of his eyes, "I can't go off and leave you worrying about such things as wet blankets and such trifles. I'm going to have to make an ocean swimmer out of you." Before I could protest he had flung my rolled-up blanket behind a rock and had grabbed my hand, pulling me behind him toward the water.

I tried to make him stop. Why,



It was so different, this whole exciting morning!

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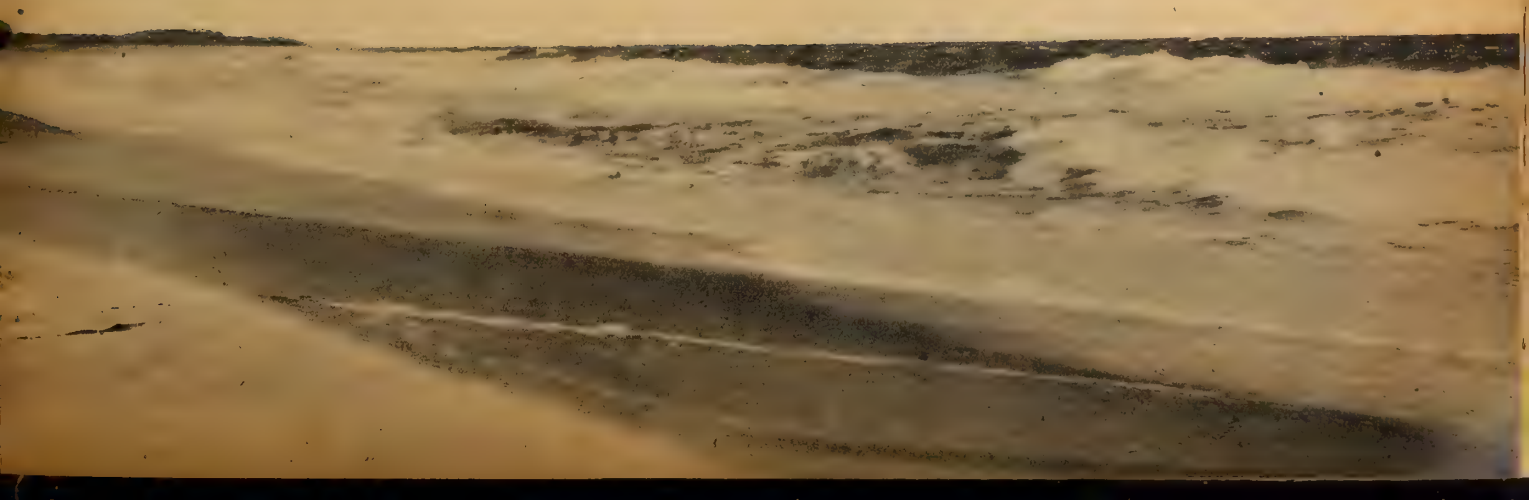
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the mournful cries of the sea gulls or the faraway voices of the other bathers dotting the beach.

Much clearer in my ears—though he was miles away in Los Angeles—was the habitual fussy scolding of Mr. Jensen in the bakery shop where I worked. From habit, even now, I caught myself listening for his dread "Miss Ballin! There's a customer up front—!"

Or else I was wondering what was happening at home. Was Mother running up bills, going on one of her "splurges" in her usual impractical fashion?—now that I wasn't there to watch the budget? Were Jim and John, the twins, in trouble again with the neighbors? Was Flick, my pretty, flighty sister, getting out of hand? Poor Dad had been in a wheel-chair these past seven years and I had taken his place as head of the family. Was Flick too much for him to control?

I buried my head in the sand, while I tried, unsuccessfully, to blot out all thoughts of Mr. Jensen—of Mother—of Flick. My hair jerked loose from its smooth net and from long habit I started to train it back in its usual severe manner.

My back was to the ocean or I might have seen it coming. But there was no warning. I was helpless to move, with my hands upraised to my head—when the huge wave broke—swept far up the beach—and my first warning was an icy drenching, me, blanket and all!

"Oh! Oh—my shoes—!" I grabbed for the floating sandals, scrambling gracelessly to my feet, making futile darts for suntan oil, sun glasses, candy bar. I jerked the blanket, but it held fast.

"Let go!" I yelled to the figure lying prone on one corner of it. The wave receded quickly, but this man—obviously one of the strong swimmers who "ride" the breakers in—had been left behind in its wake. "Get off!"

HE TURNED his breathless face up to me.

"Hi!" he panted. He seemed very comfortable, where he was. "That was a lulu. Did you see me come in?—did you see that bonny wave take me clear out from by that raft and carry me in right up onto your blanket?"

"No, I didn't," I said, crossly. "Just look at my shoes!" I held up the soggy cloth sandals. "And my bottle of nail polish is full of sand—you and your wave! Get off that blanket—it's all wet and I want to get into the sun and out of danger. There may be another one coming!"

He hoisted his long, lean frame up slowly. He studied me gravely, but there was laughter behind his soberness. I fussed a little under his stare, remembering the disorderly cloud of my hair and that my nose was beginning to peel just a little. It was hard to hang on to my dignity.

He took one corner of the blanket and flapped the sand off it with a quick, strong movement of his hand. His red hair stood up on end.

"There's a problem here, Angus." He pretended to be talking to himself. "Can I go off and leave this girl in her unhappy illusion? It's plain she thinks the ocean is something to look at and the sand is something to curl up in with a good book. That's a terrible state of affairs. Here she is—a visitor—and here I am with my duty staring me straight in the face. She's got to be educated."

I was edging away from him a little, not sure what he had in mind. He was bundling my junk up inside the blanket and I wanted to stop him—but somehow I couldn't.

"You see how it is," he told me, with that laughter still peeping out of his eyes, "I can't go off and leave you worrying about such things as wet blankets and such trifles. I'm going to have to make an ocean swimmer out of you." Before I could protest he had flung my rolled-up blanket behind a rock and had grabbed my hand, pulling me behind him toward the water.

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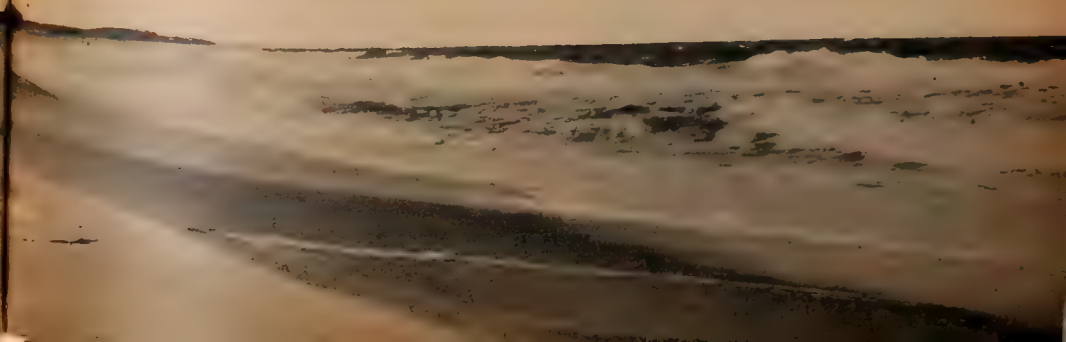
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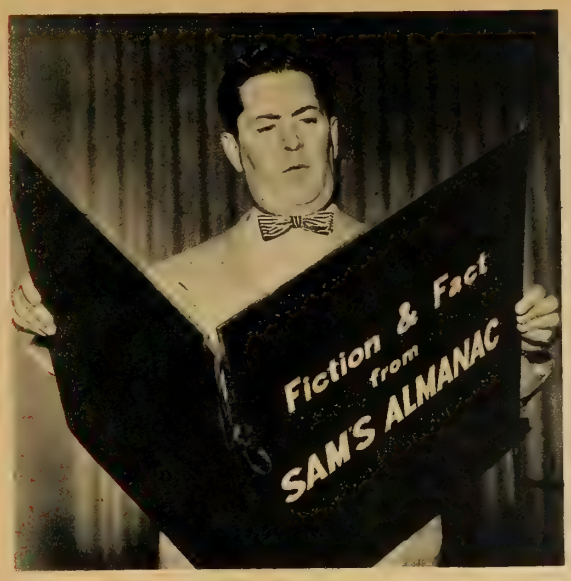
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The BREAK

This hour-long breakfast time show has been starting the coast-to-coast day right for many years



Sam Cowling's Almanac offers wisdom for those not laughing too hard to hear it.



Music winds in and out and around the rest of the program, some of it provided by the rhythm quartet called the Vagabonds.



Cruising Crooner Owens finds a dream girl of any age, sings tenderly to her alone.

SPONTANEOUS as the first spring flower, always funny and frequently rising to great heights of wit, ABC's thirteen-year-old Breakfast Club comes on morning after morning in the same format, more or less. But because it is largely unrehearsed (those portions of it involving the studio audience are completely unrehearsed) there is always room for some bit of madness, some wild surprising gaiety which m.c. Don McNeill culls from the always-enthusiastic studio audience or makes up as he goes along, out of whatever happens to catch his fancy.

Don McNeill started his radio career as an announcer, but he's been an m.c. for, by his own figures, around 4,400 microphone hours. He's never late, seldom absent, and has taken only brief vacations, and still his adlibbing has a freshness and liveliness that less experienced m.c.'s envy.

Aunt Fanny was born by accident, one day in a Waterloo, Iowa radio station, when singer Fran Allison was called on to say a few words between songs. She is now a composite of so many Ioway ladies remembered by Fran from her growing-up days out there that Fran's mother is in a perpetual dither for fear one of her friends is going to recognize herself in one of Aunt Fanny's outrageous caricatures. But so far it hasn't happened.

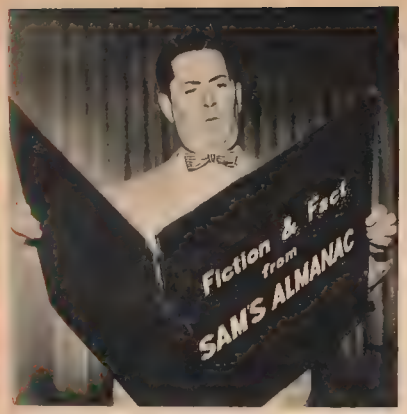
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FAST CLUB



DON McNEILL, The Breakfast Club's Master of Ceremonies, runs through his hour-long program day after day without benefit of script-writers, manufacturing dialogue as he goes along out of whatever happens to strike his fancy. He can do this not only because he's been doing it for years, and not only because the rest of the Club's cast cooperates so enthusiastically, but because he has a large measure of that special talent, indispensable to m.c.'s, of setting his unrehearsed audience guests completely at ease before the mike. The Breakfast Club's kind of fun is friendly, unpretentious—the let's-all-join-in kind that everyone enjoys. The Breakfast Club is heard every Monday through Saturday morning at 8 PDT. 8 MDT, 8 CDT. 9 EDT. over ABC.

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During the Breakfast Club's second quarter hour there is no clowning. This is when the studio audience, the cast, and many listeners at home bow their heads in prayer. A hymn of the day, chosen from among favorite hymns of all religions, follows.

Jack Owens has been the screen singing voice of many a Hollywood star. And to his composing credit there's a long list of smash-hit songs: "Louisiana Lullaby", "I Dood It", "The Hut-Sut Song". He's been the Cruising Crooner since 1944, but he still writes a song a week.

Ilene Woods, only nineteen, became a singer in spite of the strenuous efforts of her mother, a professional singer, to steer her along other paths. Ilene came to the Breakfast Club via several ABC programs and a bond tour with Paul Whiteman.

Nancy Martin, who was voted the Best Woman Singer of Popular Songs a while ago in a radio-listener poll, does a lot of things besides singing. She's a wife, a swimmer, and a writer of poetry, fiction and songs, several of which have been published.

Aunt Fanny, played by radio actress Fran Allison, makes herself generally useful in the program's fun department.



Some days the romantic music is sung by pretty Ilene Woods—





Aunt Fanny and Sam Cowling produce some of the show's most hilarious moments, full of country-style words and music.

—And some days the songs are sung by pretty Nancy Martin.



Around the studio breakfast table go the marchers, and around their own tables at home go many listeners!



Life can be



Ralph Locke plays Papa David in Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker.

Radio Mirror Offers one hundred dollars each month for your *Life Can Be Beautiful Letters*

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? For the letter Papa David considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received during the month which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

IF you have faith that a *good life* is within the grasp of anyone who wants it, then *your* Life Can Be Beautiful. This does not mean that an existence free of any hardships or unhappiness can be had at will, only that beauty dwells in unexpected places—unexpected situations, and it is up to each one of us to seek it out. As a wise poet once said, "Beauty and truth are worthy to be sought."

And when troubles come, as come they do to all of us, don't give way to despair. More often than most people realize, the compensation of suffering is that it brings us to a greater appreciation of our blessings.

O beautiful in this living that passes like the foam,
It is to go with sorrow, yet come with beauty home.

Hardly a day passes that I don't find proof of this in my own life or the lives of my friends and neighbors. I was discussing it with the tobacconist from around the corner quite recently. He is a widower, whose daughter Harriet, an unusually gifted girl who had been given every possible advantage of education, became blind about a year ago. After much suffering and illness, a series of successful operations restored her sight. And now Harriet is *glad* of the experience!

"All my life I will be more thankful, more grateful for the precious gift of sight because I was once without it," she told her father. "All my life I will have more sympathy and more understanding for the blind because I know what it is like to be blind."

I was filled with thankfulness when the tobacconist repeated these words—the thankfulness I always experience when hearing that one more person has learned the joyous secret—*Life Can Be Beautiful.* It is the same thankfulness I feel at the deluge of inspiring letters which you have sent to me—letters that are a tribute to the philosophy of life which is the moving spirit of our radio program. I only wish we could print them all, but, since that is impossible, here are the ones selected as the most fitting testimonials that *Life Can Be Beautiful.*

This first one, from a young woman, I have chosen as the best letter sent by a reader this month, and to the writer of it goes RADIO MIRROR'S check for $100.00—and gratitude from all of us for sharing her experience with us.

Beautiful

The letter Papa David chooses this month tells how happiness was fought for, and gained, through a wise friend's guidance

A Wise Teacher

Dear Papa David:

When I was twenty-two months of age, I was a victim of that dreaded child disease infantile paralysis which left me with a shortened leg and a badly twisted right foot. I was unable to walk until I was almost nine years old; by that time I was very self-conscious about my affliction. I hated the thought of starting to school. I shunned the other children and only watched when they played, although they asked me to join in.

One day our teacher, to whom I think I owe more than anyone else, announced that our room was to put on a forty-five minute program at the high school. I could hardly believe my ears when Mrs. Thomas said that she was giving me the leading part in the play. I begged her not to, but to no avail.

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Two weeks later our play was presented with huge success. When I left the stage Mrs. Thomas was waiting for me. "Darling, you were wonderful," she exclaimed, and to prove she really meant it, before that term of school was out she had put me in nine forty-five minute programs. Almost unnoticed by me she managed to dress me each time in the first five plays so that no one would know I was a cripple. But the last four I played my part in very short little girl dresses. I pleaded with her not to put me in those roles but she only smiled and said, "Honey, you have been my very best little actress and you won't let me down now, will you?"

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I finished school at the age of sixteen, went to the city and took a good job. In less than a year I met and married the best man in the world I think. We have a darling baby girl and a lovely little home.

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And here are other letters, each of them a lesson in life. To the writers of each of these, RADIO MIRROR has mailed fifteen-dollar checks.

Help From Within

Dear Papa David:

For six years I let a "sorry complex" nag my life. My first memory was the day on which my teen-age husband was drowned. I felt I was bearing all the grief of the world. Later when my son was born, my joy was over-shadowed by my feeling of utter loneliness and I cursed the fate that placed me alone to raise my child. I had plenty to look ahead to, but I preferred to look back.

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NEVER out of Season



Solid goodness—that's what you buy from your frozen food dealer. He has everything that you need for a meal, from start to finish.

SUMMER wouldn't be summer without fried chicken, but there are sultry days when the labor of cleaning and disjointing the bird does detract from its appeal. That is why the return to our markets of quick frozen fryers is such good news, for the frozen fowl is beautifully cleaned and singed and is cut to provide eight generous portions. For dinner in a hurry, for dinner with a minimum of time spent in the warmth of the kitchen, and for dinner which your family will call the best ever, serve Fried Chicken Southern Style or Buttermilk Fried Chicken and as an accompaniment to either one, try creamed peas or sour cream succotash.

Fried Chicken, Southern Style

1 quick frozen frying chicken (about 2 lbs.)
1 cup flour
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
Shortening

Thaw chicken enough to separate pieces. Roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Heat sizzling hot about ½ inch shortening in heavy skillet. Place chicken in fat and fry slowly 25 to 30 minutes, or until tender, turning to brown delicately on both sides. Arrange on hot platter. Garnish with halved orange slices and water cress.

Buttermilk Fried Chicken

Follow directions for fried chicken southern style, but after thawing dip chicken into buttermilk before rolling in flour.

Creamed Peas

1 (10 oz.) package quick-frozen peas
4 tbls. shortening
2 tbls. minced onion
3 tbls. flour
1¾ cups milk
¼ cup vegetable liquor or vegetable liquor and milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook peas according to directions on the box. While they are cooking, saute onion in shortening until tender and golden. Add flour and stir to a paste. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook gently 2 minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Measure liquor drained from cooked vegetables, adding milk, if necessary, to make up the amount. Add to white sauce and blend. Season with salt and pepper. Mix lightly with drained peas. Serve hot.

Sour Cream Succotash

1 pkge. quick frozen string beans
1 pkge. quick frozen corn
1 tbls. shortening
4 tbls. minced onion
1 tbls. flour
½ cup vegetable liquor
¼ cup sour cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine corn and beans and cook as directed on package. While they are cooking saute onion in shortening until clear and golden. Add flour and stir to a paste. Add ¼ cup liquor from corn and beans and cook, stirring constantly, until well blended, about 2 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in sour cream. Add salt and pepper to taste. Combine sour cream mixture with cooked corn and beans, heat piping hot and serve at once.

Another quick frozen treat is chicken a la king, and I am putting it on my list of favorites not only because it is delicious, but because it can be served in so many ways. For instance:

Bake a corn meal short cake, a large one or small individual cakes, using a prepared corn muffin mix. Fill and top with piping hot chicken a la king.

Stir up a batch of corn meal waffles and top them with chicken a la king.

Make a ring of cooked rice or noodles, fill the center with chicken a la king and all plates will be passed back for more.



KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EDT.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
	8:30	CBS:	Country Journal
	8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
	9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	CBS:	Renfrew Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	NBC:	NBC String Trio
	9:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
	10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	MBS:	Chaplain Jim
8:00	10:00	NBC:	Eternal Light
		MBS:	Pro Arte Quartet
8:05	10:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	NBC:	NBC Concert Orchestra
		MBS:	Lutheran Hour
10:00		ABC:	String Orchestra
		ABC:	Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	CBS:	People's Platform
	12:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
		NBC:	America United
	12:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
		MBS:	Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		MBS:	Sweetheart Time
11:00		NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	MBS:	Songs Along the Trail
		ABC:	Warriors of Peace
		CBS:	Reader's Digest
		ABC:	Dorothy Claire, songs
11:30	1:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
11:15		ABC:	National Vespers
		ABC:	Bill Cunningham, news
		MBS:	The World Tomorrow
		MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	CBS:	Columbia Broadcasting Symphony
12:00	2:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
12:15		ABC:	Galen Drake
		ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
		ABC:	Johnny Thompson and Ilena Woods
		CBS:	Columbia Workshop
1:00	3:00	NBC:	The National Hour
1:00	3:00	ABC:	Stump the Authors
		MBS:	Murder Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill
12:30		ABC:	Right Down Your Alley
		MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
7:30		ABC:	Darts for Dough
		MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
2:30		CBS:	Gene Autry
1:30		ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	CBS:	Silver Theatre
2:00	5:00	ABC:	Stairway to the Stars
		MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
		ABC:	Phil Davis
		MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
9:00		CBS:	Gene Autry
		MBS:	Star Show
8:30	6:30	ABC:	The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	NBC:	Alec Templeton
		MBS:	Mediation Board
4:00		ABC:	Ford Hour
		MBS:	Don't Be a Sucker
8:00	7:00	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
8:55	7:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
5:00	8:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	ABC:	Louella Parson's Show
6:30	8:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
5:30		ABC:	Former Mayor LaGuardia
		MBS:	Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
5:45	8:30	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
6:00	9:00	ABC:	Mystery Hour
7:00	9:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
7:30	9:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	CBS:	We the People
		MBS:	Serenade for Strings
	10:30	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:15		ABC:	Orson Welles
10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



NEVER WASTES TIME

Alfred Drake, who's holding down the singing m. c. job on the summer edition of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour (ABC, 8 P. M. EDT) almost became an opera singer. He and his brother both entered the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air contest together. Alfred's brother won the contest. You hear him, now, as Arthur Kent, of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Alfred Drake didn't lose any time weeping over his disappointment, however. He went after Broadway musical work and radio and wound up as the singing lead in the now almost legendary musical, "Oklahoma."

Alfred and Arthur both started out in Brooklyn with the patronym Cappura. They both showed their talent for singing quite early. And they both started their careers very early, singing in the churches in their neighborhood—for pay, which they were glad to get because it helped to pay for their singing lessons. They changed their names, because after a while they fell into the hands of an enterprising agent, who insisted that they must have an American name, since the big rage in singers then was for Americans. Since they often went to the same places for jobs, they decided to take different last names. Therefore the Alfred Drake and the Arthur Kent.

Alfred is fully trained for Opera. He's a fine linguist, having given in to his parents' wishes to the degree of going through college with the apparent aim of becoming a language teacher.

Shortly after his graduation from college, and after a brief spell with a Gilbert and Sullivan company, Alfred was hired as an understudy to William Gaxton in "White Horse Inn," which some of you may remember as a fantastically lavish presentation at the Center Theatre in New York, a theater where the stage is a good block away from the last row. Quite against all the rules in real theater—only in the movies do understudies ever get a chance—Alfred had to sing and play Gaxton's part for eleven days.

After that Mr. Drake made Broadway history by becoming one of the busiest actor-singers in the business. He can look back to "Babes in Arms," "Straw Hat Revue," "Two for the Show," and "Sing Out Sweet Land." After his success in "Oklahoma" Hollywood caught up with him and he now has a contract to work six months in the film city and, if he chooses, six months in New York. His first film was "Tars and Spars." His next will be a picture with Rita Hayworth.

Alfred Drake is married to the former Harvey Brown, who sang in the ensemble of "Oklahoma." They have a baby daughter named Candace, Candy for short.

Monday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time	
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS: This Is New York
		9:15	MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC: My True Story
		10:00	NBC: Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Light of the World
		10:15	MBS: Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC: Road of Life
		10:30	MBS: Married For Life
		10:45	ABC: Policewomen
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS: Elsa Maxwell
		11:30	CBS: Tena and Tim
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC: Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
		12:15	MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC: At Your Request
		12:30	MBS: U. S. Naval Academy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS: Naval Academy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:15	MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Time to Remember
12:00	2:00	2:45	NBC: Masquerade
		3:00	ABC: Al Pearce Show
		3:00	CBS: You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Woman of America
		3:00	MBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS: Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: House Party
		4:00	MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC: Allen Prescott
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS: Johnson Family
		4:30	ABC: Our Singing Land
		4:30	CBS: Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS: Mutual's Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS: Superman
		5:15	CBS: Woman's Club
		5:30	MBS: Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Front Page Farrell
5:45	4:45	5:45	ABC: Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC: Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS: Skyline Roof
10:00		6:45	ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Chesterfield Club
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: Bob Hawk Show
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Forever Ernest
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC: Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC: The O'Neills
8:30		8:30	ABC: Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Night Life
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Sherlock Holmes
		9:00	ABC: I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Benny Goodman
		9:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC: Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
7:00		10:00	ABC: Bill Thompson Show
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program
		10:00	MBS: Your Land and Mine
		10:15	ABC: Ralph Morgan
		10:15	MBS: Jon Gart Trio
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Dr. I. Q.

Tuesday

Eastern Daylight Time

P.D.T.	C.D.T.			
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
8:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:10	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00	MBS:	News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15	CBS:	Patti Clayton
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, Herb Shriner
		8:00	MBS:	Nick Carter
		8:15	ABC:	The O'Neills
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Dark Venture
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theater of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Ed Sullivan
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos & Andy
		9:15	ABC:	Eugenie Baird
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:10	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Encore Theatre
10:45	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fred Waring
R 6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
7:15		10:00	ABC:	Concert Time
M 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
		10:00	CBS:	Crime Photographer
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Open Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:10	NBC:	Sigmund Romberg
		11:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science



LOVELIEST LOVELY

Milena Miller is an easy client for the publicity boys to handle. Milena, who is now featured songstress on the Music Hall summer show, requires very little build-up. All the boys have to do is send out her picture. And her beauty is widely recognized. Last spring a group of illustrators—which gentlemen, after all, should know a little something about such things—named Milena the most beautiful girl in radio. Look at her picture. What do you think?

Milena came to be a radio singer by a roundabout route. She was born in Mansfield, Ohio, and her very first ambition was to make her mark as a costume designer. The center of such things is New York, so Milena hied herself to New York City when it was time to start her training. She studied at the Traphagen School of Fashion.

While one studies, one usually has to eat. Milena's allowance was nothing very elaborate, so, at the suggestion of some friends, she decided to earn a little extra money modeling. The Harry Conover Model Agency took one look at her and she was promptly put to work. That was in 1941 and, somehow, she began to be on call for modeling jobs so often that she had to skip more classes than seemed sensible. So she gave up the school. Milena never forgot what she had learned, however, and she's still interested enough in designing to design most of her own clothes.

In 1943, Harry Conover suggested that Milena enter an Atlantic City Beauty Contest in which the entrants had to have dramatic or musical ability, as well as beauty. And that's what clinched it for Milena. She won hands down for beauty combined with singing ability.

Unlike so many beauty contest winners, for Milena the breaks began *after* the contest was over. She made her professional debut as a song stylist at a supper club. Shortly afterward she was signed as the permanent vocalist for the Ballantine Show.

Despite the relative ease with which her beauty and talent have led her to a rapid success—a success which promises to go much farther—Milena isn't at all spoiled. That same beauty and talent could provide her with dozens of dates and plenty of fancy beauing, but she limits her time on those things. She still likes to read a great deal and one of her pet forms of relaxation is to sit for hours listening to George Gershwin music. Milena also likes the movies—and it is our guess that before long the movies will be liking her to the tune of a fat contract. She's by way of being a slightly screwball fan about the flickers. Sometimes, when the mood strikes her, she'll go from one theater to the other and see three or four pictures in succession.

Milena says she has some very important plans for her future. It remains for time to tell whether she will change them.

Wednesday

Eastern Daylight Time

P.D.T.	C.D.T.			
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Beautiful Music
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	This Is Your Country
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon MacRae
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15	ABC:	The O'Neills
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Life in Your Hands
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	McGarry and His Mouse
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Bob Crosby Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	So You Want to Lead a Band?
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Sports Review
		10:00	MBS:	Endorsed by Dorsey
7:10	9:30	10:30	CBS:	David Rose Orchestra
		10:30	MBS:	Bill McCune's Orchestra
		10:30	ABC:	Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Remember?
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	5:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Meredith Willson
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
5:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Olmstead Playhouse
		8:30	MBS:	Rogue's Gallery
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eva Arden
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Curtain Time, drama
		10:00	MBS:	Beatrice Kay Show
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:10	ABC:	Here's Morgan
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Leo Elgart's Orchestra



QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

Recently, Nannette Sargent pulled a switch that could only happen in radio. For the past five years, Nannette has played the role of the baby, Paulette Henderson, in the Ma Perkins show. She made the first baby cry, which was all the part called for in the beginning, and worked steadily through the part to the present age of the script baby, about five years. And then, a few weeks ago, Nannette was shifted to playing the part of the baby's mother.

This is no unusual thing for Nannette. She's one of the most versatile actresses in radio. She can and does portray characters from day-old babies to eighty-year-old women. As leading lady for WGN's Mystery House, she's called on to enact a wide variety of women, from sweet young things to hardened criminals. Not long ago, in three consecutive broadcasts of ABC's Curtain Time, she played a baby, a twenty-two-year-old girl and an eighty-year-old woman.

An injured back and a dare are the cause of it all, Nannette says. Nannette, who was born in Montpelier, Ohio, and went through High School there, started her professional life at the age of six as a ballet dancer and continued as a ballerina until about thirteen years ago, when a serious fall while she was dancing as the Ballerina in the Pageant of the States put an end to her dancing career—and almost to her walking. When she was finally able to walk again, she still had the theater bug and she turned to the legitimate stage.

A year with the famous Jesse Bonstelle started her off on the right track. She then spent several seasons with a traveling stock company, touring the South.

Nannette, like so many stage people, was terrified of a microphone. But Nannette also couldn't refuse dares. So, when her mother dared her to go to Station WROL in Knoxville and ask for a job, Nannette, feeling very sure she wouldn't get it, went. She proved wrong. She not only got a job, but she stayed with the station for a year and a half, doubling as "platter turner" and leading actress. From there she returned to her native state of Ohio and went to work for stations WLW and WKRC in Cincinnati, where she again was an actress of all work and kept steadily busy until 1940, the year that she moved to Chicago.

Now you hear her many times a day—and many days. Besides the shows already mentioned, she is heard as Catherine Colby in NBC's Today's Children, Vivian in CBS's Judy and Jane and as baby Michael in NBC's Masquerade.

During her free time, Nannette commutes between Cincinnati, where her husband is in business, and Chicago, where her radio shows originate. A busy radio schedule and maintaining two apartments is a full-time job even for the huskiest. And Nannette is no husky. Blonde and blue-eyed and delicate, Nannette stands all of four feet eleven inches in her stockings.

Friday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Army Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:30	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tune to Remember
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Allen Prescott
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:40	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon MacRae
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Passport to Romance
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Woody Herman Show
8:30		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		8:30	MBS:	Voice in the Night
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Harry Sosnik
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Elmer Davis
		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Tommy Dorsey's Playshop
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Mercury Summer Theater
		10:15	MBS:	Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

Saturday

Eastern Daylight Time

P.D.T	C.D.T			
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
8:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
8:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	Fashions in Melody
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC:	Galen Drake
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Albert Warner
9:15		10:15	ABC:	Club Time
		10:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30	ABC:	Teen Town
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	Bible Message
		11:30	MBS:	Land of the Lost
9:45		11:30	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:30	CBS:	Billie Burke Show
		11:30	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Diary
8:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS:	House of Mystery
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
8:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
8:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Smiling Ed McConnell
		12:30	MBS:	Snow Village Sketches
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
6:30	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Opry House Matinee
		1:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		2:00	ABC:	Chicago Serenade
11:15	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:15	MBS:	Don McGrove's Orchestra
		2:30	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
		2:30	NBC:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	Opry House Matinee
		2:30	ABC:	Hill Toppers
		2:45	NBC:	Stories by Olmstead
		2:45	ABC:	Melodies to Remember
		3:00	MBS:	Sinfonietta
		3:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
11:00		3:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
11:30		3:30	ABC:	Roundup Time
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		4:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
		4:15	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		4:30	MBS:	George Barry's Orchestra
		4:30	NBC:	Easy Money
2:00		5:00	ABC:	Saturday Concert
		5:00	NBC:	Phone Again Finnegan
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
		5:30	MBS:	Gray Gordon's Orchestra
		5:45	ABC:	Charles Jordan
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:15	ABC:	Jimmy Blair
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	American Portrait
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS:	Los Angeles Symphonic Band
		6:30	CBS:	American Portrait
2:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Voice of Business
		7:15	ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Jimmy Edmondson
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS:	I Was a Convict
		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Dick Tracy
5:30		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	MBS:	Saturday Night Revue
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
5:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30		9:30	ABC:	Berkshire Festival
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

What About Television?

(*Continued from page* 19)

your attention the much stimulated, red-herring subject of color in television. There are some who suggest that television should wait for color, and one executive of a company crusading for delay has said that the public will wait indefinitely for color. Progress never waits. We at NBC have experimented with color and recently gave a public demonstration at the RCA Laboratories in Princeton. At that time we stated that color—I mean good color—will ultimately be a reality in television, but it is far from being ready for public acceptance at this time. That is not the opinion of one company, but rather the joint opinion, the consensus, of the engineering staffs in the entire industry, with a few exceptions. Color has great psychological importance in our lives, and it must be handled with care. When good and practical color in television is ready for your homes, our company will have it. Many of you are familiar with the many trying years of color effort by the motion picture industry. Much of the same uncertainty faces us in our color problem in television. Now, the question as to what television programs are like:

TELEVISION comes directly into the home, and all the precautions which have been thrown around sound broadcasting to render it domestically acceptable may be automatically assumed to be equally essential for television. Furthermore, because the visual impression is likely to be more vivid and detailed, and because to be understood it requires less imaginative response on the part of the observer than does an auditory impression, it must be much more carefully supervised if it is to avoid producing objectionable reactions.

Television cameras will tap vast reservoirs of information and instruction. The curricula of the schools of the future may well include television lectures on scientific explorations, travel, art, literature, archaeology, also exhibitions on the television screen depicting processes and methods of manufacture, and experimental demonstrations in all the sciences. Modes and methods of doing things in all fields of human activity, visits to places of historic importance and demonstrations of new inventions and discoveries, are some of the things which television will make available to students, in many instances long before the appearance of such information in textbooks.

Radio has been a tremendous influence in our national political picture, and it is my feeling that television will have an even greater influence in the future. Many of the old-school type of political spell-binders may have difficulty holding your attention and interest. Ghost writers, campaign managers and the advertising agencies will be hard put to make a dull figure acceptable on your screen. I do not mean to suggest that our candidates of the future must have bobby-sox appeal like Frank Sinatra or Van Johnson. Sincerity or the lack of it, on the part of public speakers, will be emphasized by television, and this phase of the new art will be worth watching!

Television will strip the phony—the demigod—the mountebank, as bare as the day they were born. That lot will not be able to stand the scrutiny of the American people in their homes. Of course these statements are based on the premise that without political interference telecasters will be permitted to present typical American programs of a clean and wholesome and cultural nature.

The most interesting and most treacherous field for television is the drama. It appeals to old and young alike. It has its own traditions based on the living stage and a secondary set derived from the moving picture. Shall television be governed by these, or must it develop its own standards, principles and techniques? It is to early to dogmatize about all these things, yet already it appears to be clear that television faces peculiarities in its medium which, in fact, compel it to find its own way by bold and intelligent experimentation. It can directly copy neither the live stage nor the cinema, even if it would.

Meantime, because it comes directly into the home, it will almost certainly find it necessary to exercise caution and a measure of restraint in the plays which at the outset, at least, it offers for public consumption. The theater has achieved a license which harks back to the Restoration drama, and not a few of the things there to be seen and heard are certainly unfit for a medium which finds its way into the ordinary American home, where standards of purity and decency are still anything but extinct. Those who, to enjoy themselves dramatically, must have the extreme for Art's Sweet Sake, can go to particular shows which offer it. Fortunately, there is an immense amount of superb dramatic literature which lends itself to television production without raising any question of propriety. In passing, one may remark that how soon opera may be effectively televised is another unanswered question. But of one thing we may be sure—the television theater is going to revolutionize the appreciation of drama, and for that we should be profoundly grateful. It is going to bring new pleasures and new values into innumerable American homes.

One question frequently asked us is "What about motion pictures in television?" We feel that motion pictures are and will be a very important feature of television programs. The flexibility of films will be an asset to the program structure. There will be features made exclusively by film, and there will be interesting combinations of live talent and films.

THEN comes a follow-up question: "Who will make the films, and what is the attitude of the film industry?" When the time comes, there are many companies now available to make all the film programs television can use. Whether the films will be made on the west or the east coast has not been decided. There is the important matter of economics to be considered. It is surprising to know that the east coast can also make good pictures for television.

Exhibitors are worried about the effect of television on theater attendance. As an old exhibitor, it is my feeling that people will always go to the theater—if the show is good. Going out is an event—a delightful diversion, and while we feel that television will provide programs of unusual interest, we are not so overconfident that we think the American people will become hermits glued to television sets.

SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES Pond's!



Soldier Shows are a specialty with Patricia. "The boys get a big kick out of costume plays," she says, "and they certainly appreciate my Pond's Cold Cream for taking off their make-up!" Her fiancé is in the Army Medical Department—program manager for the Hospital Broadcasting System.

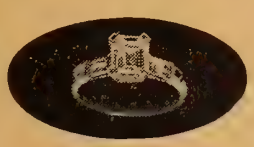


"The nicest beauty care a girl can ask for" is what Patricia calls her jar of fragrant, snow-white Pond's Cold Cream.



Dark hair in a tiara braid . . . eyes of mermaid green . . . skin as smooth as fine porcelain

Patricia Sanford —charming young New Yorker, engaged to Sergeant Andrew Donnelly, Jr., also of New York. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Sanford, Jr.



Her ring—an emerald-cut diamond flanked by four baguettes, set in platinum.

PATRICIA SANFORD was sixteen when she first knew Andy Donnelly, and he was nineteen. "He was as unromantic as a big brother to me *then*," she says with a cute twinkle in her eyes.

Things are different now. Patricia and Andy are engaged!

She's *another* Pond's bride-to-be. *Another* girl with a soft-smooth Pond's complexion! "I adore Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia says. "It has the *nicest* feeling on my face—and leaves my skin looking so clean and smoothed." Here is her favorite Pond's creaming:

She smooths soft, snowy Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly over face and throat —and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all away.

She rinses with another cream-over, swirling her fingers around in little circles. Tissues off. She thinks this extra Pond's rinse "just fine" to get her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Give *your* complexion a *double Pond's creaming* every morning, every night—and for daytime freshen-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask today for a *big* jar of Pond's.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney
Lady Doverdale
Mrs. Victor L. Drexel
The Countess of Carnarvon

R
M

"Lucky me... different me... thanks to Midol!"



Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, *try Midol!* These effective tablets are offered *especially* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue".*

If you take Midol as directed, you will soon discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope. Write Dept. N-86, Room 1418, 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 49*)

he was alive. In the rush of foolishness I married a boy after four dates, and expected to see him go overseas. Instead he was hospitalized immediately and nine months later discharged for a nervous condition. He had been in an important position for four years while in the Army and the strain had caused him to have a nervous collapse.

Our girl was born right after that and it was a fight from the first keeping her alive. She lacked so many vital requirements, it was hard to force her to hang on to the thread of life.

My "sorry complex" had developed into the horrible idea that I was a jinx stalking the ones I loved. My husband started to break under the added strain and we feared for his mind. I was no help at all. I thought of everything but the right thing. I prayed and pleaded and mentally fought to conquer my defeatist attitude. It wasn't over night but gradually as if my mind had willed the change my surrounding life began to take new meaning. My baby successfully weathered an operation and is now well. My husband was given an opportunity to make a new life under the Disabled Veterans Job Training Program. And six months ago my father came home unharmed.

My proudest feeling now is of accomplishment. I made myself realize life can be beautiful if I believe in it, and do my best to make others know it.

Mrs. H. H.

PRAYER LIGHTED THE WAY—

Dear Papa David:

Charles and I were married in the early twenties, after a short, but lovely courtship. We had everything to make our union a happy one. When our two children came along, it seemed that, indeed, our cup was overflowing. They were normal, healthy, happy children and we loved them so very much.

Then about the time of the 1929 crash our troubles began. Oh, we had some money saved, and Charles had his job. However, in spite of all this, he began staying out late nights, and grew cross with the children. Several times he came home drunk. This really worried me, for he never touched liquor.

Matters grew worse and the arguments became more heated. Sometimes he didn't even bother to come home. I knew there must be a reason for his behavior and determined to find it. One night, I left the children with mother and took a walk to think things over; something had to be done. I found myself standing before the little church several blocks from our home. The doors were open so I went in, hoping to find a little peace there, for just a while. Just inside, however, I stopped in amazement.

There I found Charles, kneeling before the altar. I moved closer and heard—"God forgive me for this terrible wrong. Give me the strength, the courage to go on. Kathy and our children—for them let me be good. Let me be worthy of them."

I dropped to my knees beside him. "Darling, you are good and you are strong, because you still have your faith in God. That's all you need."

Then together we offered a little prayer of thanks for all the things we had, love, understanding, our two wonderful children and—we had each other!

He told me that he had lost his job and that rather than worry me, he used the money we had saved, hoping to find another job soon, and replace it. But things didn't work out that way. Matters grew worse and he began drinking. We talked it over, and next day mother kept the children, while we both went job-hunting. I found a job at once, washing dishes in a restaurant. The pay was small, but it helped. Within a week, Charles, too, found a steady job.

From this love and understanding grew a life more beautiful than we had known before.

Mrs. C. D. S.

TO THE ISLE OF PINES—

Dear Papa David:

Most of the letters you published were about things that had happened to your readers recently—but I have to go back a long time ago to tell you about mine. I lived along the Lake and at night I could hear the waves pounding. My world was pretty big for such a little girl—a hundred acres of land and lots of living things.

I had a lovely great-grandma that lived with us when I was still that tiny puzzled child. She looked like that picture of Whistler's Mother, only much smaller and not so long of limb. She sat in her rocker in the kitchen that was big and sunny and made quilts. So did I (of sorts). At the age of four I could sew blocks that stayed together fairly well. Hers were the kind you keep in an old chest to show your grandchildren. Mine were to keep me out of mischief.

I had a small red rocker myself which I placed between the rockers of her chair and we "played train." She rocked and pretended she went to "York State" where she was born, but I wanted to go to the Isle of Pines, because there was a picture of it in a book that lay on the center table, constant reminder that my grandfather wanted to buy a sugar plantation there, but never quite got up the courage to go. One day my grandma went to another daughter's house to have her ninetieth birthday party, and she died without ever coming home. I had the Pink Eye and couldn't even go to see her. It was the first time I had known that humans could get still and quiet like that and no matter how you called them, they never answered. My very breathing seemed to stop inside me. I kept looking at those "blocks" that were hers. The needle was stuck in the cloth for a dainty "running stitch" that she could do so well. All at once it struck me that I must find out where she had gone and what she was doing or burst. My four-year-old heart panted after her old one and I hated every breath I drew while she was away. Soon it was night and I followed my mother out to the barn. The vast heavens were full of stars and it was light with glory. I had been to Sunday School and knew where heaven was. I said, "Mother, when people die, what do they do in heaven?" She answered casually, "Just what they always did only they do it better, and the place is so beautiful you are blind with the light. God is there and walking on lovely streets, no one cries or feels bad and they are always singing."

All of a sudden Life was in me again. All my dread went away. Grandma rocked in her rocker between the great dipper and the chimney of our house. She made quilts more beau-

tiful than ever only they were all blue with white stars on them. I made blocks myself for *her* and rocked and rocked to the Isle of Pines because an adult knew the right thing to say at the right moment.

Grandma had gone where *she* wanted to go, so *I* could!

Mrs. W. S.

HAPPINESS THROUGH SERVING—

Dear Papa David:

Father was a country preacher, deeply interested in the saving of souls and especially interested in foreign missions.

In my girlhood days I had the feeling that he would like me to be a missionary, but when I decided that I would prefer to marry a country doctor he made no objections. After my marriage I soon found that I was in a position to be of usefulness to my husband. At that time there were few trained nurses; the nearest hospital was a hundred miles away. We had no automobiles, radios, telephone or X-ray equipment. If my husband had a case of bone fracture he had only to use his best judgment and take his chances. If an immediate surgical operation was indicated, I had to help administer anesthetics, and whatever else might be required. Of course my first duty was to keep my husband fit for his work. Very often I was up the most of the night in order to provide him a nourishing meal on his return from an extended trip and perhaps assist him in getting away on another night case. Sometimes it became necessary for me to accompany him and assist in a case of childbirth. Several times I have assisted in preparing bodies for burial as we had no near undertakers. Often in his absence, I was able to check a bad hemorrhage or extract a bean or other obstacle from a child's nose or ear. Such cases required prompt attention.

At one time, when my husband was ill, I drove several miles alone in the night to administer a sedative to a suffering patient. I do not write this in a spirit of boasting. I simply took up this work, that seemed to fall into my lap, and did what I could. And I liked my work. If I had my life to live again I think I would like to do the same.

I am now ninety-two years old, my work is done. But in these sunset days as I look over the past, I can but be grateful that I have been permitted to have even so small a share in a really worthwhile service, ministering to suffering humanity. Life, for me, has been and still is beautiful.

Mrs. M. W. D.

EVEN IN BATTLE—

Dear Papa David:

Like thousands of soldiers, I had a funny feeling that we should by-pass Luzon, because it would save so many of our men's lives. We'd already fought up through the Islands and were so tired of war that we thought to ourselves, "Let them fight their own battles." Finally we found ourselves at Lingayen Gulf on the day of invasion. Like all D-days, the beaches were being shelled, and guns firing everywhere, and planes bombing enemy positions. We hit the beaches, and just about one hour later, we went in. We saw our first civilians, men, women and children. All up through the Islands we hadn't seen any civilians whatsoever, and I believe every man's heart softened when he saw the women and children. Some had been hit by shrap-

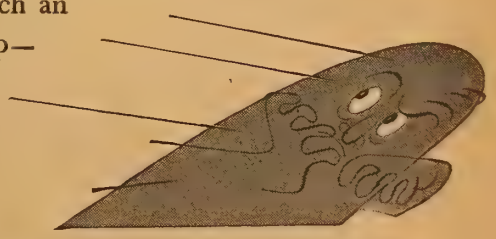


How Many Soaps IN A BAR OF FELS-NAPTHA ?

Well . . . we're still counting. Letters from housekeepers who discover new uses for Fels-Naptha Soap are almost a daily occurrence. They tell us there's hardly a spot from attic to cellar that can't be improved by the Fels-Naptha treatment.

This much *we* know: there isn't one piece of family apparel, from rough deeply soiled work clothes to sheer and dainty infant wear that can't be washed cleaner, with gentler handling of fabric and with less work—by Fels-Naptha Soap.

We know the reason, too. It's the Fels way of blending gentle, active naptha with good, mild soap, that makes Fels-Naptha such an extra fine laundry soap—and all-round household cleanser.



Fels-Naptha Soap

R M

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

nel. Some had other wounds, but they all came running to greet the Americans, and to thank them for freeing them.

Ten of us went out on patrol to find an area to take our company to. We had one medic with us. Children everywhere were lined up along paths, trails and roads greeting us with a "Hello, Joe." We came to a place where a woman was standing wringing her hands and crying. Her baby had been hit by shrapnel, and was spitting up blood. Our medic said he would take a look. He went into her humble little bamboo hut and gave the baby some medicine which eased its painful wound. And the baby hushed crying and went to sleep in a very short time. When the medic came out of her house, the woman fell on her knees, and kissed his hands, and wept with joy. It touched all our hearts, I think. And I knew then that I had been wrong in feeling like we should by-pass Luzon. Because here were human beings who greatly needed help and kindness that the Americans could give just a little of. I think that this will show you that even in the horribleness of war and battle there are times when life can be beautiful!

J. J.

THE ENEMY OF FEAR—

Dear Papa David:

As the Rector of this little parish it is my privilege to try to help others. But working constantly with people in all walks and circumstances of life, sometimes one's own faith is tested almost to a breaking point.

One afternoon had been particularly hard and gloomy. A call on a mother who had just received one of those fateful telegrams—"regret to inform that . . . killed in action." An hour spent with a family gathered about the bed of a dying father. An attempt to mediate one of those depressing domestic quarrels to avoid the break-up of a family. And then the last and most dreaded call of all—a friend, condemned to death by her doctors, with cancer.

I shall never forget entering that Nursing Home with heavy steps. For she knew what they thought of her hopes of recovery as well as I.

I suppose she must have read the dismay on my face. There was no light in her bedroom, and when I went in, she sat up, and I can only express what happened by saying that it was as though someone had lighted a beautiful lamp.

"You need not be troubled for me," she said. "I am not afraid of death. All that you preach is true." Then she added a sentence which I shall always remember. She was a rather quiet and reticent soul, and it had been rather a trouble to her that although God meant a great deal to her, she had rarely spoken of her faith to another. And there in that room, knowing the probability of painful death, and looking cancer straight in the face, she said, "I am proud to be trusted with this illness. It is giving me opportunities I never had before."

She might not get better from cancer, but she had most certainly conquered it. And at that moment it seemed as if some obscene and beastly ghost had slunk from the room defeated by the glory of her courage, and the place of her crucifixion had become a beautiful garden.

It was a triumphant visit. I had gone to cheer her—she had cheered me instead, and by her courage and faith had rallied my own faith and belief.

C. J. L.

SOME HAVE LESS—

Dear Papa David:

When the Stage Door Canteen was to open in San Francisco, I read that they had everything except a piano, and could not open without someone giving one. I had a serious illness which confined me to my room and my piano was a great comfort to me—I had just paid my last installment on it. But when I read the article, I was happy to think I could do my part in the war effort, for it distressed me greatly not to be able to contribute financially as much as I would have liked to.

My little piano was used all through the trying years of this war and is on the way now to Mexico where I live. The heads of the Canteen advised me a month ago that now that the war is over the Canteen is returning the gifts given them, and thanked me for having made thousands of our boys a little bit happier.

Most important about the piano though, is this: two boys who had lived in my apartment house were in training in Catalina Islands and related to me the following story on their first leave home. They had had a disappointing day, everything seemed to go wrong and they were blue and homesick. They were ordered to empty the garbage cans, and all of a sudden a San Francisco *Chronicle* fell out with the announcement of the opening of the Stage Door Canteen. Being their home town, they eagerly read on and when they came to the article telling of my gift of a piano to the Canteen they told me it changed their whole day from a dull one to a happy one. They related me of the thrill and pride they felt to see that someone in their building had offered as a gift the piano so badly needed, and were ashamed to be grumbling over their petty worries when a person who was ill and needed the piano had done without it to make others happier.

I used to enjoy your program the five years I lived in San Francisco but here in Mexico the station does not come in clearly, so I depend on RADIO MIRROR to keep up with your doings. I have been ill for a long time now and magazines and books are my greatest diversion. I have suffered a great deal and my long illness has been hard on me financially, but I still find "Life can be beautiful" if you try hard enough.

S. M. F.

COURAGE DEFEATS FAILURE—

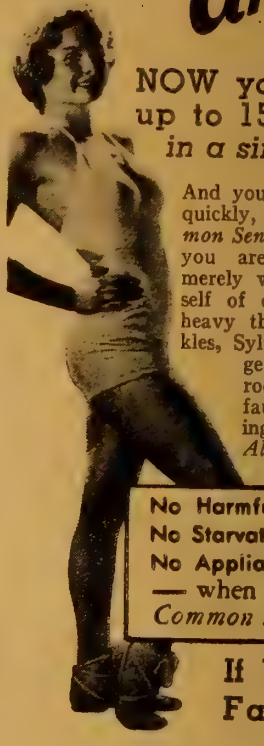
Dear Papa David:

It all began when I was just five years old. Our family lived in the country about five miles from town. My parents were earnest, hard-working, honest farmers.

Mother worked very hard trying to help my three brothers and my father take care of the farm, besides doing her housework such as washing, ironing, cooking and keeping the five of us children prepared for school. During the depression, 1931, we thought we had all the burdens anyone could possibly bear; then, all of a sudden, Mother and Daddy's troubles really began.

Our next door neighbor's baby had just been attacked by a terrible sickness, but the doctors could not decipher her case. She died shortly after her attack in my mother's arms—Mother not knowing that I was to be the next in line for this horrible disease. You [illegible] and that night Mother

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was the next in line; but, I wasn't its victim as Frances had been. I became very ill about a week after little Frances' death. Daddy had called all the doctors in the nearby town; but when they examined me, they would each turn away and shake their head. Like most people then, we were poor and got by on the least bit of money possible; I wasn't taken to a clinic or hospital and today I am thankful I wasn't.

Mother did everything in her power to help me to be healthy and normal again. She gave up helping father in the fields and gave me her every attention. She wouldn't eat nor sleep.

I lay helpless for weeks without moving my body or tongue. My vocal cords were paralyzed. After a lapse of time, I began to notice things that moved and the different sounds about me. It seemed that my mother was always moving about doing something, so I made a complete study of everything I could watch her do. This made mother very happy, because it gave her the feeling of comfort that I would be all right again. She made me take every kind of exercise possible that would give me strength. I learned to ride horseback, swim, and other sports with mother's kind assistance. It was one day when I was splashing around in the swimming pool that I gave a hoarse gurk. Mother was very startled, but from that day on she coached my speech. There were months of coaching, but gradually I began walking and talking again.

During those long months, my life seemed to idle. No one knew what went through my mind. There was plenty of time for thought. I thought of things that grown up people haven't any idea that children think about, but I know what great imagination children can have. I began to get a "key hole" view of what I thought life was going to be like. It has led to be quite different than I had figured, yes, quite different.

You know, after you combine several good things together, you can almost always expect some good result. Good things such as the careful attention of my mother, the hardships of my father and faith in my own self were all combined to give me health and strength of a normal person. Some might say that it was mother whom I should praise highly, but if you stop to think —all good things come from God. He gave mother, daddy and me everything we possess. I give thanks, not only to mother and daddy, but to God, also.

Today, I am very proud of myself. In my twenty years, I have won beauty contests and honorable mentions with a perfectly healthy body and mind. I also have sung in the school glee clubs and church choir, just to think that one time I thought I would never speak again! I'm not bragging in the same manner that one would if he had a million dollars, but like one who has so much love in his heart for the joy of living, like one who was once an invalid, helpless, and thought there was nothing in life!

M. D. H.

ON THE WAY TO RECOVERY—

Dear Papa David:

For twenty-five years I've lived with and loved a very excellent lady. My wife. For twenty-five years I've given her no more than was necessary to get along in a threadbare sort of way. I've worked hard but never seemed to earn more than just enough to stopgap from one undesirable set of circum-



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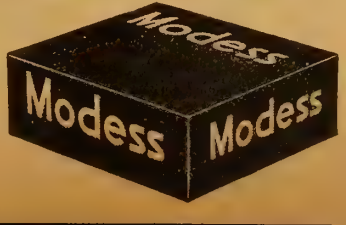
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stances to another, and constantly worried by the thousand things that can plague the life of a guy who continually tries but never quite arrives.

At last came a break. A manufacturer in Chicago took an interest in a guy fifty-three years old, and sent him here to represent the company. But the customers didn't accept the new man so readily and again worry and anxiety got in their licks and twenty-four years of frustration took a final swing on the old glass chin for a regular sleep producer.

The doctors called it cerebral hemorrhage. I called it the final curtain and decided the show was over.

Then the thing you preach daily entered the picture. My son in Japan was allowed by the Army to talk to me, by radio and telephone, over 7,000 miles. And the things that boy said! All about how he would be home in four months to help me complete the effort I'd started for the Chicago manufacturer. And other things you'd never even expect a twenty-one-year-old boy to think of.

My daughter canceled all dates and such in order to spend extra hours with Pop. Her friends (youngsters) came to see me. My new-found adult friends spent hours in my sick room. Someone was around to take up where someone else left off in the rubbing of spastic muscles. Books, flowers, cards and all the usual sickroom things appeared along with offers of money, etc. from folks we hardly knew.

And Mom was just as wonderful as she has always been.

And after the evidence of good fortune I had witnessed I felt like a heel for sure and agreed with ole man conscience that I had to get well in order to repay all the kindnesses of my family and friends.

Today I'm on the way to recovery and in another short while I'm sure God will let me walk well enough to do my work. Already I get around the house and today helped Mom dress me. From a disheartened self-convicted failure at fifty-three, the patient is convinced that he'll live another twenty-five years, working and succeeding in his work, enjoying the love and companionship of true friends, the love and affection of his loyal wife and kids.

D. B.

THERE ARE ALWAYS MIRACLES—

Dear Papa David:

Life can be so beautiful even though the darkest hour seems so near. I had been a semi-invalid all my life and as we were too poor to hire help, my mother had been the nurse, housekeeper and maid all in one. She was a guarding angel through my sickness.

Then my mother became ill with a dreadful, incurable disease. We all knew she couldn't live long. Her greatest worry was what was to become of dad and me after she died. Dad was getting old and I wasn't even able to care for myself.

Mother must have prayed many prayers while she lay in bed, because all at once a miracle began happening. Almost by the hour I began growing stronger. In a few months I was not only able to care for myself but could do most of the nursing of mother and keeping house for dad.

I'll never forget the day before her death, mother called me to her bedside and said, "I never thought I'd live to see the day when you would be strong enough to do what you've done the past six months. Now I can die in

peace, knowing you'll be able to make your own way in this old world when I'm gone."

It has been almost four years since that day and I've grown stronger with each passing year. I'm now able to help support dad in his old age.

Surely God does send miracles if we ask for them in the right way.

Miss A. G.

A FAMILY WAS CREATED—

Dear Papa David:

When my young husband contracted tuberculosis and was ordered to a sanatorium, life gave me my first hard jolt. I had to go to work to make a living for my two small boys.

My first job netted me only enough to get by on, but by careful planning, I managed to work in the mornings and go to school in the afternoons, studying shorthand and typing. It wasn't easy. At night, I was so tired that I dragged myself home by sheer will power. To make it worse, my husband had never been away from me before and I missed him terribly. The hospital was several hundred miles away and I didn't even get to visit him for months at a time. When I did get to go, although he was cheerful enough (chiefly for my benefit I knew), my husband could not hide the loneliness and sadness he felt at being away from home.

At the end of the school term, I took a Civil Service Examination and passed with honors. Soon after, I got a good position and was now able to buy more things for the children and home. Time dragged on and on: one year, two years, went by. When nearly three years had passed, my husband died suddenly at the sanatorium. For a while, I was stunned, but I had to keep going or collapse. I drove myself night and day. I was now nearly thirty. I wore smart clothes, attended business meetings and church, but life was empty and dull because I wasn't happy.

Then I met Anthony. I had known that he was a farmer from the southern part of the country and had seen him in our office several times on business, but one day I seemed to really see him for the first time. There was a lull in the busy day and we struck up a casual conversation. He seemed interested in me too and asked me to a movie. I went, and that was just the beginning. I had almost forgotten how to have a good time with someone to share it and I gave myself up to it fully.

We were soon in love, a deep strong love born of a need for companionship and for each other. Anthony too, had known loneliness, for after years of illness, his beloved wife had died, and perhaps that is why we understood each other so well.

We married and went to live at the farm.

That was over a year ago, and to see me now, one would see a truly happy woman. As I look out my kitchen window, I see my husband driving the tractor into the lot. Across the pasture, a little boy of eight is after a fat red pony. Climbing the gate is my eldest boy with a shiny milk pail, proud of having learned to milk old Nellie. Soon we will all sit down together, a family once more, while my husband says grace. Yes, life is rich and good and wonderful. Five years ago, it was dark and miserable, but I have learned that clouds do have silver linings, and that life can be beautiful.

Mrs. S. A. F.

"I like being a bachelor girl"

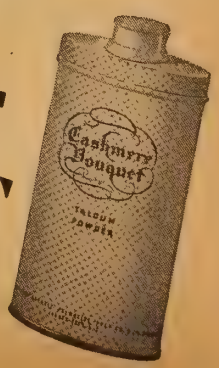


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NO MATTER HOW YOUNG—

Dear Papa David:

Older people are not the only ones who get hurt. I am a young girl and I can remember times when I was so very happy.

Like walking through Rock Creek Park, in Washington, D. C. Going to church and the zoo. Just laughing for the joy of life. We had lots of fun just walking, talking and laughing with the whole world.

I think all Washington knew we were in love. I remember once he said to me, "Cathy, a love such as ours is beyond time and distance. You're so much a part of me, dear, that I shall always love you more than anything on this earth or the next one, for if I should die tomorrow a part of you would go with me into eternity. Not for one second will you ever be apart from me. Your lovely spirit will walk forever by my side." And Papa David, a part of me is truly with him now; not even eternity can separate us. You see he was killed eleven months ago—in action on Mindanao—Philippine Islands.

The hurt is something I will never get over. Although time will heal, I will always remember his words to me. That my spirit would walk forever by his side. Even in the next world.

That shows me no matter how young we are, life can and will be beautiful.

Mrs. C. D. B.

LOVE MUST BE GUIDED—

Dear Papa David:

I have listened to the Life Can Be Beautiful serial for years and have many times been inspired by the courage of the people involved and especially by your kindly philosophy.

My husband was recently discharged after five years in the service, part of it in the severest of combat. I, like thousands of others, blandly assumed we would pick up where we left off and return to a normal way of living. But such was not the case. He was finding it difficult to adjust to the difference between Army life overseas and being an ordinary civilian. I had been used to having my own way and unconsciously resented having my routine upset.

He had trouble finding a job, so I went back to work. I resented his being home while I had to work. I hated coming home and doing housework, and didn't hesitate to tell him so. The imaginary grievances added up until at the slightest excuse I flew into a rage and said things for which I was immediately sorry. Several times in my anger I told him I was going to take our son and live alone if he didn't conform exactly to my way of thinking and doing things. Being a very intelligent and strong-minded person he rebelled at being dictated to.

Finally one night he said, "And for this I lived and dreamed while I was in the midst of battle." In his face was mirrored the pain and disappointment he felt. I knew our home was near to the point of being broken up. At the same time, I was being released from my job, and we would have no income. Things looked very black. We were both miserable and it was hard to see a ray of sunshine any place.

One day I sat down and made a list of things good and bad about our life together. It struck me very forcefully that most of the erring was on my side. It is amazing how it clarifies things in one's mind to put it in black and white on paper. After making a list of the things of which I was most often guilty, I pinned it in the kitchen cupboard where it was sure to remind me constantly to be on guard against them. Everytime I forgot, a check mark went on the sheet.

Soon it was a joke with us. The home atmosphere improved rapidly. Our differences we discussed calmly and sensibly. My husband responded immediately to the change, and began to talk about the things he would like to do, and the kind of job he would like to have.

Before long, instead of wishing he were back in the Army, or any place just to be away, we were enthusiastically making plans for the things we will do in the future.

Now I have a new and better job and he has a wonderful opportunity to train with an insurance company.

We are two busy, happy people, now and both firm believers in the fact that a lot of sorrow and broken marriages could be saved by a little determination to make life beautiful, instead of vainly hoping for a miracle.

R. M.

A TRUER HAPPINESS—

Dear Papa David:

So many times we delude ourselves that we are making life beautiful but deep in our hearts there is an uneasy, unsatisfied feeling that we are accepting a substitute. This acceptance can prevent us from trying to seek something real that will not only make life beautiful for ourselves but for others who may need our help, badly. That has been our recent experience.

We bought a small new home in Los Angeles, just in the nick of time to avoid high prices. Although we have owned three homes, no other has so completely satisfied us. Our yard was a sand pile, but in no time we had it growing lovely California native shrubs and flowers. The little house has two bedrooms, so we each fixed ours as we had always wanted to do. My red and cream kitchen has windows that look toward the mountains and is a joy to work in. Small, yes, but so right!

At one time, we thought we would adopt children but illness prevented. We became complacently happy in our similar interests of good music, literature, gardening and a dog, and now that we neared sixty, seclusion was our right.

The war came, leaving us untouched. We worked, of course; my husband received a civilian citation and I certificates of merit, but we still had our pleasant home life, while about us were people just as deserving and more so without even living quarters. We were sorry for them but we could not see how we could help.

Our nephew came home to his wife and baby after serving all through those desperate years to find it impossible to rent a house. To buy at the current prices meant mortgaging his future too heavily. We faced our problem. Could we give them a home?

There's no use denying that the first adjustments were almost painful, but there were no longer lonely moments, and laughter filled the little house and love. Oh, how we learned to love the baby! The young folks took a little freedom evenings and left us to put her to bed. Life took on a different meaning and we came to realize more and more that the willing happy sharing of our home was one of the deeper experiences that brought home that life can be beautiful.

Mrs. A. C.

THE GREATEST OF SORROWS—

Dear Papa David:

At our home, we had just lost the last round to that grim old adversary, death!

My young wife, and mother of three children, had at last been compelled to release her loving grip on all our lives, after an epic battle to look after us until the last moment.

Through the days that followed, I lost all grip on life. Most of the time I sat motionless. It began to seem that life had come squarely up against a blank wall, and I felt that I, too, had died.

We were making preparations for our first breakfast together as a reduced family unit. The setting was throat-constricting, watching three children bustling about, trying to carry on where mamma had left off, since I was still pretty vague.

Amid the clatter of dishes, I heard my oldest daughter admonishing her younger sister, "What did you set five places for? It's no use setting a place for mamma!"

Something clicked into place in my scrambled brain, and I saw the beginning of light dawning. I came out into the kitchen and spoke up, "Go ahead! Let her set a place for mamma! Let's all set a place for mamma, always, both here at home, and in our hearts."

From that time on, setting a place for mamma gradually overcame the sting of death. I have come to realize that you can still take life's heaviest jolts, even if you only have a symbol or an ideal to cling to. A year has gone by, and mamma still runs our lives.

Now, I won't claim that life is as beautiful as it was, but I will say that "setting a place" for mamma has brightened it up considerably.

W. A. H.

KINDLY THOUGHTS—

Dearest Papa David:

I am a student nurse in a large university hospital—or rather I was until recently, when they found a lesion in one of my lungs. They confined me.

I'm an average girl with the usual number of friends. That's why I was so overwhelmed when I came to my room at the hospital. It was laden with flowers, my pajamas were laid out, and everything was in readiness! I was deeply touched. Not only did it not stop there—but every day one of the girls brings something new and interesting to keep me occupied in my long siege of rest.

All this may not seem much to you—but to me, lying here staring at four walls—maybe an invalid for life—I have found that friends like these can make life beautiful—even for an insignificant individual like me!

A. M.

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R
M

Honeymoon in New York

(*Continued from page 23*)

coming up all too soon—on Thursday!

Now, sitting in front of my tray, with the radio's music still pouring over me, I had to admit I didn't know the answer to my problem. I didn't know how to become a companion again to the man whose closest companion I'd been for twenty-five years.

It was right here that my thoughts were interrupted again by the radio. "And now I'm proud to introduce our first couple on this morning's Honeymoon in New York," Mr. Kirby was saying. "Marine Sergeant McGuire and Miss Shirley Wright—our engaged couple for today!" I found myself listening while he interviewed the two of them—both youngsters, giggling the whole time—about how they had met (on a Greyhound bus in Maryland), when they had first kissed (on their second date), when they were going to be married. I listened while they told their plans for marriage, and what they expected their lives to be like together. And then I listened while Mr. Kirby and Joy Hodges gave them an avalanche of presents from the NBC Gift Table—a fountain pen and a wedding ring, sets of records, sheets—dozens of things they would need.

For awhile then I forgot all my own problems completely. I heard Joy Hodges singing again; I heard Mr. Kirby saying that all engaged couples, or married ones with anniversaries of more than twenty-five years coming up, should write the program if they were coming to New York—and appear on the show. I listened while a Silver Wedding anniversary couple were introduced, talked of their courtship and marriage, and were given presents. I listened to the story of a sweet young honeymooning couple—who, like the others, were given more presents than you can imagine, from theater tickets to a new stove. Listening for a little while, the program took me entirely out of myself. And when it signed off—"until tomorrow morning at nine o'clock"—I was, to my astonishment, relaxed in my chair, smiling to myself, and happier than I'd been in months.

It was at that very moment that the idea came to me—the idea that might, I felt, change my whole life. Maybe all good things in life come when you've given up straining for them . . . at any rate, it was at that moment that my thoughts on John and myself took an entirely fresh turn.

I acted on them without a pause. I got to my feet, crossed the room to the telephone, looked up National Broadcasting Company in the telephone book, and called the number. I asked to speak to Durward Kirby, the master-of-ceremonies of Honeymoon in New York. A second later his voice was saying, "Hello?" Then I was pouring out a flood of words—about how Thursday was John's and my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and how much it would mean to me to be on the program that morning. I wound up saying, "Please, please—I would so appreciate it!"

"If we have an opening, Mrs. Greenan, I should be delighted to have you. Just a minute," he said. There was a second's breathless pause. Then he came back on the line and said that yes—the Greenans could definitely be

on the program! "But first our producer, George Voutsas, would like to interview both you and your husband on Wednesday afternoon, the day before you go on the air," he said. "It's part of our preparation for the program. We like to know where you're from, what your history is, and so on. Do you think you can come to the NBC studios for the interview?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes indeed." And I hung up in a complete whirl. I could hardly wait to tell John about it. I didn't stop to analyze the excitement that had taken possession of me. I only knew that I must somehow get John to agree to come on this program with me. I was utterly convinced, and I didn't attempt to question my conviction, that it would be our turning-point, that it would somehow or other make everything come right for us. But getting John to agree? Surely the whole idea of being on a nation-wide broadcast would strike him as being a little bit crazy; it was the sort of thing that didn't happen to an old-fashioned, middle-aged business man from a small, quiet town in West Virginia. For two hours I paced the hotel-room floor, bracing myself to meet every objection that he might raise.

But to my surprise, he agreed the minute I told him about Honeymoon in New York. It was part of his new character, part of this strange John I didn't know at all.

"Why not?" he said. And just as he said it, I caught him looking quickly at himself in the mirror across from our table. Then he looked at me—but not really at me, just through me—and added, "Radio, eh? Well, this old dog needs to learn some new tricks."

And so all my expectant happiness began seeping out of me, and my hope with it. Once more I felt he had eluded me—I knew with utter sadness that he was going into this radio appearance not as a team with me but as John Greenan, alone, trying something new and interesting. Sitting opposite him at the table, I felt even more alone than I had the night before in my quiet hotel room.

I still felt that way during the interview at NBC on Wednesday. We sat in easy chairs across a desk from nice, plump-faced George Voutsas, the producer of the program. He asked us simple, pleasant questions on how we'd met, how long we'd been married, to what we attributed our marital happiness. I hardly answered him at all—I couldn't, in the depths of my sadness. But John made up for my silence. He spoke brightly, rapidly, completely. So, at the end of it, I found myself wondering why I had come along at all, and if two people could ever became one person again . . . if only one of them wanted it that way.

I was in the same sad mood all that evening, although we went to a gay musical comedy at a theater. I was the same way throughout the lonely night in my room. But the next morning I didn't have a chance to think at all. I was rushed from the minute I got up—getting into my blue print suit and new blue hat, catching a quick breakfast with John in the hotel grill, rushing to NBC to be there at 8:30, half an hour before the show started.

Once in the radio theater where we were to appear, I was so busy getting new impressions I still had no time to think. We were on a small stage, right down close to the small theater-full of seats. It was already crowded with people when we got there . . . mostly couples, I noticed, holding hands as they watched the stage. Mr. Voutsas greeted us warmly, and introduced us to pretty singer Joy Hodges, and to six-feet-four Mr. Kirby, and to Mr. Sheldon the announcer—and to the two other couples who were appearing with us. There were always three couples on the program, it seemed—an engaged couple, a honeymooning couple, and an anniversary couple.

And then suddenly we were on the air—that is, the program was. John and I sat to one side of the stage on folding chairs, beside the other two couples who were to appear. We watched while Durward Kirby started the show going and while Joy Hodges sang something enchanting—and then watched again while the engaged couple were led up to the microphone. Mr. Kirby, grinning, introduced them. They were a healthy-looking, handsome young pair in their early twenties—and yet, I thought, there was something oddly bitter about their expressions. Something that shouldn't have been in their faces at all.

They had met the way young people today seem to meet—at the ends of the earth; in Africa, during the war. She had been a WAC, he an Army sergeant. "We met," she said, looking into the eyes of her young man, "when my jeep broke down on a dusty road just outside of Cairo. He pulled his jeep up alongside mine—and by the time he'd fixed the engine, we'd fixed our future lives!"

John pressed my hand just then and I missed the next few answers and



Betty Caldwell, appearing in *The Strange Woman*, starring Hedy Lamarr. A Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok.

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questions. I knew what he was thinking—from what a different, more peaceful time in the world's history our love had come! The young couple were going on: how somehow he would find a job—though he hadn't been able to as yet—and how then they would be married. But it was hard to wait, and they'd been waiting for months now. (This, I thought, accounted for the bitter look in their eyes.) Then suddenly Joy and Mr. Kirby were handing them present after present—and then Joy was singing again—and then, abruptly, she was guiding John and me up to the microphone.

"Well, here are Mr. and Mrs. John Greenan!" Mr. Kirby was saying across the microphone between him and us. "On their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. That's today, isn't it, Mr. Greenan?"

"THAT'S right," John grinned back, and I saw an embarrassed red begin creeping up from under his collar. But I also felt his hand reaching for mine again—for the second time, now!—and suddenly he was saying, "That's right, it's our twenty-fifth anniversary, after about the happiest marriage I know. And just to make sure there are more like ours, I'd like to tell that young fellow who was just on before me that I think I know a job for him. If he doesn't mind moving to our part of the world, West Virginia!"

Well, you should have heard the long pause that followed that—and then the burst of applause. I felt tears coming to my eyes—but they were tears of pride and happiness, not sadness.

Mr. Kirby applauded harder than anyone else, grinning from ear to ear. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Greenan, that's just about the nicest thing that's happened on this program, ever." Then he turned to me, still grinning. "Tell me, Mrs. Greenan, when did you meet this fine man you're married to—and where?"

It was so easy, once I started talking! I said, "It was just the opposite of a dusty road in Cairo—and we were both wearing the opposite of uniforms! We were going to our town's high school dance, and I remember John was wearing the tight pants of those days and the stiff collar—and I thought him the handsomest man I'd seen since I'd last seen Francis X. Bushman!"

John was holding my hand tightly. "And she was wearing some filmy white dress that floated like a cloud around her. I thought she was an angel." Then he looked right at me. "And I still do, Kate—even if I act a little devilish myself sometimes!"

That was so unexpected—and so utterly sincere—that again tears came into my eyes. And again the audience applauded and stamped and laughed and cried too!

Well, I can't describe all of it. I was too glowing and happy and bewildered to remember it all. My heart was singing to me that my John was mine again! And somehow I knew it had all been brought about by this romantic program, and by the worried young couple who'd been on the air before us, and by our own remembered peace in a different kind of world for young married people. And suddenly Joy was wheeling out a heaping table of gifts—the NBC Gift Table—and John and I were gasping over our presents. We had gold wrist watches apiece, and I had a complete set of lingerie (black!), and John had an electric razor and an ultra-violet lamp, and we both got a complete set of fine English china and a sterling

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silver tray. And then, as if that wasn't enough, Mr. Kirby told us that just for the night we were to have a dinner at the famous Stork Club, tickets for the play "State of the Union"—and spend the night at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in a special honeymoon room! This was extra-special; usually it was the honeymoon, not the anniversary couple, who got the honeymoon room. But Mr. Kirby said we *were* extra-special, because of John's job offer to the young couple.

"And during the evening, Mrs. Greenan, we'd like you to wear this corsage of orchids, with best wishes from all of us," Mr. Kirby said, handing me a transparent box through which I could see two snow-white orchids.

We were both speechless, though John tried to mumble that we already had hotel rooms and therefore shouldn't use the one at the Waldorf. Kirby would have none of him. "It's your anniversary, isn't it? Spend it at the Waldorf!" said he.

So that was why, late that night, I found myself beside John in a huge bed in the Waldorf Hotel—with my white orchids pinned to the pillow over my head! We were exhausted from dinner, the theater, the excitement—and from John's telephoning all the way to West Virginia to cinch the job in his former firm for the young fellow on the program that morning. Yes, we were exhausted; but we were terribly happy. I was happier, I was sure, than ever before in my life. And as I was thinking that—right after telling it to John!—he said, "Katie, you know I'm just as happy. And I've been thinking, ever since that program this morning. You know what I've come to figure?"

"NO," I SAID into the darkness. His hand gripped mine more tighter.

"I think maybe the trouble with us in the past few months was that we were a couple of getting-old fogies staying in the same old rut," he said. "Now, that young couple this morning needed what we've had—security, and solidness, and peace. But maybe we could use a little of what they've had too much of—a bit of adventure and travel. Maybe what we should do is take a trip away from where we've been living all our lives . . . to California, say." His voice warmed with his growing enthusiasm. "Might even settle down there," he said. "Might even start a little business of my own—how'd you like that? Get old John back in the harness—but living in a country full of flowers and sunshine, and plenty of people our age out there too, for the same reason we'll be going. How's it sound, Katie?"

"It sounds wonderful, darling," I told him, and I meant it. My heart was still singing, as it had been that morning.

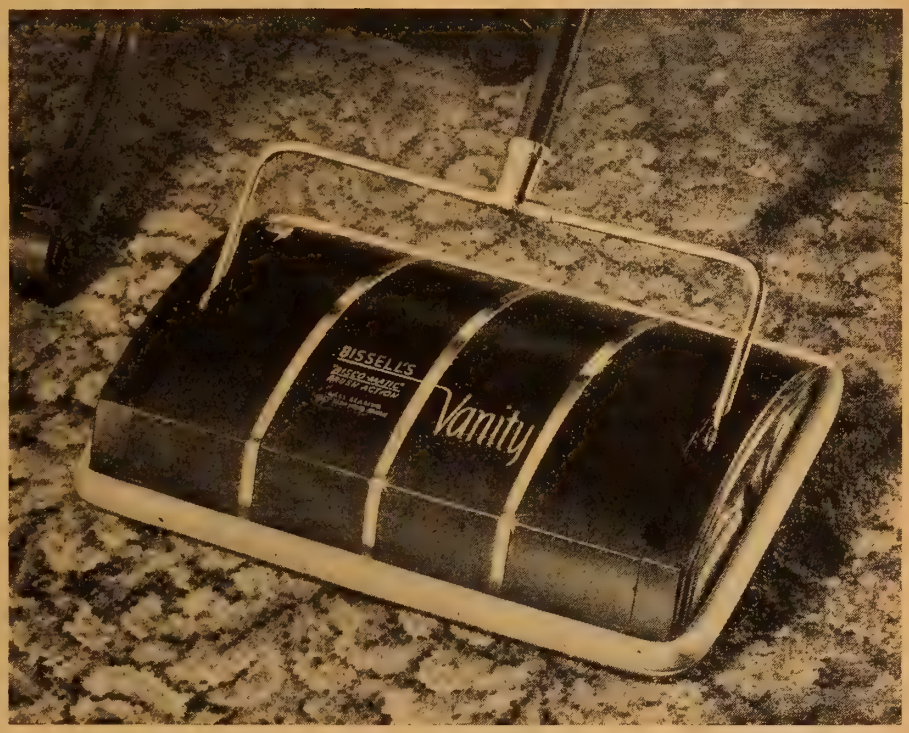
"Well, things'd have to be pretty rough not to be wonderful with you," said he. And again our hands linked.

Maybe, if it all hadn't happened, we would have worked our problem out together anyway. Maybe John would have told me about his dissatisfaction, and "talked it out" of his system, and we would have taken up our lives in the calm sort of happiness we'd always had together. But this way was so much better! It was exciting, not calm—like being really young again!

And I fell asleep with my fingers twined in his and with my last thought one of thankfulness for everything Honeymoon in New York had brought the Greenans.

Which included a honeymoon in New

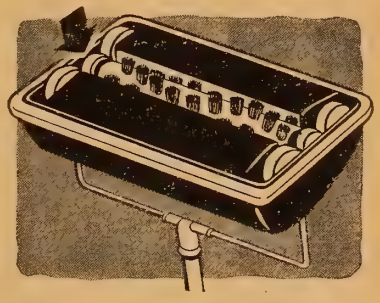
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Wonderful Day

(*Continued from page 43*)

and race. These were the symptoms that had made Dr. Peters order this holiday, and these strange weaknesses came with sudden, unpredictable, overpowering rushes. Sometimes, I would find myself crying, helplessly, all night long.

I felt his hand gently cover my own clenched one.

"Take it easy, Sue. It's okay. Just relax. Don't say anything for a few moments . . . you're white as a sheet. I was in the Navy—a flier—and I'd say what you're suffering from is kind of like combat fatigue."

I thought he was laughing at me again, but he went on, seriously. "Some of you civilians have been pushing yourselves, punishing yourselves, too long. You get the shakes, just like we used to."

I TOOK his advice and sat there, letting his low voice go on in a rambling tale of his Navy days, in an account of the photography shop he had bought here in Laguna, and somehow I forgot the terror of my nerves. The sun was warm on my back and the sight of the monotonous dash and retreat of the big waves below us was hypnotic. But it was his voice, mostly—and his friendliness.

That evening was a wonderful one. At his insistence I had let my hair float around my shoulders and I had slipped a ribbon through its shining waves. The skirt I wore was a simple, straight one—but I had recklessly bought a peasant blouse from a little shop on my way to the boarding house at dinnertime.

"No one would ever say you look cute—you're not the type," Angus told me. And my heart sank like a stone, then rose like a cloud at his next words. "But cute girls aren't my type, anyway. I like them straight and proud and slim, like you. Like the way you hold your head and the funny way your smile comes and goes."

I like you, too, Angus Howard, I whispered to myself. I hardly dared even think it. For so long I had ruthlessly stripped myself of all personal emotion, and now this new, tremulous, budding shoot of emotion was frightening.

The days that followed were each better than the last. We swam together every morning and I learned to be nearly as brave as he was. We lunched at a different place every day. The evenings were always a surprise—dancing at a big hotel, or watching the kids jitterbug at the friendly little casinos on the beach. Exploring the world-famous pottery shops where local artists displayed their wares.

And then came that wonderful, that lovely evening. We walked on the beach that night. Moonlight lay incandescent on the water and the beach was a ghostly shelf, not cold, not unfriendly . . . but rather a smooth, intimate, silvery path at our feet.

Angus tucked my hand in his pocket.

"Have to keep you with me," he explained. "No telling what you might do on a night like this, with the mermaids sitting out on that rock—they might start calling to you and the next thing I know, you'd be swimming out to join them. You and the other Loreleis!"

"No," I reassured him, and my feet danced a little from sheer happiness.

"I promised Father Neptune that if I stayed out of his territory he would keep his mermaids off the beach. I couldn't trust them—not the way they go for red hair."

It still seemed a miracle to me, that I could talk this boy-and-girl nonsense as if I had been used to it all my life.

"And do you like red hair?" he asked.

"Yes—" I tried to make it sound flippant. But, suddenly, the words stumbled in my throat and came out a whisper—"Yes—oh, yes, Angus—!"

He turned me around to face him. "Enough so you wouldn't mind looking at it and the face that goes with it, for a long, long time? For forever? Seeing it at odd moments, say—like over a breakfast table every morning?—or the last thing at night? Sue—could you love me?"

"Angus—" and then he had closed my lips with his and there was no need to say anything. He was holding me tight against him and a little wind stirred the collar of my coat, blowing it high and around our faces, making a shelter that was unbearable, wonderful intimacy. His arms around me were gentle at first. But when I responded, helplessly, gladly, to the demand of his mouth—when I found myself answering with the fullness of my own—then his arms tightened in an almost-brutal hunger.

I WALKED that night in a dream. I went to bed in a dream and I was still spellbound when I awoke the next morning.

The feel of his lips had lingered through the night, and the memory of his arms around me seemed still a physical reality. And I would be seeing him in a few minutes. It was real. It had actually happened!

And then I saw the telegram. Someone had pushed it under my bedroom door.

I didn't want to open it. Something seemed to warn me not to touch it. I stood there, motionless, looking at it, fighting to go back into the dream that held no telegrams. Back into the place where only Angus and I existed.

But finally I had to pick it up. I ripped it open.

"Come back. Need you desperately. Flick ran off to Las Vegas last night and married a boy named Tom Silva. What are we going to do. Need you. Mother."

Automatically I found myself, from habit, counting the words in the telegram. Mother never could limit herself to the cheaper ten-word rate!

And then it came, like a delayed reaction, penetrating through my consciousness with the sharpness of a knife-cut, slashing across the web of happiness I had woven for myself these past few days. In the quickness of time it took me to re-read the telegram through, I was no longer Sue, beloved of Angus. I was Sue Ballin, head of the Ballin family, responsible for all the troubles and the futures of five people. A dream had died.

Flick had run off and married some boy I didn't know. My little sister had achieved another of her impulsive gestures—only this was more serious than neglecting her school home work, or staying out after twelve o'clock. *Flick married!* She was a child—seventeen—and it was up to me, her older sister, to get her out of this mess.

But Angus couldn't see it that way. Not when I told him I had to leave and didn't know when I would be back.

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Sue. But your sister has parents. And, obviously, she has a mind of her own. She's going to have to fight her own battles sometime."

"She's my job, Angus. They are all my job—Mother and Flick and the twins. They look to me."

"You won't be coming back." He said it slowly. I started to speak, but he stopped me. "No, you won't be coming back to me. And I won't follow you, Sue, and hang around waiting for such crumbs of your time as you could spare me. You're going back to a different world. Already you've changed. You're wearing your hair that same tight way you did at first."

"It's—oh, Angus, what else can I do now! Just let me straighten this mess out for them first, and then we can think about ourselves and plan—"

"TIME isn't important. I could wait. But it's your state of mind that comes between us, Sue. You'll never be ready for love and marriage. I know you'd like to stay here with me and forget your family or let them work things out for themselves, but, to you, that's a holiday way of thinking. Thinking about us, about Angus and Sue—that's wishful thinking, to you. That's impractical. Your real job is at home. And, what really worries me, in spite of everything, is that there's a kind of eagerness in you to get back and pick up the load. It's satisfying to you."

"You mean I'm a martyr? And I like it?" I was hurt, angry and incredulous. I wanted to say more, but if I had it would have meant a real quarrel.

I left Angus like that.

Over and over, as I jounced home on the bus, I heard his last words to me. He could understand my leaving him when we had only just discovered our love, but he was looking ahead to a pattern when my responsibilities must always come first, and he second.

Angus take second-best? I knew he wouldn't.

I walked home the few blocks from the bus station. The feeling of unreality began to disappear as I set foot on these so-familiar streets, and gradually the urgency of the problem facing me asserted itself into my mind.

Each step was a reminder of duty. Here was Simms' grocery store where I placed our order every day and picked up the groceries every night, if the twins had forgotten—as they did, usually. I couldn't trust Mother to do the marketing. No telling what the bill would be at the end of the month!

Here was Flick's high school. She was to have graduated this year. She *must* graduate. I hadn't had the chance to finish. I had sacrificed so much that she should, and now this stupid marriage of hers—! It mustn't be allowed to interfere.

Old habits of thinking were coming back now. Already Angus seemed like someone I had dreamed—if it hadn't been that the ache in my heart was too real for me to call it imagination.

Once again I was concentrating on my family. Flick must go back to school. I would have to do something about this marriage—get it annulled, I supposed. Jim and John would have to be cross-examined about their homework. And if they had let Mrs. Perry's dog loose again, or climbed Mr. Martinez' fruit trees, I would have to go around and smooth things over.

Mother—well, I would just have to find the bills, wherever she had hidden them, this time. She was such a dear,



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but money trickled through her fingers.

I thought with relief of Dad. Quiet, almost diffident, never asserting himself, but quick to back me up. He had let me run things for a long time, but, still, a word of praise from him was all the reward I had ever wanted. If only I could see him first and talk things over with him!

But it was not to be. Mother met me at the door, her eyes red and puffy from crying, her hands twisted in her apron.

"Oh, Sue! If only you'd been here, it would never have happened. My baby—Flick—" Mother was crying again as she led me back to the big, sunny, clean kitchen.

"Tell me about it, Mother. How did it happen? Do you know this boy, this Tom Silva?"

"Why, you've met him, yourself, Sue. He used to come to the house with all the rest of those youngsters and I never gave him a second thought. Just a boy, eating cookies and making up sandwiches and dancing with Flick to the radio. And now he's married her—those two children—oh, Sue!"

"NEVER mind, Mother. We'll get it straightened out." I patted her shoulder, feeling unhappy and at the same time, feeling my old energy pouring back. "I'll talk to them. I'm going in to talk to Dad first. But—before I do—are there any bills around need taking care of? Did you send off the insurance payment?"

"Your father attended to all that," Mother said, absentmindedly. "He gave me a new budget system and I can really understand it. But—Sue—the electric iron won't work, and the handle came off the coffee pot, and we need a new clothesline—oh, how can we talk about such things! With Flick—"

"Where is Flick? Where are they now?"

"I'm right here," a voice said, defiantly from the doorway. "We came back last night. And I'm getting sick of it—everywhere I go, people talking, talking, behind my back, treating Tom and me as if we were children. Problem children! We're married! He's my husband—my grandmother got married when she was fourteen—"

"This is 1946, Flick," I said, and crossed the room to kiss her cheek. "Look, darling, let's not discuss it right now. You knew how I'd feel about an elopement like this . . . and you know it's because I want all the very best for you in life. I don't want you to make any mistakes."

Her head drooped. She looked absurdly young, standing there in white ruffled blouse and pinafore, moccasins and bobby socks. That was the way she used to stand when she brought me her dolls to be mended—ridiculous!—to even think of her being married!

That was a good sign, I thought to myself, as I went into the little bedroom that was also Dad's study and library and a kind of haven that drew the rest of the family. Some of the weight that had settled back on my shoulders eased slightly. Dad would help me. He would tell me I was doing the right thing. He knew the sacrifices I made and his praise kept me going.

"Hello, Dad," I whispered.

He wheeled his chair around in a flash. "Sue!" he beamed at me. Then his face clouded. "But you've cut your vacation short—the first one you've had in years! That isn't right. I told your mother not to call you back."

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"Something has to be done about Flick," I reminded him.

With almost a shock, I saw how much better he looked than I had seen him in a long time. His color was better and there was energy and purpose in his face. The quiet indifference was gone from his eyes. He looked—*alive* —more alive than he had for years.

"Flick? Oh—her marriage, you mean. Well, it is something of a shock but it's done, Sue. Young people do get married, you know. I've wanted you to fall in love for a long time." I think he saw my sudden start because he added softly, "It's time you fell in love and got married, my dear. I'm afraid you'll let it pass you by."

I brushed this aside. This was no time to be thinking of me. "You're taking Flick's marriage very casually, Father. She's just a baby and there's plenty of time for her to be thinking of settling down. This isn't a normal happening, it's a tragedy. I'll have to do something—get the marriage annulled —before it's too late."

ALARM leaped into his eyes. "Annulled? Wait a minute, Sue. Think this thing over carefully. Your sister isn't like you. She's not a good student. She doesn't like school; she doesn't want a career. All she's ever wanted was a home and babies and she loves this Tom and he loves her."

Do you think I don't want a home and babies? I wanted to shout at him. *Do you think I'm so different from other girls?*

"Flick is only seventeen. She doesn't know what she wants. She's had me to do her thinking for her all her life. I'll have to decide—"

"I wonder," he said, carefully. It seemed to me that some of the purpose and the aliveness in his face was going; that his eyes were losing their look of energy. "I suppose you know your sister best, Sue, but somehow—in some ways—Flick seems to me older than you. There's a simplicity in her for the few things she wants in life, and the rest she will brush aside. You want her to have and enjoy the things you missed—but are you sure she wants them? You can't force her into a mold. And I like this boy, this Tommy Silva. My son-in-law."

He was trying to make a joke out of it, but to me it seemed revolting. "Don't say that, Dad! Son-in-law—why, it seems almost indecent. He's still a kid. And that means I'll have the extra responsibility of caring for two adolescents in this house instead of just Flick. I won't do it! I can't start worrying about how Mr. and Mrs. Silva are going to live—it's all I can do to worry about Flick!"

And if I take them both on, how can I ever escape to you, Angus?

Now the spark seemed to be entirely extinguished in Dad's face. When he spoke again, it was with his old indifference. "I guess you're right, Sue. You must do what you think is best. I can't expect you to carry the load as you have in this family, and then interfere with your decisions."

I didn't want him to take it like this. I hated to hear him openly acknowledge his own helplessness. We had played a game, Dad and I—asking his advice, talking things over with him, deferring to his judgment—although we both knew it would always be I who really made the decisions for the family.

I went out just as the twins came bounding in.

"Hello, Sue!—Hi, ya, Sue!—Look, Dad!—I made a dollar ten cents—

I them, this time. She was such a dear,

JAMES ART STUDIOS Inc. Rochester 5, N. Y.

you did not, I made sixty cents of that —like you said, Dad, Mrs. Perry was glad to have us walk her dog on the leash and she said she didn't understand how much we were nuts about that dog and now she's swell and she pays us and—Mr. Martinez is going to let us pick all the apricots we want. We told him what you said—"

I was so surprised I stood stock-still, outside the closed door. The twins actually working and making money? Walking Mrs. Perry's dog—instead of devilling the old lady by sneaking it loose from its kennels? The hours I had spent apologizing to Mrs. Perry! And being on such friendly terms with Mr. Martinez—! It seemed unbelievable.

That evening Flick brought Tommy Silva to see me, as I had asked.

The boy was nice looking and he had an appealing charm, I had to admit. There were clean lines to his face and a stubbornness to his chin that promised well. But his black hair was unruly and kept falling into his eyes. And his faded sweater still carried the imprint of a hastily-unripped school athletic letter. *He's too young,* I told myself sternly.

THEY heard me out in silence. Evidently Flick had already warned the boy that her family wanted an annulment, because he showed no surprise. But talking it over with me like this, must have made it seem actual and official, and I saw a sullenness come over Tom's face and Flick looked scared.

"I know you two children love each other," I finished up by saying. "But if it's real it will last. You can afford to wait a couple of years and get your feet on the ground. Flick will never have to blame you, Tom, for making her miss the fun and the excitement the other girls have. Then you can be married again, with our blessing. Doesn't your family feel the same way, Tom?"

I saw I had scored. He flushed. "Yes. But we do love each other, Miss Ballin. And my folks aren't really opposed, though they think we were unwise. But we're not too young. I have a job promised and if I have Flick to work for, we'll get along. I'm a good mechanic and we planned that I would go to trade school, nights, and at the same time I could be learning and supporting her by working in the garage. I won't make very much but we could get by."

Suddenly Flick started to cry. The boy looked at her, dazed. She threw herself into my arms and sobs shook her. "It's awful—the whole thing—people prying and talking us over and not letting us alone! I didn't think it would be like this! I don't want to be married . . . I don't want to be anything! Let me alone—all of you! Go away, Tom—they won't let us be happy —it was so wonderful and now it's so horrible! Leave me alone!"

He left us then.

Flick cried herself to sleep. Mother was in tears, too, as she finished wiping the dishes in the kitchen. Dad had shut himself up in his room and there was a strange wall between us that had never been there before.

I sat in the livingroom, feeling more alone than I ever had in my life. I had done what was right, but there was no satisfaction.

There was no peace and no happiness. Now, when I was alone, thoughts of Angus came flooding back.

I turned my head restlessly on the couch back. Those nerves—those silly,

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uncontrollable, quivering nerves in the nape of my neck—were hurting again, sending their needle-like stabs through my whole body again at even the touch of the upholstery. And my head throbbed. What good had been my vacation and Dr. Peters' prescription and the sun and the waves and the dancing, when I had returned to this? What good had it been to fall in love, and then endure this aching misery for its fleeting?

And even then, from old habit, even while my heart tore with pain at thoughts of Angus, other stupid reminders—of broken coffeepot handles and new clotheslines—were thrusting themselves at me.

The ring of the doorbell startled me. Tom—had the boy come back to plead again?

But it wasn't Tom. Tom didn't have that red hair. Tom wasn't so tall—his shoulders weren't so broad—

"Angus!"

Then I was in his arms.

"I FOLLOWED you," he said, quietly, after a while. "I said I wouldn't, but I couldn't let you go like that, with all the questions unanswered and nothing settled."

"It was the hardest thing I've ever had to do—leaving you, darling," I whispered.

"Then never again." And his voice was firm and resolute.

I didn't know how to answer. I was confused.

"Come in and meet my Dad, Angus." Maybe that would make him understand. Maybe then he would see my responsibilities here.

I took him in and introduced him and left them there. Dad's hot chocolate was a ritual at this hour and I was glad to escape and busy my hands—and try to think.

I felt strangely light and gay and carefree. My heart had taken possession of my body, laughing at nerves, refusing to be sobered by questions or problems or difficulties.

Angus was here.

It was then, I think, that the first real, solid doubt of my own rightness came to me. Oh, it had had beginnings—back there in Laguna when Angus had accused me of being a willing martyr. And in the change in Dad when I had come home, the aliveness of him, the way the twins had brushed me aside and gone to him with their account of themselves. The way Mother and Dad had arranged their own budget while I was gone.

The twins working. No furtiveness of hidden bills on Mother's part. And Flick—

Now I understood the dissatisfaction I had felt with my solution for Tom and Flick. Had I been right?

Doubt came to me now with the solid impact of revelation.

Was I really needed here? But—more important—was this happiness I felt with Angus the reality? Was this what life intended and meant I should have?

Now I wondered. In denying love, was I not denying life itself? Could any real happiness for our family stem from a frustrated, disappointed, martyred—yes, Angus was right—*martyred* woman?

Flick, then, knew this truth, instinctively, that I had only just now discovered. She knew what was important and what was real, and the rest didn't matter. Maybe she would regret some of the dances and the parties and the pleasures her girl-friends would

be enjoying. Maybe she would have a hard time getting used to the role of a wife so young. But it was what she wanted and she went to it with the direct simplicity of the wise and the very young.

Her husband was like her. And he had even made plans for them—plans I could find no real objection to. He was ready for maturity.

And I had treated them like a couple of thoughtless children. They, who, in their natural acceptance of love and its path, were wiser and older than I!

"Well, you two seem to be getting along fine together," I told Dad and Angus as I came in with the tray. And, indeed they were—although there were questions in Dad's eyes and a stubborn premonition to argument in Angus', as they looked at me. Maybe it was that that moved me to sudden impulse. "It's a good thing you are—" I told them, while my heart pounded—"because it's all in the family. Angus and I are going to be married, Dad."

I SAW the surprise and the delight in Dad's face. And the joy in Angus'.

"With your permission, sir." He turned to Dad. "Because I'll be taking Sue to Laguna with me to live. My job is there and that's where we'll have to stay."

"You have my permission and my blessing." Dad's voice was strong and firm. The energy had come back into his eyes and the aliveness into his face. He looked like a man capable of taking charge, and proud to be doing it. "Sue, here, has given enough of her life to problems that shouldn't have been hers, rightly. It was my fault. I felt helpless, bound here in this room."

"It's been my fault, too, Dad," I told him from the shelter of Angus' arms. "Responsibility went to my head, I guess, after a while."

I was beginning to enjoy trouble because it made me feel needed. I wasn't really able to control the twins or help Mother or run Flick's life for her. But I was doing it, just the same. And I was heading for a mess."

"No annulment?" Dad smiled at me.

"No annulment. You were right. Tom can go to work and he can live here—he and Flick—and help. They can pay rent here just as they would have to someplace else and that will help—oh, Angus—there I go again! Planning what people should do!"

He didn't laugh at me. He just held me closer. "I won't mind a little of it, Sue. I'm a careless fellow, myself. But try bossing me, sometime—try it and see what happens!

"You see, darling," he explained to me, later, when we had said goodnight to Dad, "it's like those waves I taught you to ride. You never had anyone to teach you how to ride *these* waves—these responsibilities you took on. You just stood up and let them hit you, knock you down and roll you around. And then you'd stand up again. You thought that was the only way to do it. But life can be a wonderful thing, darling, if you just learn not to fight it all the time."

"Like this?" I reached up and kissed him again. This time it was sure and complete and wonderful—better, even, than that first passion-awakened kiss at Laguna. Because this was no sudden and holiday tempest. This was promise and fulfillment. This was a wave, carrying us both to the unbroken crest of ecstasy and sweeping us far into the safe haven that was the security of love.



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Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 4*)

MOOD ORGANIST

The organist who pumps out the familiar background music for your favorite daytime radio show or night time drama is short, stocky Lew White, one-time member of Roxy's famous radio gang. It's rather hard to avoid Lew if you're a rabid dialer. Every weekday from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., the prolific and prosperous Philadelphian is busy dashing from one network to another, setting musical moods for the assorted heroes, heroines and villains of the airwaves.

Lew has made his particular and peculiar career a one-man industry that nets him about $100,000 a year, and to talk to him you have to adjust yourself to his exhausting time-table. I caught him between Barry Cameron and Rosemary, just two of his dozen radio activities.

The experience necessary for such work came to Lew when he worked in large Philadelphia and New York movie houses, first playing appropriate music for silent pictures and then scoring for talkies.

"You use the same principles for radio dramas. The thing is to know in a flash just what to play," Lew says.

Lew knows what to play, having stored in his alert brain more than eight thousand musical cues and variations.

Busy radio producers can't afford to take chances with inexperienced performers or scripters.

"Lew," explained one big advertising agency director, "is like insurance. No matter what the problem Lew can come into a studio five minutes before airtime, glance at the script and dash off the appropriate musical accompaniment."

If they want to get the effect of a large dance band, Lew simply has a piano pushed next to his Hammond organ, plays melody on the piano with his right hand, gets rhythm on the console with his left, and uses his nimble feet on the pedals for bass.

If they want a hazy, ethereal quality, no need to bother with super-duper arrangements or carloads of musicians. Lew White calmly drops his right elbow high up on the keyboard and simulates bell music with his other hand. "I call that," he explains, "my Portia 'heartbeat' rhythm."

Lew has been in radio since 1928 and knows every trick of the trade. At one time he ran an organ school, equipped with three impressive consoles, charged students $15 for every half hour lesson. Out of a $10,000 investment he made a $90,000 profit, sold one of his organs to CBS.

Lew studied organ at the University of Pennsylvania, has played piano since he was four, under the diligent eyes of his father, Herman White, a prominent violin teacher. The late S. L. Rothafel, "Roxy," brought him from his native Quaker Town to New York.

"Roxy hired me at $250 a week to be chief organist at the Roxy theater. A generous man—I'll never forget that when I went to collect my first pay check it was for $400."

Lew told Roxy there must have been some mistake.

"It's no mistake," Roxy told him, "you're good and I like to hold on to good things."

Roxy held on to him until the former's death. Old-time dial twisters will fondly remember the old Roxy gang, Wee Willie Robyn, Gladys Rice, Douglas Stanbury, Milton Cross, Lew, Erno Rappee and of course, Roxy himself.

When radio dramas became standard fare, Lew's knowledge of quick music scoring became a valuable property and he naturally went into this line of radio.

Today, Lew is heard on such programs as Portia Faces Life, Rosemary, Barry Cameron, Young Widder Brown, The Listening Post, Grand Central Station, Inner Sanctum, and Bulldog Drummond.

Lew starts his typical day at 7:45 A.M. He and his wife, an ex-model, breakfast in their large Central Park West apartment with their two children, Barbara, seven, and Mimi, five. An hour later he's down at NBC rehearsing Listening Post, which goes on the air at 10:45 A.M. Broadcast over, Lew dashes across the hall to the Barry Cameron studio.

"About this time I get a breathing spell," Lew told me, "and I usually go to a gym on 54th street and relax. I seldom eat any lunch."

At 1:30 he's over at CBS for Rosemary rehearsals and back again at NBC for Young Widder Brown at 4:30 and Portia Faces Life at 5:15.

He's back home fifteen minutes later. "Regular business hours," Lew says, proudly. "When would I ever see my family otherwise?" he asks.

NEW RECORDS

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

ALVINO REY: Turns in another torrid treatment of "Cement Mixer" and for good balance uses the reverse for the ballad "We'll Gather Lilacs." (Capitol.)

* * *

HELEN FORREST - DICK HAYMES: A delectable duo in two Jerome Kern hits from "Centennial Summer—" "All Through the Day" and "In Love in Vain" (Decca.) Louanne Hogan does the same tunes handsomely for Musicraft.

* * *

MAURICE ROCCO: Some solid boogie-woogie variations on "Begin the Beguine" and "St. Louis Blues" by a hard-hitting keyboard king. (Musicraft.)

* * *

BENNY GOODMAN: The new sextet with Messrs. Goodman, Norvo, Wilson, Feld and others, featured in a new Columbia album that includes such worthies as "Shine," "I Got Rhythm" and "China Boy."

* * *

WOODY HERMAN: A perfect pairing, "Panacea" and the oldie, "You've Got Me Crying Again." The maestro interprets the lyrics feelingly. (Columbia.)

* * *

BING CROSBY: That Man again doing a neat wrapup of "Who's Sorry Now" and "I've Found a New Baby." Eddy Heywood's neat little band helps things along. (Decca.)

* * *

FRANK SINATRA: On deck with two new Irving Berlin hits from "Annie Get Your Gun." The tunes are "They Say It's Wonderful" and "The Girl That I Marry." (Columbia.)

* * *

VAUGHN MONROE: "Love On a Greybound Bus" and "All the Time."—Excellent job. (Victor.)

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One pair of lovely, hard-to-get nylon hosiery



Next 500 Prizes

Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick





Read these contest rules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry, together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 1886, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employes of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Sept. 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

It may become *yours* — this handsome convertible! Sounds grand, doesn't it!

You have a chance to win it—or any one of 653 worthwhile prizes—in the Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest. Just complete this statement in 25 words or less: *"I like Stadium Girl Lipstick in the easy push-up plastic container, because . . ."*

That's easy, isn't it! Especially when all you have to do is to write about the favorite lipstick of many beauty-wise women. Stadium Girl, you know, is the popular lipstick that comes in six of the season's smartest, most flattering shades.

You can enter this contest as many times as you like. But include with each entry the card on which you get the 25¢-size Stadium Girl Lipstick.

Get your Stadium Girl Lipstick today at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. Or, if your dealer can't supply you, order by coupon below. Read the contest rules. Then get busy writing the entry you hope wins a thrilling prize!

[Tear out coupon and mail today]

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I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢), which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

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My choice of lipstick shade is:

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- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dk.)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

"At First Sight—and Forever!"

(*Continued from page 37*)

could all meet him in the lounge.

You know the advertisements about how "they all laughed when I sat down to play"—well, that is a little bit the way I felt when I tried to explain to the others in my party that we were all invited to sit out the next intermission with the Boss Man himself.

It was during that next intermission that Bob drew me aside and asked me if I would have dinner with him the next night. *Would* I? I had a date—with my faithful, if platonic, beau, but I was sure he'd be sensible about it. He'd better be, I thought.

Bob explained then that some friends of his had invited him to dinner—he'd love it if I went along. Perhaps I would come back to the Casino while he played. If I wouldn't be bored, he said, I could sit and listen to the band. If I wouldn't be *bored!*

I agreed avidly to all of his plans, and didn't think until I was on the way home—up in the clouds and in a daze—that putting off my boy friend wasn't my only problem. There was my father.

Father—he was Dr. Leroy Philip Kuhn—was one of Chicago's famous surgeons, and a father of the old school. I had been brought up quite strictly to be a Lady. I was not allowed to go out with boys at all until I was ready for college, and then only with boys whom father had met and approved of and whose families he knew.

Telling father about my meeting with Bob Crosby and winning his consent for my Sunday night date was going to be a hurdle.

I was up early next day and ready for an argument. After all, this Sunday was the last day of my vacation—and it could be so *wonderful.* I just had to swing it.

Quite as I had expected father listened to my story with horrified astonishment. He certainly would *not* give me permission to keep my date with a band leader.

But I am my father's daughter, and I, too, have a mind of my own.

"But father," I protested. "I have accepted his invitation. I simply can't change my plans now."

Very well, if I insisted upon going out with this — this *musician* — father couldn't stop me. But he certainly would refuse to meet the man.

That was the way we left it. When the time came for Bob to arrive, father retired to his room, closed the door and —I am sure—paced the floor. I waited in the livingroom, feeling a little unsure and scared myself.

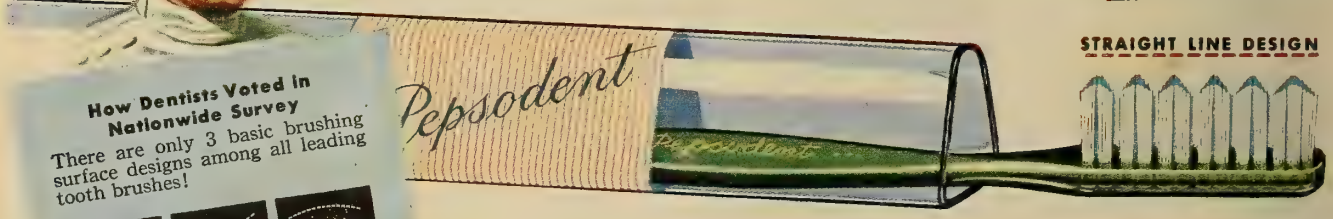
The doorbell rang, and the maid admitted Bob. I felt better the minute I saw him. He was no monster. He was a nice guy. And I guess curiosity got father—for he popped into the room before five minutes had passed and, a little gruffly, held out his hand to my guest.

"June tells me you like baseball," Bob, that old diplomat, opened up. And

Straight Line Design

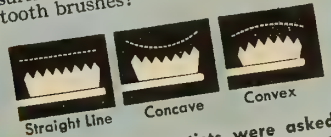
cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1





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Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

they were off. They made a date to go to a baseball game, another date to play golf, and parted with the greatest reluctance.

I *floated* through the dinner party. Later, when we arrived at the Casino Bob ducked away for a minute and came back with an armload of magazines. "Here," he said, "is something to keep you busy—I don't want you to get *bored*."

I had thoughts only, eyes only for Bob—half way across the room on the bandstand—and he seemed to be singing all of his songs just for me. I was bursting with pride and happiness.

At about 11:30, after he had finished a love song, he stepped down from the stand and while the other musicians and the dancers watched him wonderingly, he walked straight through the crowded dance floor, to my table.

"June," he said, his eyes burning into mine, "will you marry me?"

I COULDN'T find words. I just looked at him, a dozen questions racing through my head. Did he mean it? Or was this just a line? I was familiar with the current "lines" from Princeton, and Yale, and Harvard. But this was something new. Was I supposed to take him seriously? Could he be playing some sort of a cruel joke on me?

Bob took my silence for indecision, I guess. He touched my hand lightly and said, "Don't answer now. Think it over." And he walked quickly away.

For another hour I had to sit there alone, torn by those questions. And more questions, each with Big Problem attached. What would father say, and mother, when I told them I wanted to leave college? How could I get out of going back to school next day?

What developed was that I couldn't.

Mother and father, convinced that this was just another of my school-girl infatuations, very firmly shepherded me next day to the train which would take me back to Bronxville. Mother even went with me to "explain" to Bob—to make sure, probably, that I wouldn't run away with him.

Bob listened respectfully as mother explained that I was just eighteen, that I was too young to think of marriage, that I must finish school.

I was surprised, and a little hurt, when he agreed with all her conclusions.

"Go back and finish your freshman year," he told me. "And think it all over." He added: "I have a few things to straighten out myself."

Did this mean he wasn't sure? That he had changed his mind?

I was a sick girl when that train pulled out of Dearborn station. Mother and father, who thought that I was merely impressed with Bob's glamor, the Big Name, were so wrong. I was in love. Dizzily, achingly in love.

And now I was sure I would lose my big chance. Bob would forget me as soon as I was out of sight. He would find somebody else. I knew he would.

From the first station out of Chicago I dispatched two frantic telegrams. To Bob I wired "All you have to do is say the word and I will get off this train." To my family went an S.O.S. "Please. I will lose him."

But it was no use. Bob didn't say the word. And my father phoned as soon as I arrived at school. "Be sensible," he pleaded. "You're eighteen years old. You've been 'engaged' three times. You're bowled over now. But wait. If you really love him and want to marry him a year from now I will consent."

"Then it would have been a mistake in the first place," father said adamantly. And to make sure that I didn't reverse his decision he made another long distance call—to my Dean. I was not to be given permission to leave school—for *anything*.

So I stayed.

Little by little the events of Easter vacation took on the fuzzy qualities of a dream.

It had been a dream that Bob had fallen in love with me at first sight, as I had fallen in love with him. (But for keeps, on my part.) It had been a dream that he had asked me to be his wife. My college mates were obviously incredulous about the whole story, and I stopped telling it—for what proof had I, except for an occasional hurried letter from somewhere on the road?

Then my father died. His death and the problem months which followed blotted out even those thin threads of contact with my dream weekend.

When I began to try to put my life together again I decided to go west. I had a chance to try out for the movies.

And besides Bob was in Hollywood and I wanted very much to see him again. Until I saw him—found out for sure that our bright flame of a year ago had been but the flash of a single match—I couldn't know for certain what I wanted to do with my life.

I wired Bob that I was coming, gave him a telephone number at my aunt's, where I planned to stop temporarily.

When I arrived, I found he had driven the family crazy trying to find out when I was coming, for how long, and what about me, anyway.

I saw him that first night in Hollywood, and we knew at once that things hadn't changed. Love at first sight had stuck.

There was only one hitch—the "things" Bob had had to straighten out before, and which still required straightening. He was married, Bob confessed. He had been married for five days, separated for five years—but he had never been in one place long enough to get a divorce. If I would promise to marry him, however, he would start proceedings right away.

ALL of this brought mother on the double-quick to the West Coast to whisk me away on yet another "trial separation." This time we went to Europe, as though I could forget Bob faster among the ancient ruins than I had at Sarah Lawrence. We were away two months and I was miserable every minute. At last mother was convinced that this was no infatuation, but the real thing.

I had insisted that Bob and I announce our engagement before I went to Europe, but it was not until I was back in Chicago that all our problems were removed. Then on September 22, 1938, in Bob's home town of Spokane, we sought out an old friend of the Crosby family, Judge Fred Witt, and said the matter-of-fact, legal words which made our implausible story true.

Life was fun for us two Crosbys. It is even more fun now that we are five—growing on six.

To count noses: there is Cathy, who is seven, and just like her father. And Christopher, who is four, and Bobbie, who is two.

We have a big stone house with a high fence around it and a couple of acres of flat grass to accommodate the children's noise and paraphernalia.

It all seems very sane, and sensible, and permanent.

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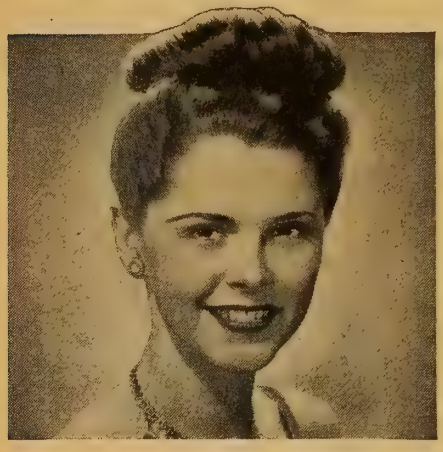


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Once We're Married

(*Continued from page 40*)

along?" His voice was very bitter.

Sally understood then. The color came flooding back into her face. "Oh," she whispered. "Your father told you—"

"Not him—Mother. Not that it makes any difference, does it?" Phil asked pleasantly.

"But I didn't—" Sally began, and stopped. There was nothing she could say, she realized, that would change that hard stare of disbelief in Phil's eyes. His father had promised to secure Oliver's release if she would give Phil up; she had given Phil up, and Oliver had been freed. Those were the facts, and nothing could change them.

"No," she said quietly. "It doesn't make any difference." She picked her purse up from the table. "Let's go now, Ernie," she said. "I'm tired."

But Phil was in the grip of a reckless bravado, and he wouldn't let them go. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let's have a dance, Sally. Just one. Listen!" He reached for her hand. "They're playing 'It Might as Well be Spring'—remember how we used to play it on Aunt Jenny's phonograph when it first came out? And besides, it *is* spring now!"

SALLY jerked her hand away. Suddenly she hated him. "Let me go!" she said furiously. "I won't dance with you—I don't even want to see you!"

He tried to seize her, standing up and reaching across the table. Ernie stood up too. "Hey!" he said, and threw himself at Phil. Out of the corner of his eye, Phil saw him coming, and turned, bringing his clenched fist up as he did so. The fist landed on the side of Ernie's head, and he staggered, recovered himself, and aimed a blow at Phil. People came running. . . .

They managed to separate Phil and Ernie before either of them had done too much damage to the other. Ernie took Sally home, driving with one hand and holding a handkerchief against a split lip with the other, and Phil's friends took charge of him. He was quiet enough by that time, and perfectly sober again, with a bruise already turning purple around his right eye. They took him back to town, and dropped him at his own house.

His father and mother had gone to bed, and he crept silently up the stairs and into his own room—knowing that they were probably awake, listening. He turned the light on and stared at his reflection in the mirror for a moment, then turned away in distaste. No wonder, he thought, that Sally hated him now; he hated himself, as far as that went. Everything had gone wrong for him since his return to Littleton. Everything had gone wrong, but tonight he no longer blamed his parents, or Sally, or anyone except himself. He'd been weak where he should have been strong, indecisive when he should have been resolute; and he'd climaxed everything by getting drunk and fighting in a public amusement-park.

For a long time after he'd gone to bed he lay awake, thinking—and his thoughts weren't pleasant.

He was up early the next morning, but he didn't go downstairs. He pulled shirts and underwear out of the dresser drawers, suits out of the closet, and stacked them neatly on the unmade bed. Up in the attic he found two suitcases, and brought them down. He had nearly finished packing them when his



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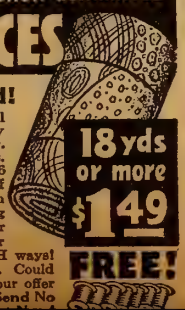
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"Come in," he called.

"Phil, don't you want any breakfast?" she was saying as she entered, and then she saw the suitcases, and one hand flew to her mouth. "You're packing! Why? Where are you going?"

"Away. Somewhere out west," Phil said. "I've made a mess of things here. I'm going to start in all over again, where nobody knows me and I don't know anybody."

"No—you mustn't!" She caught sight of the bruise on his eye. "You've been fighting! That's the reason. Oh, Phil, what has happened to you?"

"I've been in a fight," Phil said, "but that's not why I'm leaving. Or maybe it is, in a way. Maybe it woke me up. The point is, Mother," and he closed the first of the suitcases, "I can't stay here any longer. I've got to get out and make something of myself. You and Dad—you love me too much. I depend on you, and I know I shouldn't, and I end up making a fool of myself. I love Sally Burnett, and I should have gone ahead and married her." He slammed the other suitcase shut. "It's too late now for that. But I can go out and begin learning to stand on my own two feet."

HIS MOTHER didn't cry. She stepped to one side, leaving his path to the door free. Her eyes were on his face, fixed there by the realization that what he said was all true. She and Berg—they had done everything they could to hold him, to order his life for him, and they had failed. Of course they had failed, because such attempts were always bound to fail. They were losing him now, he was walking away from them in bitterness and anger, and he would probably never come back.

"Why is it too late," she said faintly, "for you and Sally to be married? Do you still love her?"

Phil picked up the suitcases, one in each hand. "I'll always love her," he said. "But she won't have anything to do with me. After last night—" He shook his head. "I don't know what got into me. I didn't have any right to blame her for agreeing not to marry me if Dad would see that Oliver kept out of prison. He's her brother—she had to do what she could for him."

"If you went to her now—if you asked her again—"

"You don't understand, Mother," he said. "I saw her last night. I had a fight with the fellow she was with, and she told me she never wanted to see me again. I don't blame her—I acted about as badly as anyone could. Anyway—" He managed to laugh. "You don't want Sally and me to be married, do you?"

"Yes—I do, I do! I was wrong, Phil—your father and I were wrong. We thought you'd forget about each other—we didn't know how much Sally meant to you. Stay here in Littleton, Phil. See Sally again, and tell her we've changed. Tell her we understand now that she's the only one who can help you!"

That was Helen's mistake. Phil's face hardened. "I'll help myself, thanks," he said, and carrying the suitcases left the room.

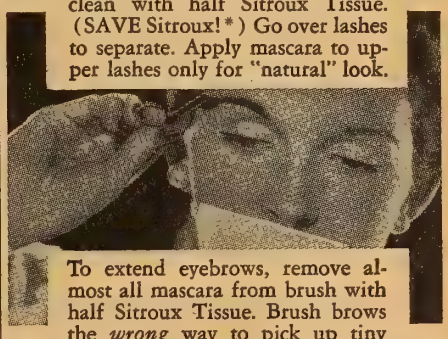
She ran after him, but he was already half-way down the stairs. "Phil!" she cried. He didn't turn. With long strides he crossed the hall, opened the front door, and went out.

Helen watched him, saw that he didn't take the car, and had a wild impulse to take it herself, catch him, and plead with him some more. But she had moved only a few steps when she hesitated, pressing her hands to her fore-

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could keep Phil in Littleton, only one to whom he would listen. She glanced at her watch. It was ten o'clock. The Metropole bus—the only means of transportation out of Littleton—left on the hour, and Phil had left the house too late to catch the one which must be pulling out this very moment. That meant she had an hour, until the next bus at eleven. She picked up the telephone and called the bank.

"Berg?" she said, when she was connected. "Phil's just left the house. He's going away—he wouldn't tell me where." She waited, only half listening to her husband's exclamation. Suddenly she felt sure of herself, surer than she had felt in months, and her voice when she went on was calm. "We've made a terrible mistake, Berg. We had no business trying to stand in the way of his happiness. I'm going to try to make up to him for—for everything. But I may not have time, and I want you to go to the bus terminal and talk to Phil. Keep him there—make any excuse you like—but don't let him get on the bus until I come."

"What are you going to do?" Berg demanded.

"I haven't time to explain. Just do as I say—meet Phil at the bus terminal, and *keep him there!*" She hung up quickly, before he had a chance to protest, snatched up a hat and light coat, and ran out the back door to the garage.

SHE WAS in the car when she had another thought. "Aunt Jenny!" she half whispered, and turned down the street toward my house.

Helen had never mentioned Sally to me. I knew she blamed me because Phil and Sally had met in my home and because I had let them go on meeting there, but she hadn't reproached me in words. Her manner, when we met, had been a little cool and distant, but that was all.

There was nothing cool about her when she rushed in my front door that bright June morning. "Jenny!" she was calling, almost before she was inside. "Jenny, can you come with me? I think I'm going to need your help."

I was getting a cake ready to go into the oven, and I didn't want to be interrupted—certainly not by Helen Ruskin. I'd already heard the story of Phil's fight the night before, and I was feeling anything but kindly toward all Ruskins, Phil included. "I'm sorry, Helen," I said when she was in the kitchen. "I'm busy."

"Let it go," she begged. "Jenny, I've been an awful idiot. Berg and I both have. If Phil's been making a spectacle of himself around town, it's as much our fault as his. And now he wants to leave Littleton—go away and start all over again somewhere else. The only person who can stop him is Sally Burnett, and I'm going to see her now. Won't you come along and—and give me moral support? I think I'm going to need it."

I dropped my cake spoon. "Well!" I said joyfully. "That's different. Of course I'll come."

Two minutes later we were both in the car, driving down to the Saturday-morning knot of traffic in the business section of town. Farmers from roundabout had come in, parking their cars all around the Square, and it was ten-fifteen before Helen had found a space to stop. We almost ran the block and a half to Simpson's drug store. "If she isn't there—" Helen gasped



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startled glance and a nod to me, Sally ignored us, and went on making ice-cream sodas for the people at the fountain. "Come on," I said to Helen. "We'll sit at the fountain and talk to her when she waits on us." My hand on Helen's arm felt its trembling.

We perched on stools, and in a minute or so Sally came over to stand in front of us. "Hello, Aunt Jenny," she said. "Good morning, Mrs. Ruskin."

"Good morning, Sally," Helen said hurriedly. "My dear, I have to talk to you. Can you get away for a minute and come outside?"

Sally shook her head. "I couldn't possibly," she said shortly. "We're terribly busy this morning."

"But it's important," poor Helen insisted. "It's—it's about Phil." Sally's pretty face hardened. "He's going to leave town—for good, Sally. He says he has to go somewhere else and start all over again."

"I'm sorry," Sally said. "But maybe he's right. Maybe it would be better. And anyway, there's nothing I can do to stop him."

"Oh, there is! If you'd—" Helen broke off, and looked around her. A dozen people were in the store, three or four of them within hearing distance, and I saw the struggle between her desperate need and a life-time of reserve mirrored in her face. If you were Helen Ruskin you simply didn't expose your family difficulties in a public place. But Helen had never been in a trouble like this before, and all at once she made up her mind. She forgot overhearing ears, and poured out her plea, her apologies, her regrets. And Sally listened, stony-faced.

"I see," she said finally. "You didn't want Phil to marry me. You and his father did everything you could to keep us from being married, and you succeeded. But now—now when Phil's going to walk out on you, then I'm good enough, all at once, to be his wife. No thanks, Mrs. Ruskin. I don't see things that way."

She started to turn away.

"No, Sally!" Helen cried. "It isn't like that. Won't you understand? I was

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wrong, and I only want to set things right again. And as for losing Phil—We've lost him already. We lost him when you refused to marry him. The—the only way we can keep him for our son is by sharing him with you. I didn't realize that before, but now I do."

"You didn't realize it soon enough," Sally said. A look of pain, a lost look, came into her eyes. "Phil thinks I gave him up to help my brother. Even if I tried to see him, he wouldn't have anything to do with me."

"He doesn't blame you for that, Sally! He told me he didn't, only this morning."

"I don't care whether he blames me or not. He should know better than to believe it! But he does believe it—because you told him it was true." Sally shivered. "I'm sorry—I have a lot to do this morning. I can't stand here talking."

Helen glaced frantically at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes of eleven, and the bus terminal was on the other side of town.

"Sally," I said quietly. She had started to walk away, but at the sound of my voice she stopped.

"What, Aunt Jenny?" she said without turning around.

"Come back here. Just for a minute," I said, and she slowly obeyed. "Sally," I said, "do you know what has been keeping you and Phil apart, from the very start?"

SHE SHOT a glance at Helen, and seemed about to speak, but then she only shook her head.

"It's been pride," I told her. "Nothing but pride. First his parents were too proud to let him marry you. Then Phil's pride was hurt when he thought you'd given him up to help Oliver. Now your own pride is making you stubborn and stiff-necked. What difference does it make if Phil thinks you made a bargain with his father? You can tell him you didn't, can't you, and let him decide whether to believe you or not?"

"Jenny's right, Sally," Helen said eagerly. "We *were* too proud—shamefully proud. But I'm not now. I came here so you could see that I'm not. Can't you let bygones be bygones? You and Phil can still be happy together, if you only will!"

Sally looked from one of us to the other, indecisively. My words had reached her, shaken her—I could tell that. But still there was the memory of how she'd been hurt, the resentment, the fear of being hurt again. And the druggist chose that minute to come fussing over from behind the prescription counter, complaining:

"Sally! What's going on here? The store's full of customers and you're standing around doing nothing!"

He didn't wait for her answer, just turned and hurried back to the other side of the store. Sally made a helpless gesture.

"Even if I wanted to come with you, how could I? I have to stay here—it's my job, and Mr. Simpson wouldn't ever forgive me if I—"

I knew, at that, we had won. I got off my stool.

"You run along, Sally," I said briskly. "I guess at my age I can put a few strawberry sodas and chocolate sundaes together. Go on, now—quick, before Mr. Simpson catches on to what's happening!" I got behind the counter and pushed her toward where Helen was waiting, and at first she resisted but then suddenly she was running. At the



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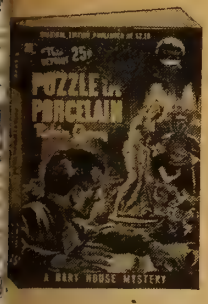


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that was just ahead of her, yet eager for it too. I smiled back, and asked two gaping high-school girls what they wanted to order.

It was fifteen minutes to eleven by that time, and Helen and Sally ran down the street to the car. They didn't have either the time or the breath to talk much, Sally told me later. They just jumped into the car and drove as fast as they could to the bus terminal. Phil was nowhere to be seen.

"Let's look inside," Helen said. "Where the buses leave."

They hurried through the little ticket office and waiting room. The space beyond was dim and smoky with exhaust-fumes, and at first they thought Phil wasn't there either. But then they saw him, standing with his father near the door of a bus that was being boarded by other passengers; and they heard Phil's voice saying, "It's no good, Dad. I told Mother I was leaving, and—"

At that instant he saw Sally, and stopped.

She walked slowly toward him. "Hello, Phil," she said. "Don't go away. Stay here and marry me."

PHIL'S father made a startled sound, and Helen went quickly to his side. "Phil," she said, "I brought Sally here so she could say that to you. I want the two of you to be married." She glanced up at her husband. "I haven't talked to your father about it—it's all my decision. But—I hope he'll back me up. I hope he'll see, as I do, that we made a mistake."

Berg's lined face did not change—but it didn't matter, because neither Sally nor Phil was watching him.

"Last night," Sally said, "you asked me if I'd promised your father to break our engagement, in return for his getting Oliver out of jail. I didn't answer you. I let you go on thinking that was what happened. But—it didn't happen, Phil." Her voice was soft and tender. "I'm telling you the truth. I broke our engagement because I thought you'd be happier if you weren't married to me. That was the only reason."

She was only a foot away from him, and she stood there, waiting for his answer. Suddenly he dropped the suitcases he'd had in his hand, and caught her close in his arms, lifting her until her feet barely touched the ground and pressing his mouth hungrily down on hers.

Helen put her hand on Berg's sleeve, and at her touch his lips softened into a smile. He cleared his throat.

"Phil," he said. "I can see it doesn't matter much to you now, but I'd like to have you think a little better of me. Sally refused my proposition, but I put in a good word for her brother with the district attorney anyway. I—I had to, because the boy had convinced me he was innocent. As a matter of fact," and for perhaps the only time in his life Berg Ruskin looked embarrassed, "he'd convinced the district attorney too. . . ."

Once Sally had told me the kind of wedding she and Phil would have. "A big one, with the organ playing and me in a white dress and veil—" And I'd thought that her chances of having that kind of a wedding with Phil at her side were about as remote as her chances of flying to the moon. But that's the way it happened, after all, on a day near the end of June, when little clouds were flying across the sky and the trees in the churchyard were shaking their leaves gently, like tiny applauding hands. A perfect June day, it was, a



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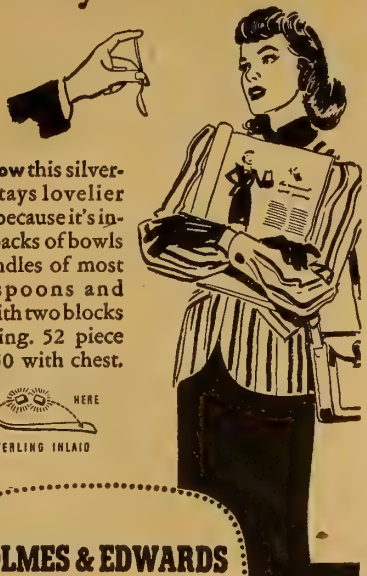
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YOUNG APPROACH TO LOOKS

By Jeanne Griffin

Many a woman could lop years off her birthdays and learn to be young in heart merely by reviewing what makes a young girl look and seem young and then doing something about it. The crux of the matter is the young girl's approach to living and looks as Fanny Brice would say. And Fanny ought to know, for though she was in the Follies, 1910, Fanny today is youthful looking and has a young point of view.

At 16, a young girl has the urge to be lovely that too many of us lose later on. Being attractive is terribly, terribly important to her. She buys several lipsticks and shades of powder in small sizes to try them out and find the ones that best suit her. She experiments with her hair. Furthermore, she takes good care of her hair and is apt to wash it more often than is absolutely necessary to keep it shiny and soft.

The teen-ager works for beauty—keeps her mind wide open for everything that's new. She's the first to try new shades of polish—almost before they've hit the cosmetic counters. She tries new techniques in make-up because she wants to learn.

And she's a shiny thing. When you see a young girl who really has a boy or boys on her mind, she's the shiniest thing on two feet. Her hair gleams, her eyebrows shine because they're brushed free of powder. And her eyes shine to high heaven from enthusiasm, from the sheer good fun of living, from the joy of looking forward to more fun. Too little courage, too many "I'm too olds," too little adventure in her blood won't steal the sparkle from her eyes for awhile yet. Her shiny lashes need little mascara except on special occasions but a small amount is always a "must" for her mother since her eyes seem to fade a little as time goes on. Refreshing with eye lotion and a framing with mascara and a little eyeshadow carefully applied can aid and abet the sparkling look that's so appealingly young. Her lips are shiny too and there's a luscious roundness to them that they'll probably lose in time. That's why the older woman needs a little more generous outline.

Because of the training she gets in "gym" class and because her body is young and full of energy, the young girl's posture is far better than it will be if she grows careless. But now she stands and walks tall and straight and that looks young. Her head and chest are carried high. To get the same effect, her mother will probably have to cultivate that proud young look and overcome any bosom droop with a bra that rounds and lifts. She may even have to supplement what nature gave her for there's nothing pretty or youthful about flat-chestedness. She has enthusiasm for clothes and often a canny sense of style. She knows what's new and is not afraid to try a new style if it suits her figure and type for she hasn't acquired the restraints or imaginary taboos that lead too many of her elders to the well-grooved rut.

Such enthusiasm is possible till the day we die providing we think life is exciting and want to keep it so. But the trouble is that too few of us care enough, want or try hard enough. Obviously the young approach can't change the number of our years, says Fanny Brice, but it can make us look



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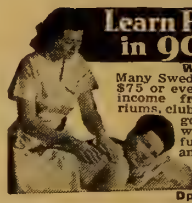
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That Girl Jo!

(Continued from page 27)

"What of it? That's only during school, and school isn't on again until next month. She'll be gone by then—I hope."

Jeep nodded. "But it still means he's popular. She wants to go everywhere everyone goes. Obviously Bill does go everywhere. She wants an escort. Bill's elected."

Liz gazed at him admiringly. Jeep didn't look like much, but he was bright. He was the living example that looks aren't everything.

"Bill's a goon to let her get away with it," Jeep continued. "Me, personally, I like girls who wear shoes that look like shoes, and a dress that doesn't look like she'd sneaked it out of her mother's closet."

LIZ glowed. Privately, ever since yesterday, she'd had her doubts about her sloppy-Joe shoes and her sweaters and skirts and dirndls. Of course, Belinda and Sylvia and the rest of the crowd wore them, but—well, they'd become suddenly a little juvenile. And here was Jeep, who, you'd think, would no more notice the way a girl looked than he'd take wings and fly, telling her he liked her as she was. She was so pleased that when he began to rock the float she let him think he'd rolled her off. When she came up, appropriately sputtering, Jeep had one final word to deliver on the subject. "I betcha," he said, "she finds some way of getting Bill to take her home. Alone."

"But how could she?" Liz asked, climbing on the float again. "Why, Sylvia's house is closest to the beach."

"Wait," said Jeep, "and see."

Liz waited. And saw. Belinda and Bill and Jeep and Liz walked as far as Sylvia's with the two girls. They were saying goodbye when Josephine noticed what a lovely day it was—what a lovely day for a walk. "It's a shame to go inside so soon," she told them. "I think I'll go on a ways with you."

Belinda glanced at Liz. "Do," she said. "By all means do." Do walk along with us and have a sunstroke. Do stop in with us at Carter's for a coke and get ptomaine. Do trip over a paving block and break a leg.

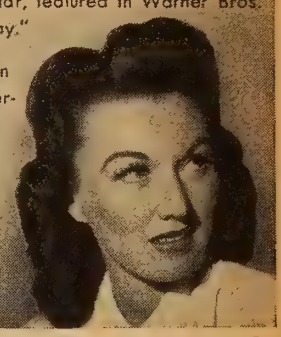
Sylvia didn't offer to tag along, and Josephine didn't urge her. In fact, Josephine, too, seemed to lose her desire for a walk as soon as they reached Belinda's. She let Bill take her back to Sylvia's after that.

Liz, with that clarity of perspective that sisters have, had never thought her brother perfect. But, on the other hand, she had never thought he was such an 18-karat droop, such an absolute, bona-fide drip as he was proving himself to be these days. Any fellow who would let a girl—especially a girl like Josephine, she amended hastily—lead him around by the nose, was—well, he was a droop and a drip, that's all. She went into the house, mourning him as one dead.

The crowd's summer activities were strictly informal, in the main. They swam in the mornings. They hung around Carter's in the afternoon. They gathered at one house or another in the evening. And in the days that followed, where the Websters were, there was that girl Jo. If Belinda or

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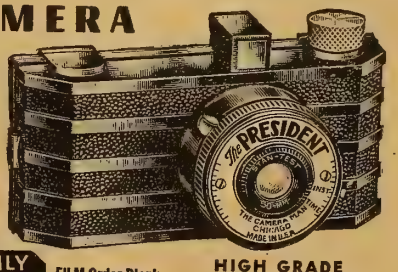


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between them, saying she was only going to stay a sec. When it was time to go home from somewhere, there was Josie-on-the-spot, her arm linked in Bill's.

And Belinda—well, Belinda put up and shut up, as Jeep expressed it, but any amateur volcanist could have taken one look at her eyes and predicted a bang-up eruption to come.

One night at Sylvia's the crowd was alternately listening to and dancing to records, as they often did, when the horrid blow fell. Belinda remembered afterwards, as one always remembers the smallest details of a major disaster, that Bill was moving his shoulders, tapping his foot to the rhythm of one number that was almost finished, while she stood by with another record in her hand, ready to put it on. And Bill said, "You know, Liz, we ought to have a big party for Jo at our house before she goes. We can—"

"But," said Josephine, "I'm not going home." I'm not going home. The house is on fire. There's a tidal wave bearing down on us. It didn't matter—they were all in the same class.

BILL'S foot stopped tapping. His shoulders went rigid. "Wh—what did you say?" he inquired, and his voice had risen a couple of notches.

"I'm not going home—not all year." Josephine shook back her hair and favored them all with a sunny, impartial smile. "Mommy and Daddy are going to California, and they're going to let me stay with Sylvia."

Belinda shut the phonograph off, and in the silence Bill seemed to be having some small difficulty with his Adam's apple. He finally got past it with, "Then you'll be going to school here? All winter? To Spring City High?"

Josephine shared the lovely news just with him. "Won't it be fun? They've been talking about it for a long time, but they didn't decide until last week."

Liz and Belinda looked at each other—that meeting of eyes of theirs had become chronic. And each knew exactly what the other was thinking—that Josephine had known all along that she might be staying in Spring City all winter.

Bill was singularly quiet the rest of the evening, but after the Websters and Jeep had taken Belinda home, he groaned aloud.

"Jo's staying. Oh, jeepers! And school's only a couple of weeks away!"

Liz was sweetly sisterly. "And what's wrong with you? She's just one of the crowd—you said so yourself."

He was too crushed to quell her with a look. He just shuffled along. From the other side, Jeep jumped in with both feet. "But, Bill—gee whiz, I should think you'd be glad. You go for her, don't you?"

Bill explained this sort of thing from the height of his two-months-and-six-days seniority to Jeep. "A fellow," he said, "may like a little change once in a while. He may like to fool around with a new girl in the summer. But Belinda's my girl. When winter comes—"

"Can Jo be far behind?" murmured Liz.

"Kids—it's not funny. You gotta help me out of this. I'm in a terrible spot. Why, I'm in a real jam. I might even lose Belinda. You've got to help me!"

A horrid suspicion dawned on Liz

I told Jo I wished I could take her to the Freshman Week Dance. It was perfectly safe—she wasn't going to be here then. And now she'll be planning to go to it with me!"

"Just that one dance?" Jeep prodded.

Bill swallowed mightily. "Well, I might have mentioned the football games and the Thanksgiving party. Just mentioned them in passing."

"But you've got dates for all that stuff," Liz wailed. "Dates with Belinda—from way back last Spring, when they were planned."

"That," said Bill succinctly, "is it."

They stumbled along in gloomy silence until they reached the Websters' house, when Bill made his last desperate attempt. "We'll think of something," he said. Napoleon rallying his men before Waterloo.

"What d'ya mean, *we*?" Jeep yelped.

"Leave me out of this," Liz added.

"I thought," said Bill, "you were my friends." Then, conscious of the obligations to society that a handsome and popular man carries, yet brave withal, he went into the house.

LIZ had meant it when she told Bill to leave her out of this. And afterwards she wished with all her heart that she had stuck by her guns and had left Bill and his woes strictly alone. But at the time she couldn't help it—not when a beautiful, neat solution practically walked up and introduced itself to her.

It happened the very next morning. Liz had wakened early and, because it was too hot to sleep anyway, she slipped out of the house for a before-breakfast swim. The sand stretched hot and empty under the sun, and the water was like glass; Liz was glad she had come—for a while. She played as she swam, turning herself seal-fashion in the water, swimming on her back and kicking her legs high. She didn't realize that she was not alone until she pulled herself up on the float and found herself face to face with any woman's dream.

He was definitely handsome enough to be a movie star—tall and bronzed, with long, dark eyelashes that swept at the corners. His hair was short and fitted his head like a curly cap, and his teeth were as white as a toothpaste ad's. And, of all things, he said "I do believe it's Liz Webster, isn't it? Up early aren't you, Liz?"

She dug frantically through her memory and finally emerged with, "Tip Carter?" very uncertainly. It was years since she'd last seen him. She'd been in grade school when he went off to college, and then he'd been in the war, and just the other day she'd heard her mother say that he was back, and going to college again.

He nodded. "There you have it," he complained. "Nobody knows me anymore, and I don't know anyone. I got back from summer school last week, and I've been wandering around like a lost soul ever since. You haven't any unattached friends you'd like to lend me for a short spell, have you?"

Liz caught her breath at the magnificent simplicity of the plan that leaped full-blown into her mind. But could she work it? Was Tip serious, or was he fooling? Could—?

"I'd ask you to share my lonely lot," he was saying politely, "but Mom was catching me up on the town gossip the other day and she said you go around a lot with Jeep Stanley. Of course, I won't be here after school starts in

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know some nice girl who likes to dance—"

Liz realized that he was just being polite about not wanting to come between her and Jeep. What he really meant was that she was too young for him. But Josephine, now . . .

"I know," she said with tremendous decision, "just the girl for you. She's in my brother's crowd, but she seems older, somehow, and sort of—of sophisticated, I guess."

Tip brightened up. "Fine," he said. "Can you latch on to her for tonight? We could all go somewhere, to break the ice. You and Jeep and Bill and his girl, I mean. How about the Rustic Lodge?" He added quickly, "On me, of course. I want it to be my party."

"WONDERFUL," said Liz, in a way that made Tip look at her as if she might have a touch of the sun. She stared at the water, dazzling bright, and felt dazzled herself at the sublime rightness of the way things were going. She could see Jo in Tip's arms, drifting around the dance floor at the Rustic Lodge. She could see Belinda in Bill's arms, drifting right behind them. In her new-found bliss she could even see herself and Jeep, and goodness knows Jeep's dancing was more like paddling than drifting. Everything was, to put it in a word, super. Utterly and definitely super!

It was arranged that they would meet at the Websters' that night. Bill called Belinda and Josephine, and they came over after dinner, Belinda in flowered cotton, Josephine in pale green shantung with a black linen belt and a boldly-wrought black monogram on what was definitely beginning to be her bosom. And the plan was working—Liz could see at a glance that Jo was dazzled at the invitation to go dancing at the Lodge, which was a favorite spot of the college crowd. Jeep and Bill even wore coats and ties in honor of this occasion.

"We'll have a whing-ding!" Jeep prophesied in pleasurable anticipation, and Liz, while she deplored the expression, heartily concurred in the sentiment.

"Who is this Tip Carter?" Jo asked, beating Belinda to the place beside Bill in the swing by a nose. "Someone from out of town? I don't see why you didn't ask Peewee. He's a marvelous dancer. And he always gets his father's car and—"

Her voice faded, and pop-eyed was the only proper adjective for her expression, as a long maroon-and-gray roadster slid to a stop at the curb. As Tip, undeniably handsome even at that distance in the dusk, got out, she touched the ends of her hair—apparently to make sure it hadn't risen off her head in surprise—and moved a little away from Bill.

Bill glowed with pride and satisfaction, and Liz couldn't have been any prouder of Tip Carter if she'd borne and raised him. Any moment now, that Jo would be off their hands forever . . .

But she counted her triumphs before they hatched. Tip beamed at one and all impartially when introduced—and then made straight as an arrow for Belinda! "Well," he said, with as much satisfaction as if he'd invented her on the spot, "you've certainly come a long way since hop-scotch days! Remember the time you skinned your knee and I rode you home on my bike?"

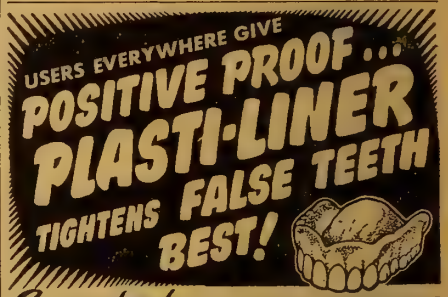
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the pretty little exclamations tossed into the conversation—even the monogram—were lost on him. Indeed, when they went out to the car, Tip stowed Belinda carefully into the seat next to the wheel, and Josephine might very well have been relegated to the rumble if she hadn't had the presence of mind to mention that the night breeze was bad for her sinus.

Miserably, Liz squeezed in between Bill and Jeep. It was all her fault, of course. She should have described Josephine to Tip, made it very clear that she was the girl for him. She should have just casually dropped into the conversation this morning the fact that Belinda was Bill's property. Even now, if she could just get Tip alone, maybe she could explain. He'd understand . . .

But before the evening was half over, she wasn't so sure that Tip would understand and enter into the spirit of the thing. Tip had danced once with her, once with Josephine; that was for politeness. The rest of the time he'd danced with Belinda, and that, obviously, was for pleasure. When they weren't dancing they talked—low, murmurous conversation, mostly, meant only for each other. It was, Liz mourned, obviously a case of love at first sight. The real article, as advertised. The thing you read about in Dorothy Dix.

EVERY time Josephine tried to get Tip's attention, Liz felt for once like rooting for her. And if she had, her throat would have been raw, because any disinterested by-stander would have said that Jo was putting up a game battle, in there fighting every round, getting in the punches where they ought to have counted. But none of her tricks worked, the way they had on the high school boys. When she sat down between Tip and Belinda, saying that she had something she simply had to tell them, Tip listened politely, then stood up and dismissed her, saying, "Run along now, little one. Belinda and I have a date on the dance floor." When the band played a rhumba, Jo leaned forward and said, "I'm such a dope about rhumbas, Tip—won't you show me that step you and Belinda were doing?" But he didn't bite on that, either. He simply told her, "Believe me, Josephine, it's the same step you were doing with Bill. He's a smooth dancer. It just looks different when someone else does it."

All in all, it was enough to discourage the most case-hardened schemer, and Liz certainly wasn't that. She was glad when the evening was over and Tip took them home. At least, she thought, that's the end of that. She had tried and failed, but it was over, thank goodness.

She was so wrong . . . when Tip stopped at the house, he leaned back and said, "You know, Belinda's lived in Spring City all her life and she's never seen the pirate caves down the river. Suppose we all go out there tomorrow afternoon—how about it? I know a good place to eat on the way back—"

Bill opened his mouth to refuse, and had to change his mind quickly when Josephine gushed out a blanket acceptance. After that, Tip wouldn't let them back out.

So the next day—Saturday—they visited the caves and had dinner at a

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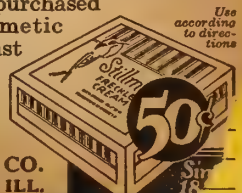
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going down. On Sunday it happened all over again. It was Belinda's idea this time—a picnic on the river. To pay Tip back, she explained, for being so nice about taking them out. Put that way, the Websters couldn't very well refuse. Belinda and Liz brought the usual sandwiches and tomatoes and potato salad and deviled eggs, but Josephine turned up with a whole cold roast chicken. Liz, remembering how Tip had said, the night before, that he loved roast chicken, began to feel almost sorry for Josephine.

She felt even sorrier for herself, as the perpetrator of this calamity. And sorriest of all for Bill, who had begun to look as if he contemplated taking himself to a monastery.

MONDAY night, Belinda brought some dress goods and a pattern over to show Liz. Jo was there, too—in the backyard with the boys, from force of habit, although she had most obviously renounced all claims on Bill Webster. Jeep and Bill were practicing putting, under Josephine's eye, and Belinda and Liz were discussing the merits of the peplum versus the slim, svelte line on the front porch, when Tip drove up. He joined the girls on the porch and entered into the shopping conversation as easily as if it had been made to order for his purpose. "You're lucky," he observed, looking at Belinda's material. "At least you know what you want and where to go for it. Now me—I've got something extra-special to buy tomorrow, and I don't know where to begin to look for it. If some kind young lady would take me under her wing for the expedition, I'd take her to dinner at Dawson's afterwards."

He was looking at Belinda, but it was Josephine who answered. She had developed a sort of sixth sense about Tip—something psychic seemed to take her by the hand and lead her on the scene whenever he put in an appearance. "I'd love to help you Tip," she said brightly, if hastily. "What is it you're shopping for?"

For once, Liz thought she'd maneuvered him into something he wouldn't be able to back out of. But just as Jo seemed to have everything under control for a change, Bill came galloping around the corner of the house and seized her arm. "Say, Jo," he shouted with such fine, boyish enthusiasm that Liz wished for a frightening moment that she had death-ray eyes, "you wanted to see Jeep sink that long putt—well, he's got it down pat." He tugged at her arm. "Come on!"

Nothing short of a quick right to the jaw could loosen Bill Webster's grip when he was in the throes of an enthusiasm he wished to share. Jo, being hardly in the position to administer one, had to go along with as good grace as she could muster. They went off toward the back, looking somewhat like living statues entitled Dragging the Slaves to the Market. Tip turned back to Belinda with a relieved smile. "As I was saying, if you could meet me downtown tomorrow about three . . ."

Liz and Bill and Jeep sat in a quiet, subdued row on the Websters' porch swing the following night. All in all, it had been a strange, offkey sort of day. For one thing, the weather had turned cool in the morning and there had been hardly anyone on the beach. In the afternoon neither Belinda nor Josephine had turned up at Carter's. Everything seemed suddenly to have changed, and summer, with all its fun and excitement, to have melted quite

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Bill's foot jabbed ferociously at the porch floor and set the swing into a restless creaking. "Jeepers, it's dead around here," he complained. "I wish something would happen."

"Huh," said Jeep. "Something's gonna—here comes Josephine."

As she turned into their walk, it struck Liz that Jo was rather more dressy than usual. She had a soft white coat over a vivid dress Liz hadn't seen before, and there were bands of pears on black velvet at her wrist and throat. And as she mounted the steps she protested, "Honestly! Aren't you ready *yet?*"

"Ready for what?" asked Bill, in a tone which indicated that in this moment of sorrow, *he* was ready for *anything.*

Jo's eyes were innocent, her tone only mildly chiding. "Why, ready to go to Dawson's, of course! I thought we were going tonight—"

For a second, Bill just looked at her. Then he said, very slowly, as if addressing one not quite bright, "Nobody said anything about any such thing. How'd you get that idea—just because Tip and Belinda are out there?"

LIZ caught her breath. It was the closest Bill had ever come to arguing with Josephine, and she didn't even need her woman's intuition to be able to predict the winner. Josephine had a way of putting things so that there could be no argument. True to form, she sidestepped this one neatly. "Why, Bill Webster," she exclaimed, her eyes wide and full of unmerited injury. "Of course not! I just thought, since we've only been dancing once to a real orchestra, and that was the night Tip took us to the Lodge—well, I guess I just took it for granted that we'd be going to Dawson's tonight. That we'd make it a party. I mean—"

It was a work of art, Liz mused, how Jo could put the other person in the wrong. Here she was, as much as telling Bill he was a nickel-nurser, that he'd been very slow with the buck in showing her a good time. He was already visibly squirming. He couldn't very well say, now, that Dawson's was too expensive—which it was. Expensive and beautiful—a summer hotel located on a lake several miles out of town. He made the first feeble protest that came to his mind, "You have to go formal," knowing in advance that it would be refuted.

"Only on weekends," said Jo, with the air of one who had all information on all forms of night life at her finger tips. "That's what their ads say."

Jeep put in helpfully, "We can't get there without a car."

"We can take the bus," said Jo. A good sport, Jo!

Bill slid his hands into his pockets and telegraphed a question to Jeep. He wanted to be where Tip and Belinda were as much as Josephine did; Liz felt that he was almost glad Jo had given him an excuse.

Jeep backed away a step, and his voice was an alarmed squeak. "No sir, Bill Webster. No you don't! I'm saving that money for a movie camera—"

"Look, Jeep. I'll give you half my allowance every week—every single, solitary week—if you'll just loan it to me—"

Jeep could never hold out against Bill, but he tried—for time-wasting minutes. More time passed while they

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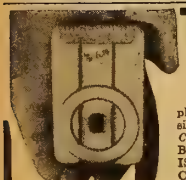
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bus stop. All in all, it was after ten when they reached Dawson's. "Have to turn right around and go back," grumbled Jeep. "Besides, we prob'ly won't get a table."

He was a good prophet. Inside, the crowd waiting at the diningroom doors stretched half way across the lobby. But Josephine slid through the mob with the ease of an eel through water, and the others, perforce, trailed along, until they were stopped at the dance floor by a red velvet rope and the guardian of same. "Have you," he inquired in the manner of one unused to addressing the lower classes, "a reservation?"

The trip home might have started then and there if Tip and Belinda hadn't come dancing by.

BELINDA looked surprised to see them; Tip didn't. "Having trouble?" he asked. "You can have our table. It's a four—and we're leaving very soon. They can pull up a couple of extra chairs till then."

Bill turned an unbecoming beet-juice color and started to protest, but once more Jo led the way and they had to play follow the leader. She smiled and thanked Tip and stepped across the room as the waiter let down the rope, and somehow managed to get Tip out on the dance floor while another waiter was still scouting for extra chairs.

Then they were seated, and stiff, glossy menus were shoved into their hands. Bill didn't glance at his—he was looking at Belinda. And Belinda was lovely to look at, in her soft white dress, her hair a shining mass on her shoulders. And on her lips there was a demure, secret little smile.

Jeep studied the menu—and its prices. *My movie camera!* his heart cried out, but his lips only said, "I'll have a coke."

"I'll have—" Liz began, and then she stopped, her eyes following Belinda's. Belinda was staring at the dance floor. Tip and Josephine were coming toward them, not dancing—in fact, Tip was half-carrying Jo.

"Josephine's ill," he said as he reached the table, "and I'm going to drive her home. Have you her coat check, Bill?"

Bill's hand went automatically to his pocket. Then he looked at Belinda, and at Tip, and his jaw set firmly. He got to his feet. "I'll take her," he said, "if you'll give me the keys to your car, Tip—"

Josephine jerked upright, then sank limply back on Tip's arm. But there was nothing limp about her voice, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "You will not, Bill Webster. It's Tip's car, and no one likes anyone else to drive his car, let alone a mere *boy*. You're just being jealous and possessive, the way you've been ever since I met you. At my elbow every minute. I can't even dance with someone without you cutting in—"

Liz with great effort quelled her righteous and laudable desire to slap Josephine down. She knew what Bill was trying to do: he realized that Jo wasn't really sick, and he was trying not to

evening for Belinda and Tip.

But Tip managed the slapping down verbally and effectively. "It's all right, Bill. I'll take her and drop her at her door and be right back. Won't take me long to get rid of her. Belinda, if you'll get her coat—"

Belinda rose quickly, and the three of them left. "Women are wonderful," Jeep mused. "Big and wonderful! She finally got her hands on Tip."

"Much good it'll do her." Bill spoke tightly. "He likes Belinda."

"Huh, that doesn't matter to Josephine. Just makes the game more interesting."

Liz knew, then, why she disliked Josephine so much. Maybe she'd known all along, without realizing, but Jeep had put it into words. It was because Jo played games. Before she'd come along all of their relationships had been friendly and casual and happy; Jo had made a game of them—a sharply competitive game.

Belinda came back to the table, still smiling her little, secret smile. "Do you want to see what Tip bought today?" she asked, sitting down. And she reached into her bag and drew out a little white box. And then a diamond was sparkling on her finger.

Liz felt a cold chill sneak down her spine. Oh, no! It was awful, awful, awful!

"YOU see," Belinda said, "Tip is engaged to a girl in the East—a girl he met overseas, where she was with the Red Cross. That's why he likes being with me. I mean, he says I look a little like her and I act a lot like her. That's why he wanted me to help him pick out this ring. He was sure that anything I liked, she'd like, too. And just now, out by the car, he slipped it to me and said maybe I ought to show you, and—and end the awful agony." She giggled, and was Belinda again—no longer a woman with a secret.

Liz felt limp all over. Hastily she stripped off the bridal white with which her mind's eye had clothed Belinda, and threw the big bunch of calla lilies into the trash basket. She breathed again.

The waiter was back, impatient this time. Belinda smiled up at him, and then around at the gang. "Order anything you want, kids," she said. "Tip says the party's on him—sort of an engagement party."

Bill studied the menu. His eye caught, wavered, and rejected breast of guinea hen under glass and black cherries flambé.

"I'll have a coke," he said, hoarsely.

"Tip wants us to stay and dance." Belinda went on. "He says he'll call our parents from town and tell 'em we're safe with him, and that he wants to make it a party." She was silent for a moment. "It—Bill, it was swell of you, when Joe got sick, to offer—I mean—. Bill, they're playing a rhumba. You rhumba so much better than anyone I know!"

Liz was terribly fond of everybody, right then. And terribly proud of Bill. He looked so happy when he got up to dance, and so dignified, sort of. Almost courtly. Almost—well, al-

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If you accept this offer to become a Fashion Frocks representative, it will be almost like setting yourself up in a dress business of your own—*without* the headaches of carrying stock or "owning your own business"—and *with* an excellent chance of earning a steady income.

SUPERVISORY JOBS OPEN

We have future need for several County Supervisors and Branch Managers. Naturally, these positions pay even greater earnings. Please state your qualifications, if you are interested in this important work.

WE INVITE YOU TO SEND THE COUPON, but only if you're sincerely interested. If possible, attach a letter telling about yourself. You will then receive a Style Brochure, giving all necessary details, without any obligation on your part. After careful consideration, *you* can decide whether or not to fill out your final application. If you so decide, you'll be well on the road to *personal financial independence.*

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
DESK 32039 CINCINNATI 25, OHIO
Our 38th Year in Business

Fashion Frocks

FASHION FROCKS, INC.,
Desk 32039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

I want more information about your offer. Please send details by mail. This does not obligate me in any way.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

AGE_____ DRESS SIZE_____

☐ Check here if interested in full-time job as

No harsh bitterness

...Just the Kiss of the Hops



America's Most Distinguished Beer



Copyright 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

RADIO MIRROR

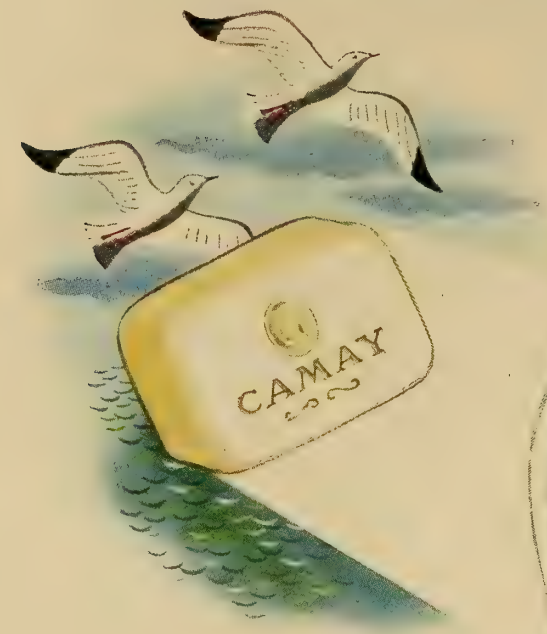
September
15¢



LOUISE ERICKSON

JOHN J. ANTHONY'S
O COMMANDMENTS
for MARITAL HAPPINESS

Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!





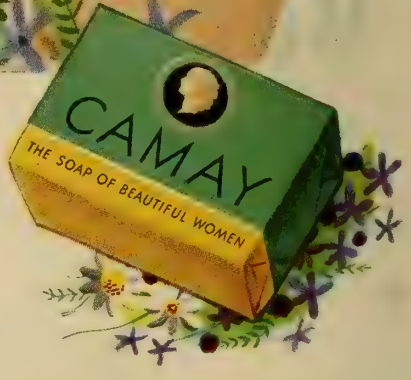
MRS. JOHN DAVID MARTIN
the former Sally B. Bliss of Baldwin, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by Whitmore

Win hearts and hold romance—with a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first cake* of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a fresher, lovelier, actually younger-looking skin!

CONCERNING THE MARTINS



The sea-swept sands of Long Island often found Johnny and Sally together, and his admiration grew as he gazed at the smooth magic of her skin. She says: "The *first cake* of Camay left it softer, lovelier!"

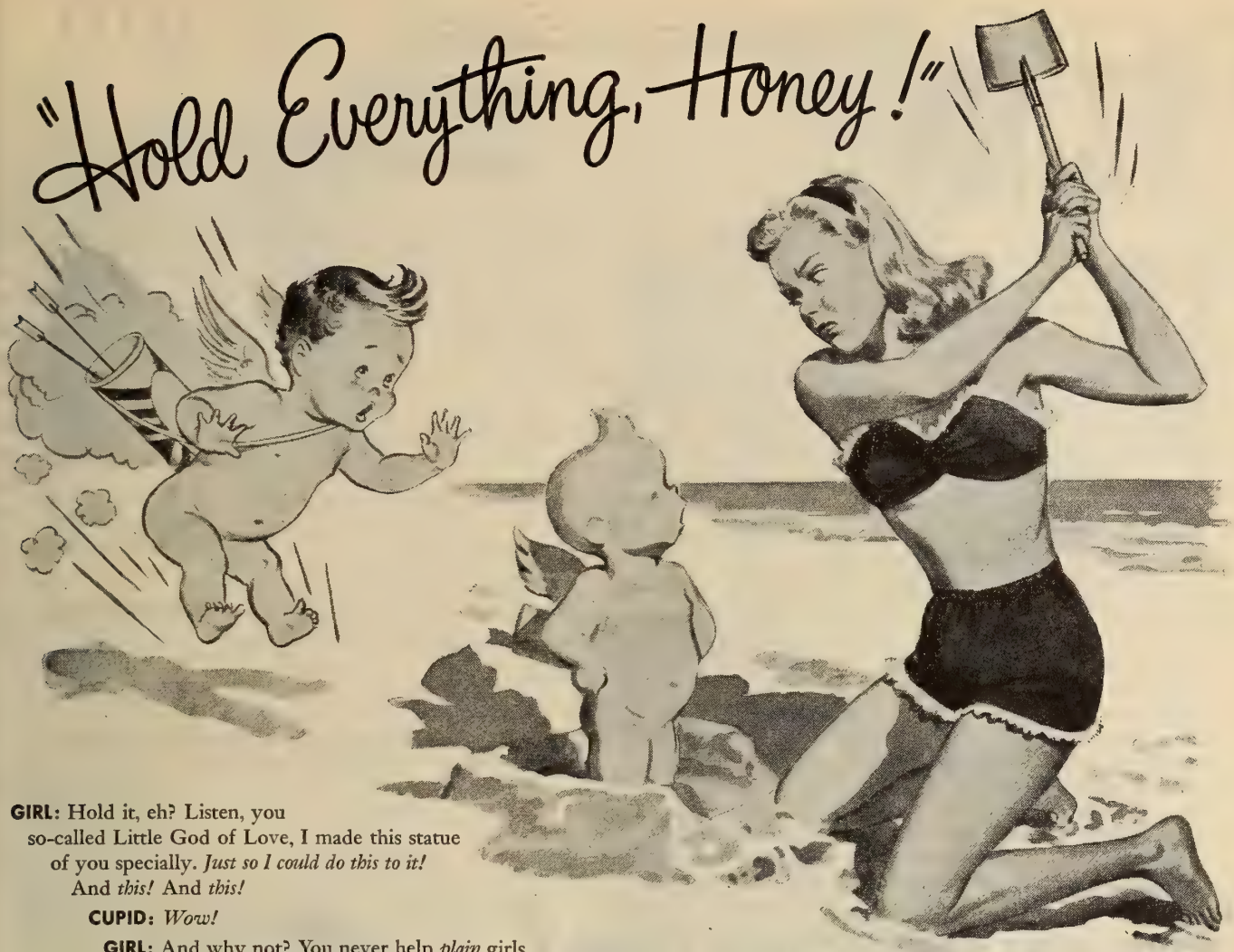




The Martins love to parody their favorite songs. Johnny puts his heart in his songs as he looks at Sally's soft, smooth skin! Sally vows: "To keep him singing the praises of my complexion—I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you try mild Camay care, too? Full directions on wrapper.

Please—conserve your Camay. Precious materials still go into making soap!

"Hold Everything, Honey!"



GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it!* And *this!* And *this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.

CUPID: *Help* you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam . . . even *after* I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah . . . and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

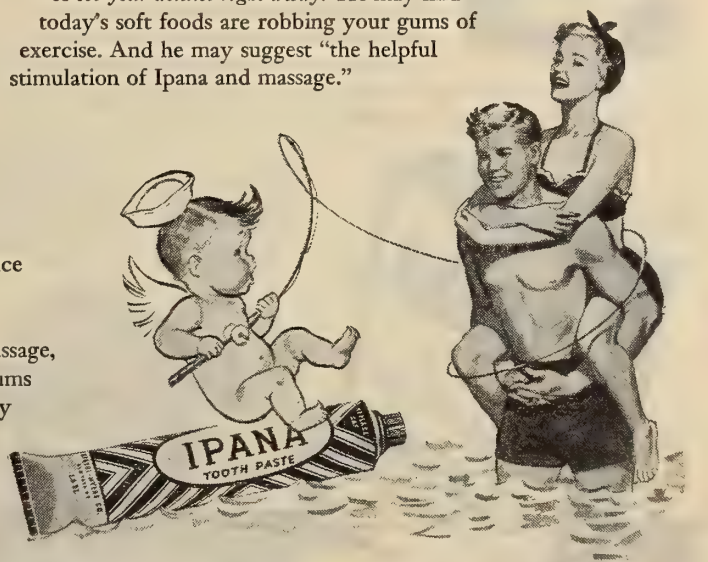
GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to *see your dentist right away!* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance —smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth . . . and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!



For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Product of Bristol-Myers

R M

1

Coming Next Month



Everything's different next month! That's because we'll be having full-color illustrations for the first time. For instance, there will be pages of Living Portraits of the CBS drama Our Gal Sunday, with plenty of better, brighter color so that you can really see what Sunday and Henry and their friends look like.

* * *

Remember the Gene Autry story we promised? Look for it next month—especially those of you who love horses.

* * *

Also new—we're taking you visiting at the homes of your favorite radio stars. You'll find out how they like to live, how their families are run—we've even persuaded some of them to part with their favorite recipes. First stop is the home of Burns and Allen, in next month's Radio Mirror.

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Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Doris McFerran, Editor
Jack Zasorin, Art Director
Evelyn L. Fiore, Associate Editor
Marjorie Wallace, Assistant Editor
Frances Maly, Associate Art Director

"Can you answer me these?"



asks KAY KYSER

The Ol' Professor of the "College of Musical Knowledge"

"Are *you* a better American because your forebears came here sooner than somebody else? Does 'God Bless America' refer just to *your* neighborhood, race and religion? Do you think 'freedom' means you do as you like, and others do as *you* like, too?

"You don't need the Ol' Professor to tell you the answer to all these questions is a great big NO! A good American respects the rights of other Americans . . . and of other nations, too!"





There's a trend to candy-coated gum these days, and Fleer's is top o' the trend. It's so fresh and attractive *looking*, so refreshing and delicious *tasting*. *Twelve* right-bite-size fleerlets in the handy one-at-a-time package, just 5¢. You'll like Fleer's . . . try it today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

COVER GIRL



By ELEANOR HARRIS

LOUISE ERICKSON is the sort of girl the father of a seventeen-year-old boy hopes his son will meet.

In real life she is very much like her best known radio role, that of Judy Foster in NBC's A Date with Judy. Young, blonde and pretty, she is no swooning bobby-socker and is very definite in naming Bing as her favorite male singer.

Louise was born in Oakland, Calif., moved to Hollywood when she was seven. That same year she made her radio debut in a juvenile radio series called Uncle Whoa Bill. Her role was that of a fairy princess.

A few years later she auditioned for a series known as Dramas of Youth and played featured parts in that show. In the nine years she has been active in radio, Louise has appeared in twenty different radio series, and has played sub-deb roles on many of the important coast-to-coast shows.

Though she has been very busy around the microphones, this in no way interfered with her education, and she was graduated from Immaculate Heart High School in June, 1944. She has tentative plans to matriculate at USC, but may wait a year before resuming studies.

Louise has appeared in several films, among them "Rosie the Riveter," and she recently played the lead in Columbia's production of "Meet Miss Bobby Socks." Besides her "Judy" role, she plays Marjorie, Gildy's niece, on the Great Gildersleeve.

Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Erickson, live with her in Hollywood, and her father is a restaurateur. She is of Swedish descent.

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That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. . . .

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

R M

One of Tony Martin's first guests on his CBS Saturday program—Dinah Shore.



FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

TONY'S BACK

HOLLYWOOD and American radio listeners have rediscovered big, handsome Tony Martin. He's back on the air—CBS Saturdays, at 7:30 p.m., EDST—with the same charm, the same he-man baritone—and the five years, sixteen months he served in khaki, including a long hitch in the China-Burma-India theater, seemed to have helped rather than hindered him.

During that time the singing vogue changed and the soft crooners like Sinatra, Haymes, and Como almost sent to oblivion the guys who like to sing out. Tony still sings out, defiantly, and he might turn the tide again.

"I'm not deliberately trying to do anything," he says good-naturedly, "it's just that I can't croon, don't know how. I just sing naturally."

Tony is no microphone newcomer. Way back in 1928 he was leading a five-piece high school band in Oakland, California. The band was known as "The Five Red Peppers" and Tony, then known as Al Morris, was the saxophonist. With Tommy Gerun's west coast band, Tony shared vocal chores with Ginny Simms and Woody Herman. Tony won a 20th Century-Fox contract, clicked in films, married Alice Faye, lost her, and had his own air show. Then war came.

Tony's military career got off to a bad start. There was a misunderstanding about his draft status and the rumor mongers went to town. Tony had to fight hard to wipe this off the books. That he did is easily proven. With his honorable discharge went the Bronze Star and Presidential citation.

* * *

At this writing a number of your radio singing stars and orchestra leaders are without Fall sponsorship, a situation caused by advertising (*Continued on page* 98)



Lovely Langford—lovelier than ever after her vacation.



Parisian Charles Trenet may have a network program.

Don't Ignore These Symptoms!



HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

How to help safeguard the beauty of

Your Lovely Hair!

IT'S the simplest little precaution imaginable—yet so effective! Every time you wash your hair, just use Listerine Antiseptic. Massage it well in, on hair and scalp. That's all!

Thousands of fastidious women use this pleasant little treatment as a precaution against infectious dandruff, which bothers so many people. Women know that flakes and scales can ruin the smartest hair-do . . . utterly destroy the charm of beautiful hair.

A causative agent of infectious dandruff, according to many noted dermatologists, is a stubborn germ called the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). Listerine Antiseptic kills this germ by the million! And does it in such a cool, refreshing way! You'll find the treatment easy, quick and wonderfully *clean*-feeling.

If Infectious Dandruff Starts

If those telltale flakes and scales persist . . . if you're pestered by intolerable itching—it's no time to delay. These things may be *symptoms* of infectious dandruff—a warning that the infection is already at work. Don't experiment with so-called "overnight" cures or greasy lotions. Don't wait till shampoo-time. Get going—*at once*—with Listerine Antiseptic—two treatments a day and keep it up. How wonderful to see flakes and scales start to disappear! What a comfort to alleviate that *itching*.

This twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment for hair and scalp has been *tested* clinically. Tested for a full month, it actually removed, or markedly improved dandruff symptoms for 76% of the sufferers from this embarrassing disease.

So help guard *your* lovely hair with Listerine Antiseptic treatments with every shampoo. Or, if infectious dandruff has gotten a start, give two treatments a day for quick, comforting aid. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Infectious Dandruff

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *and* MASSAGE

R M

START YOUNG, Stay Young



Radio actress Jasmine Jenks points up this month's beauty lesson: vitality, trimness, elegant grooming, apparent in a bathing suit as in cover-up clothes.

OLD Man Winter helps you to hide your bulges, but, oh, how they show up in the summer. But you can make summer slim-down time, for it's when the "reducing" foods are abundant and plentiful, and they make mighty good eating, too.

Take a luscious cantaloupe, for example, or muskmelon of any type. They contain certain vitamins and minerals that actually help you to get rid of surplus body fat. The same is true of watermelon.

And just a word of explanation about that statement. Technically, no food is fattening or reducing, because it all depends upon what your body metabolism does with the calories you eat.

We say that because certain foods contain special vitamins and minerals which unite to form compounds called "enzymes," amazing substances which split up a molecule of body fat into carbon dioxide and water. When such a division takes place, energy is released, precious pep that you can use to work, play or dance.

All this knowledge is very new and not yet widely known. It has revolutionized our understanding of foods, and it's all been proven beyond any doubt.

The foods that provide the wherewithal to form enzymes are in a class by themselves. For convenience, we call them the catalytic foods.

Take cucumbers, for example. They make a delightful salad and, if you don't smear it too heavily with some high calory dressing, it's a dish that will give you plenty of the catalytic factors that dispose of body fat. Use the merest touch of sour cream dressing to dress cucumber salad, and a generous sprinkle of lemon juice. Bed it all down on crisp, shredded lettuce. Eat such a salad often.

Asparagus . . . there's a real catalytic food that will help you to slim down. Have it served cold with just a light touch of hollandaise or mayonnaise, and, again, don't spare the lemon juice.

Strawberries are an A-1 catalytic food. They are exceptionally rich in Vitamin C, which can help to perk you up on a droopy summer day. It would be smart, though, if you would learn to enjoy strawberries without sugar and cream. One way to do that is to dress them with orange juice.

You can count any of the berries as your friends, if you're trying to stay slim; and most all the salad vegetables, too, especially watercress. Coleslaw and lettuce are the real standbys, and an apple and celery salad, the familiar "Waldorf," stands high. When peaches are in season, get busy with them. They not only provide you with the factors that form the fat-splitting enzymes, but they give you an astonishingly good supply of readily available food iron.

In passing, you might remember that lobster, shrimp and crabmeat are double-A-1 extra-good proteins for you. They make dandy salads, too, as you know. Best of all, they're very good sources of iodine, a magic food factor which helps to bring up your metabolism rate and that, in turn, automatically helps to melt away unwanted pads of body fat.

The higher your metabolism rate, the less fat you will tend to store.

Yes, summertime is a grand time to get back your figure again!

And while we're on figures, how about your legs? For some ideas on that subject, *turn to page 78.*



By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

For more about food as a health and beauty foundation, listen to Victor Lindlahr at 11:45 every weekday morning, over Mutual.

Are you in the know?



Which make good scents for summer?

- ☐ *Atomic aromas*
- ☐ *Fragile fragrances*
- ☐ *Swoon-perfumes*

Bewitched by nose-bait? Ixnay on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find yummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain" days, above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, *this* deodorant can't shake out! See how sweet it can keep *you*.



How to rate on a first date?

- ☐ *Sling a sharp line*
- ☐ *Be a listening-post*
- ☐ *Learn his interests*

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in *you*. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself: an art you can master on "problem days," as well. Just count on Kotex and the extra protection you get from that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you poise . . . protection *plus*. There's no fear of accidents to heckle you!



This fetching neckline's for you, if—

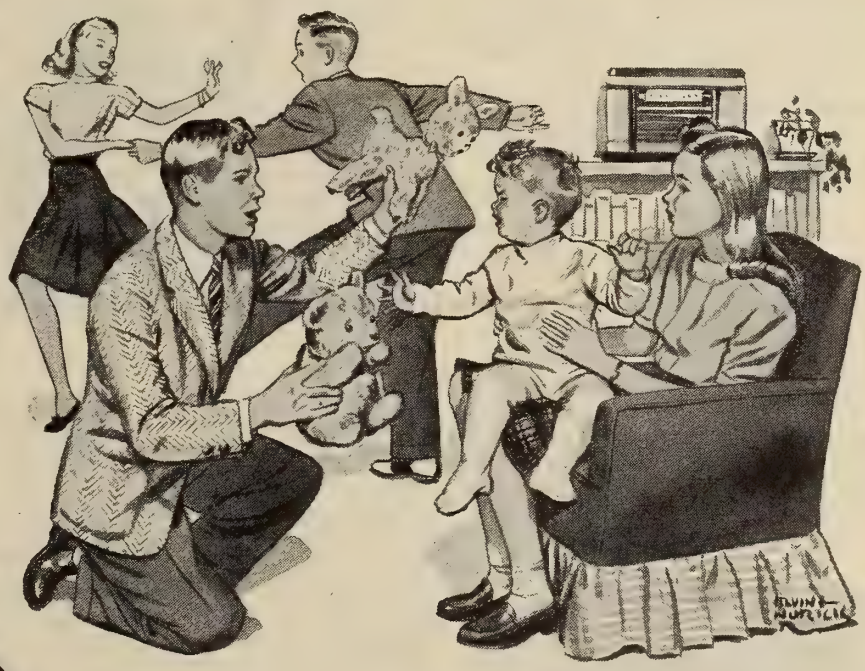
- ☐ *You're the tomboy type*
- ☐ *You shun a suntan*
- ☐ *You watch your posture*

Your shoulders are showing! Or will be, when you see the swoonsation this new neckline creates! It's for you, if you watch your posture. So bone up on workouts that square droopy shoulders, correct "hat-rack" shoulder blades. And you needn't let down on "those" days; for exercise—and Kotex—help you keep comfortable. You get lasting softness with Kotex, the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*—put chafing trouble on the double!

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

- ☐ *Pack junior off to bed*
- ☐ *Be a stand-in for his Mom*
- ☐ *Ask your gang over*

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real *interest* in junior: be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time . . . and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears . . . choose Kotex!





A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*



—with "Make-up" for Your hair!

For after-shampoo lustre . . . trust Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Swiftly, effectively, this modern hair cosmetic rinses off dulling soap film and rinses on a lovely silken sheen, *plus* gleaming new color!

With its 12 shades . . . Marchand's Rinse gives you your choice of a *variety* of color effects! No matter what color your hair may be, you can highlight and flatter its natural tone . . . or, with a different Rinse shade, give it a coppery glow. Certain Marchand Rinse shades even blend little gray streaks in with the original hair color!

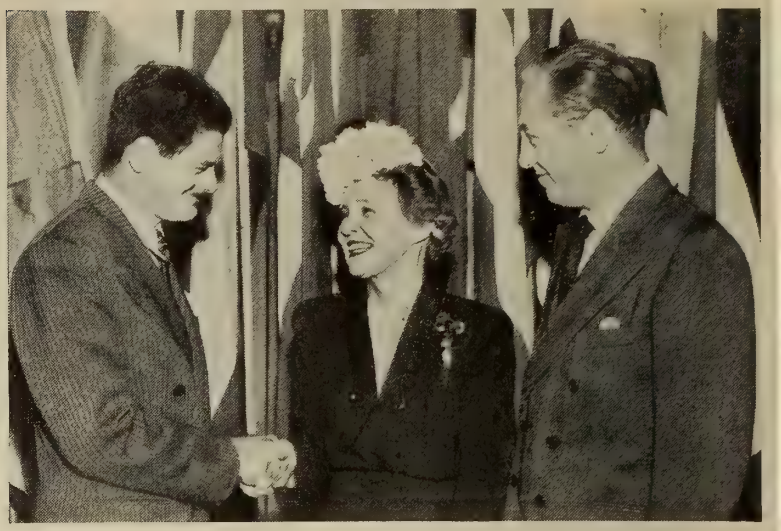
So easy to use . . . after every shampoo. Simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, your hair glistens with new color! And it's easier to manage, too.

Absolutely harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair! Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this "make-up" hair rinse is made with Government-approved colors.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Norman Corwin said goodbye to Mrs. Wendell Willkie and CBS's William Paley before setting off on his four-month world tour.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast



Dead-Eye Dick Powell is back on NBC Sundays in his Richard Rogue role.

By DALE BANKS

IT comes to our ears that Perry Como turned down several bids for screen tests of his son, Ronald. Perry said, "When Ronny reaches an age of decision, if he should then want a theatrical career, I'll do everything possible to help him. Until then, he's going to have the happy, normal home life that every kid should have." To this statement of Perry's, we doff our hats. We have yet to see a theatrical child who's managed to come through the peculiar —to put it most mildly—life that an acting career calls for without some scars on their unformed and unprepared emotions. Kids need real love and security, but, as a rule, their characters are not strong enough to take the newspaper and magazine adulation that comes with theatrical success. Children need a regular life about which they can be certain at all times and the tug-o'-war of professional jealousies and competition in any theatrical field lead to anything but a sense of security. It takes exceptionally wise parents to guide a child through years of this kind of thing. It takes an even wiser parent to avoid the whole business—as Perry Como is doing.

* * *

Do something just and fair and good and you're bound to bring a few fanatics out into the open. If anyone had any doubts about the advisability of the new story line of Superman, those doubts are all gone, now. Gerald L. K. Smith has added the show to his list of hates and the would-be fuehrer could have done nothing more calculated to make the sponsors, writers and producers of the show certain they were on the right side of a good fight.

* * *

Sometimes, fan mail is an eyeopener on conditions in the country. Take for instance the hundreds of letters coming in from all (*Continued on page* 10)



MRS. RANDOLPH SCOTT—
delightful wife of the dashing screen star!

"Bewitching!"

says Mrs. Randolph Scott

"That's why TANGEE RED-RED gets 'top billing' here in Hollywood!"

In fabulous Hollywood—where beauty is a fine art—Tangee Red-Red made innumerable conquests. After that, the rest of the world was easy. Today, Tangee Red-Red ranks as the most popular lipstick shade on earth . . . the richest, rarest red of them all!

NOW! *Metal Cases*
Tangee lipsticks with exclusive Satin-Finish now available in gleaming, delicately etched metal cases. They're lovely!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of the world famous Tangee Red-Red Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

CAKE MAKE-UP CAN BE PERFECT!

We know cake make-up can be perfect—because we've made one that's one hundred percent right! Its name is Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up, and it's ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—makes a perfect powder base—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does *not* make you look as if you were wearing a mask.



Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

Janet Waldo (CBS's Corliss Archer) helps Sharon Douglas of NBC's Life of Riley try on some of Sharon's bridal shower finery.



Vincent Pellitier is Robin, the Crime Guide, on Mutual's Calling All Detectives, Saturdays.



(*Continued from page* 8) over the United States in response to that Cavalcade of America broadcast on Alcoholics Anonymous. Hundreds of wives are asking for copies of the script, because they want their husbands to know more about the organization. Briefly, Alcoholics Anonymous is an organization of alcoholics, who've got together to help one another through bad spells of drinking and to aid each other in curing themselves of what used to be called a habit, but has since come to be recognized as a sickness. The organization has a number of cures to its credit and many more in the offing. Just as an odd footnote—many of the most difficult cases began during Prohibition days.

* * *

Another revelation as to things by and large in the country comes in the fan mail to the Bride and Groom show. An average of ten to twelve letters a week comes to the supervisor of the show asking the directors to find a husband, or wife, for the writer.

As a touch of humor in this, John Nelson, emcee of Bride and Groom, reports that he has received the request of all requests in his mail bag. An astrologer in Youngstown, Ohio, asked him to give the birthplace of the bride and groom over the air, so he could determine whether the bridal couple were "attuned to each other properly and astrologically."

* * *

Did you know that Connee Boswell is an outstanding artist in more ways than one? The popular singer is a self-taught painter in oils and her paintings are given valued and honored space on the walls of a number of celebrities in the entertainment world.

* * *

Another art note—Hildegarde is having a portrait painted by the famous artist, John Groth. Hildegarde has been approached by artists before, but she is too restless and busy to sit for a portrait. Groth, however, works from sketches and requires no posing. He made his sketches sitting in a front row seat at several of Hildegarde's broadcasts.

One CBS staffer—whose name shall not be mentioned here—feels like cutting his throat at this moment. Seems he took a little long on the revisions of his book on radio, with the result that it came out two weeks after "The Hucksters" and missed out on all the publicity and exploitation which has been making "The Hucksters" a best seller.

* * *

It used to be that when a favorite radio star so much as cleared his throat, cough remedies from solicitous listeners would pour in from every state in the Union. The practice of sending gifts is slowly dying out, however. But radio stars still treasure some of the unconventional gifts which descended on them via the mails.

Some are highly valuable—like the rare set of moon-and-star glassware which an elderly lady from the South sent to Kate Smith a few years ago. When Kate, who collects antique glassware, wrote the lady and insisted on paying for the magnificent pieces, the woman wouldn't hear of it. "It's worth more than any price to me," the lady wrote, "to know that my cherished glassware will be in the hands of someone who will appreciate it. My own children think it's junk."

Some gifts have unusual backgrounds, like the one received by Paul Lavalle last year. It's a baton carved and sent to him by a GI and the wood, the soldier wrote, was from an L.T.C. which was wrecked during D-Day operations.

* * *

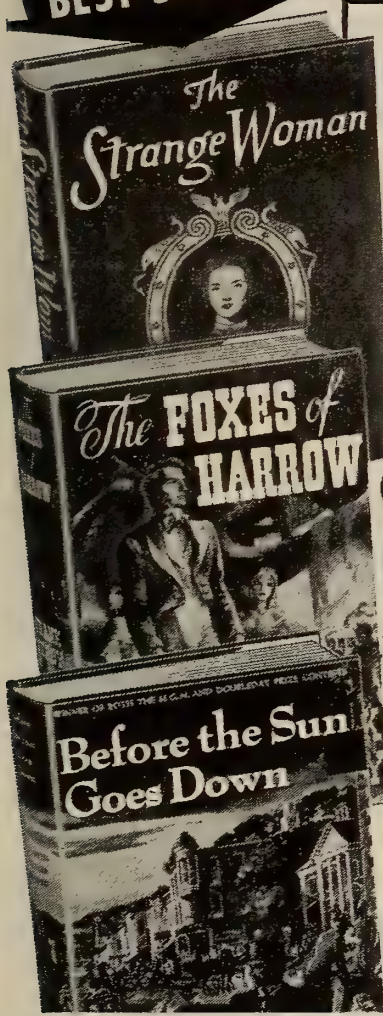
Have you heard Guy Lombardo's recording of "Rita Went to Rio"? That disc marks a turning point in Don Rodney's career. Don, who is Guy's vocalist, has written (*Continued on page* 12)

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If You Join "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

HERE is an amazing offer from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!" Select TWO FREE BOOKS from the six shown below. Choose any ONE of these three sensational best-sellers—PLUS any ONE of these three world masterpieces. BOTH books are yours Absolutely FREE—as new membership gifts! Take advantage of this sensational offer NOW!

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THE STRANGE WOMAN

By Ben Ames Williams

ANGEL OR DEVIL—WHICH WAS SHE? To her New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil! You'll gasp at this unforgettable character—soon to be portrayed by HEDY LAMARR in a million-dollar United Artists production!



HEDY LAMARR, star of United Artists movie.

THE FOXES OF HARROW

By Frank Yerby

Devil-may-care Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold-piece, a pearl stick-pin — and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth — won the blue-blooded Odalie — then her sister, Aurore—and finally, the sultry Desiree. A best-seller at $3.00 in publisher's edition!



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

By Elizabeth Metzger Howard

HE KNEW THE WHOLE TOWN'S SECRETS! As a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of everyone in Willowspring. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a *forbidden* love for the *one woman* he could not have! "GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun* of this novel — winner of $145,000 in cash prizes!

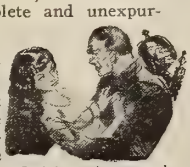


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SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT

OVER 50 TALES OF LOVE AND PASSION! Exciting tales of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness and jealousy—all complete and unexpurgated, the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written!

Read all the best works that have made De Maupassant "father of the modern short story."



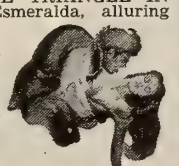
Rachel — who avenged France because of one German kiss too many.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

By Victor Hugo

STRANGEST LOVE TRIANGLE IN ALL FICTION! Esmeralda, alluring gypsy dancing girl, aroused smoldering passions wherever she went. Strangest of all who loved her were the archdeacon Frollo, and the pitiful hunchback, Quasimodo.

In all fiction you won't find a stranger love story than this stirring drama.



He saved her from death—but how could she return his love?

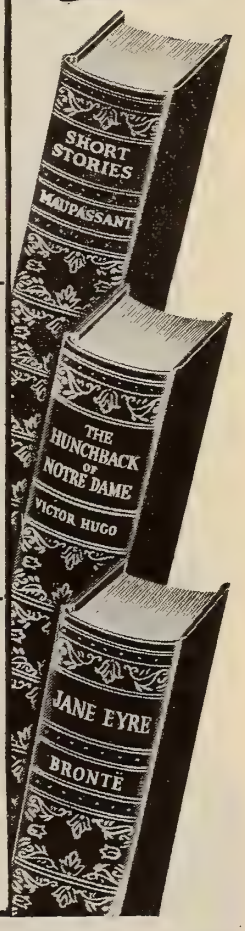
JANE EYRE

By Charlotte Bronte

WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED HIS LOVE? His wife was driven mad by her own excesses. Then—a French dancing girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and at last he forsook them all for the one woman he adored—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret tore them apart?



Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in the 20th Century - Fox Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."



Which 2 Do You Want FREE?

NOW is the most opportune moment of all to begin your membership in the Book League of America! Because NOW—New Members are entitled to a FREE COPY of any one of three widely acclaimed best-sellers (shown at left, above), and at the same time, ALSO A FREE COPY of any one of THREE recognized world masterpieces (shown at the right, above). TWO BOOKS FREE—just for joining "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!"

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(Choose one from classics shown at right of page)

Within 5 days I may return them if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections and BONUS books—at only $1.49 plus few cents postage for BOTH books.

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1 Ready, get set for a smoother, dewy-fresh skin—in spite of burning sun and dirt that clogs pore openings. Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax, as this quick-acting beauty mask stimulates tired skin—as it helps dislodge dry, aging top flakes, blackheads.

Once a week...
White Clay Pack

2 When mask has set (about 8 minutes) wash off with clear cold water. Then see the radiant new glow in your skin—coaxed there by White Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action.* Feel its satiny texture . . . ready to take fresh make-up with smooth flattery.



how to be a peach without a sunparched skin

guard against flaky skin . . . pore clogging . . . with
Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment



3 Don't miss a day of protective care for your new-found beauty. Pat on Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream with upward, outward strokes (see diagram). Cleanses, lubricates, softens — leaves skin smooth for make-up. *For dry skin*: a thin film of Cream at bedtime helps to discourage tiny lines.

4 *Every day...*
Homogenized Facial Cream

A pretty picture—you and your smoother complexion!

P. S. Here's another hot weather hint to help your skin feel fresh and cool. Squeeze out pad of cotton in ice water. Saturate with Hopper Astringent Skin Freshener. Pat upward over clean face and neck to remove excess oil and dirt.

Sold at leading cosmetic counters . . .
25¢, 60¢, $1.00 sizes



R M

Sad Sack—Herb Vigran—holds down Sinatra's CBS spot for the summer.



(*Continued from page* 10) a number of songs that never got anywhere and he was getting to the stage of thinking that his song writing would never be anything but so much musical doodling, until Guy happened to hear him humming this tune and got excited about it. Now, nothing can stop Don.

* * *

Ever had "sitter" trouble? If you have, you can appreciate the spot Johnny Coons (he plays Johnny Jensen in Bachelor's Children) and his wife found themselves in, when they got a last minute call canceling their "sitter". Johnny's wife moaned that only Superman could find another sitter at that hour, which made Johnny reply that Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, could probably do it faster. Ten minutes later, Jack Armstrong, ladies and gentlemen, in the person of Charlie Flynn, who plays the air role, arrived in person to sit for his friends.

* * *

Talking to Patti Clayton, we discovered that she's started something among her fan clubs that should be a nation-wide project among all clubs of that kind. All members of the Patti Clayton clubs have been given pledges, which they take from door to door throughout their communities asking people to sign, stating they will observe wheatless Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. A good way to spend time and help save millions of lives.

* * *

Unusual as it may sound, Carl Brisson, debonair idol of New York's smarter night club set and star of Mutual's A Voice in the Night, says that most of his fan mail comes from men. With a believe-it-or-not smile, Carl says the men want to know how he keeps his trim figure and a practically stock question, "How old are you—really?" The stock question gets a stock answer from Carl—"How old do you think Rosalind Russell's father-in-law would be?"

* * *

Another old straw going down the drain! According to Ray Shaw, who specializes in sculpturing famous hands, long, slender fingers do not necessarily mean artistic ability. Miss Shaw has sculptured the hands of many famous musicians and she declares that almost without exception—short fingers!

* * *

Robert Merrill, latest love of the

bobby soxers who manages to bowl over the serious-music minded older folks, too, got himself in solid with high school editors, recently. He was being interviewed by a flock of the kid editors, who went overboard for his informality and simplicity. But what really got them was his answer, when they asked him what his favorite subject had been when he was going to high school. Bob grinned and answered, "Lunch."

* * *

Maybe you think that writing for radio—or anything else for that matter—is just a job of sitting down and writing. Not at all. Depending on your subject, of course, sometimes it takes hours and days and even weeks of research before you can think of writing a word. Ask Mort Lewis, who scripts the Jonathan Trimble, Esq. show. His life is one long session after another in the Library research room, finding out facts like what make of automobile was leading the horseless carriage field in 1905, whether belles of the period wore rats in their hair, and just how much ankle showed below their bathing suits.

A while ago, however, Lewis got a break. He was just about to leave for the Library to find out about telephones in 1905, when a repairman arrived to check an out-of-order phone in his house. The man turned out to be a 40-year veteran of the telephone service and he was a gold-mine of information. He recalled from his personal experience that back in the good old days telephone service included weather reports and crop reports, and special telephone "broadcasts" of gramophone records.

* * *

Billie Burke takes great pride in the fact that she looks almost exactly like her late grandmother, Cecilia Flood Beatty. The pride comes from Billie Burke's admiration for her grandmother, who lived in New Orleans and, like Harriet Beecher Stowe, was a crusader against slavery. The proof that Billie looks like her grandmother is more than family legend. Billie has a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Beatty, which is one of her most cherished possessions.

* * *

Paul Whiteman is always improving things around the broadcasting studios. If he doesn't stop soon, his studio will be so cluttered with gadgets there won't



Milton Berle is the judge on CBS's new Court of Petty Grievances show.

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



On every count tests† show new, super-fast Odorono Cream Deodorant meets highest standards in entire deodorant field.

Works better every way for it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper. *Instantly*, safely puts a stop to all perspiration troubles. One application gives unfailing protection up to 3 days.

Guaranteed longer lasting* — non-gritty to bottom of jar. Always gentle to skin and fine fabrics.

No other cream deodorant offers so much to women who know that their present deodorant is getting less and less effective. So compare! *See how much* faster Odorono Cream Deodorant works, how much longer it affords protection.



ODO·RO·DO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

Contains Science's Most Effective Perspiration Stopper

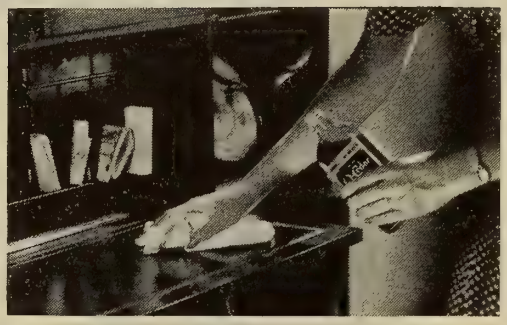
*Money back guarantee if any jar does not last longer than any other leading cream deodorant brand. Send jar to Odorono, Inc., Stamford, Conn. †Made in Northam Warren laboratories.

The Care and Feeding of Fine Furniture



1. Fine woods are like people—they need nourishment to keep them from cracking and drying out. Best diet is a daily dusting with a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on your dust cloth. It's the famous polish with the *triple-action.* Cleans, polishes and *protects*—all at the same time.

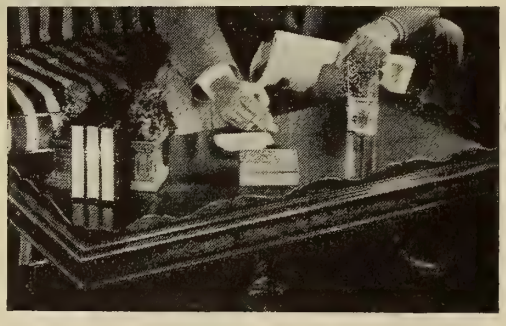
2. Is your furniture streaked? Or gummed? Don't choke the poor thing with too much polish—or a heavy, sticky polish. Wash off old, caked streaks. Then switch to your mother's old favorite—O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish—for proper care. It leaves furniture with a clean, gleaming finish that's perfect!





3. Spot-and-scratch ailments. Try O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on a dampened cloth. It's a wonder-worker for watermarks and minor scratches. (If the mar goes deep, use O-Cedar Touch-up Polish, according to directions on the bottle.) O-Cedar Polishes are used by more homemakers than any other brand.

4. Hint for ashes. Wide, flat ash-trays help a lot. Afterwards, "damp dust" with a cloth moistened with O-Cedar Polish. It wipes up dirt and ashes in jig-time, without scattering them into the cracks and crannies. Use it on your dust mop, too. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."





Genuine O-Cedar

ALL-PURPOSE POLISH

CLEANS – POLISHES – PROTECTS

IF YOU PREFER A CREAM POLISH—say O-Cedar, too. → Quick—easy—no rubbing—to make refrigerators, venetian blinds, woodwork and other surfaces gleam! O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Illinois; Toronto, Canada.



O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

Tom Howard is quizmaster of Pays To Be Ignorant; daughter Ruth writes it.



be room for the musicians. His latest invention, like all the rest of them, is designed to make for better broadcasting. It seems there are five members of the 10-man choir, who, willy-nilly have their backs to him, so Pops had a special music stand faced with mirrors built, so these five men can see him while he's directing.

* * *

It's time for a zany note and we can think of no one better suited to supply it than Ed (Fire Chief) Wynn. Wynn says he's just completed two inventions which he believes will go a long way toward making a lot of the little men in the street a good deal happier. One revolutionizes the sport of fishing. Wynn cuts a plug of chewing tobacco into small cubes, weights them and tosses them into the lake. The fish chew the chunks of tobacco and when they come up to spit, Wynn hits them on the head. The other invention is a new type Wall Street ticker—it automati-



NBC youngster Anne Francis has a seven-year motion picture contract.

cally switches from tape to rope, when the bottom falls out of the market.

* * *

The art of being an undertaker is really a grave responsibility, according to Digby "Digger" O'Dell, the friendly undertaker on the Life of Riley show. Digger ought to know, because the Undertaker Association of America has elected him its honorary spokesman.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM HERE AND THERE . . . Chances are that Sammy Kaye will turn movie producer in a big way. He's got plans to turn out a Class A movie based on his So You Want to Lead a Band idea . . . Perry Como is scheduled to write a monthly column on radio and music for that new magazine *Songs* . . . Young Widder Brown has embarked on its tenth year on the air . . . Merrill Mueller, NBC commentator, has been elected vice-president of the Foreign Correspondents' Association in London . . . Believe it or not, movie and radio tough guy from Brooklyn, Leo Gorcey,



Alice Reinheart and Les Tremayne are MBS's detectives Abbott, Sundays.

spends his spare time writing poetry and painting . . . Such is fame! We hear rumors that a community in South Texas will incorporate a village named Claghorn and name one of its streets Allen's Alley . . . Radio departments of big advertising agencies are being shaved of a lot of staffers because of decline in business. Aspirin is the order of the day . . . Life of Riley may be coming out in a comic book magazine as a strip soon . . . Burl Ives, the balladeer, is working on a new Walt Disney film called "How Dear to My Heart." This is something special in Disney pictures, incidentally, since it will be a live movie, with only 300 feet of cartoon film in it . . . Superman has zoomed to top place in Hooper rating for juvenile shows, since it started its campaign for tolerance. Radio would really be on its way up if more serials started to use their time for constructive idea-spreading, instead of mere entertainment which sometimes doesn't come off anyway. However, we know that's asking a lot . . . The Breakfast Club is in its 14th year, now, and promises to go on in popularity as long as there's radio . . . We're no enemy of progress, though—we'd like to see some of the newer shows last that long.



Do your dirtiest housework . . . and still have hands "soft as sleep"—

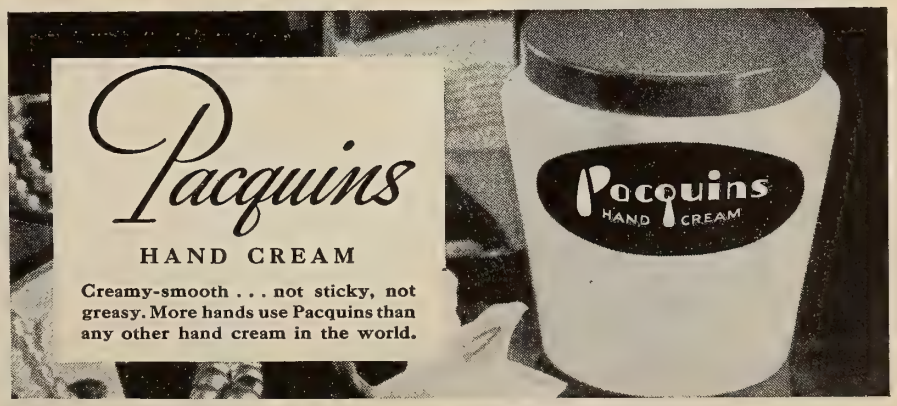
Scrub and scour till your home is shining bright . . . but help keep your hands happy with rich-as-cream Pacquins Hand Cream! Shoos away redness, dryness. Makes hands feel comfy as a kitten on a cushion!





Doctors and Nurses use Pacquins

It was originally formulated for them because their hands take such a beating...in and out of water thirty to forty times a day! There was a crying need for an extra-rich cream that would turn the trick in a twinkle . . . leave hands softer, smoother, whiter. Pacquins does just that . . . so convenient to use too! No spilling . . . no waste. Pick up a jar of snowy Pacquins, today!

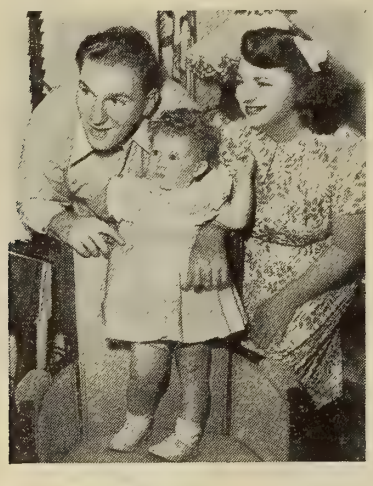


R
M

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



Family Group One: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, new-addition Candice, and Charley, of course.



Two: Bill Bendix and Stephanie, 17 months, Lorraine, 17 years.

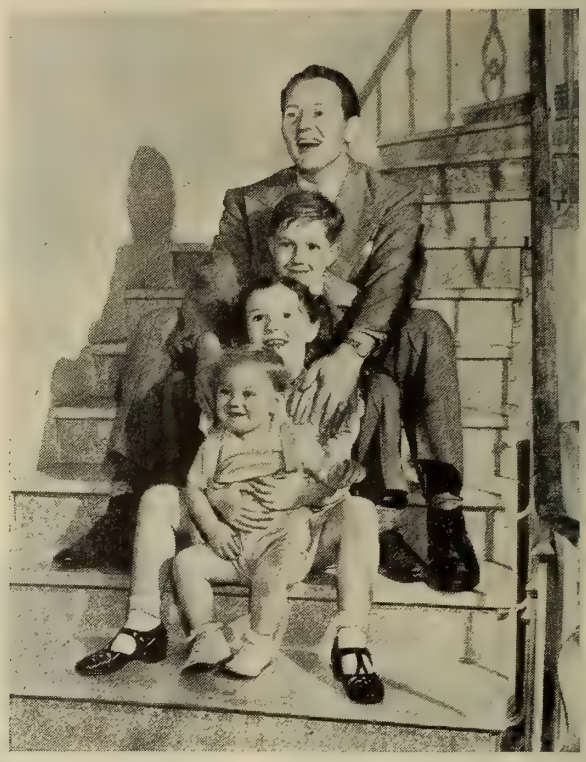


Three: Ed "Archie" Gardner with his small son and their best pal.

APPARENTLY, the squeeze is on in radio—and there's a good bit of concern about it in AFRA circles. (AFRA stands for the American Federation of Radio Artists.) Already it has been announced that several of the big star shows will not return to the air this fall. It seems that big advertisers have been cutting down their radio budgets, turning down big package shows (package shows are entire productions sold complete to the advertiser) and substituting more and more audience participation programs.

Now, maybe lots of listeners like these audience participation shows. There's something very gratifying, perhaps, about hearing someone else being shown up as a goof, or flopping on the $32 question, or even making out well in the end. But consider it from the actor's point of view. Quiz shows and other audience participation shows require very little trained talent.

It used to be that there were only one or two



Four: Three young Linkletters—Art Jr., Dawn, Robert, with their daddy, of CBS's daily House Party program.

such shows a day and those mainly on the air during the evening. Actors were able to make a fairly respectable living, working on the daily script shows. A word about that, too. It seems that according to a survey made by AFRA, almost 85 percent of the membership earns less than $2,000 a year, which is certainly no amount to get starry-eyed about, is it? Now, audience participation shows are being spotted all over the dial and all through the broadcasting hours, so that trained talent is used even less and that $2,000 average is going lower.

It's something for anyone who is interested in and hopeful for the future of radio to keep in mind. If the situation gets much worse, writers (who are also not needed on such shows) and actors will drift away from radio and the industry, which during the war showed signs of really growing up and becoming a serious and mature artistic and educational and information medium, will deteriorate into something which is less in stature than vaudeville in its most feeble days.

The doctor makes his rounds

● Wherever he goes, he is welcome . . . his life is dedicated to serving others. Not all his calls are associated with illness. He is often friend and counselor. His satisfactions in life are reflected in the smiling faces of youngsters like this one below, and of countless others whom he has long attended.

Yes, the doctor represents an honored profession . . . his professional reputation and his record of service are his most cherished possessions.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste . . . . for your throat (see right).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You . . .

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects *your* throat.



Headed for Romance?

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Shining hair jeweled with myriad highlights! Gleaming hair smooth as satin and beautifully behaved! That's Drene-lovely hair. Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all the natural beauty of your hair, all its dazzling sheen . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action. "Your hair is truly your crowning glory," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl Carole Crowther, "if you keep it lustrous-smooth . . . and wear it becomingly." Here, Carole shows you these glamorous hair-dos you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ **SWEETEST MUSIC EVER** when he tells you how lovely you look with this shining cap coiffure. "Like to try a short hair-do," asks Carole, "without snipping a single hair?" First Drene your hair to bring out all its natural gleam . . . as much as 33 percent more lustre than with any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film as all soaps do. Now center-part hair to nape of neck. Comb long ends on each side into a single curl and pin under bottom wave. Presto! A make-believe short-cut!



▲ **HER DOG A CHAMPION,** Carole beams happily and looks ever so beautiful with this stunning upsweep! "It's a joy to fix your hair," she says, "when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness. Gather all hair to crown and tie securely. Comb back hair into a circular roll and front hair into half a dozen small curls.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

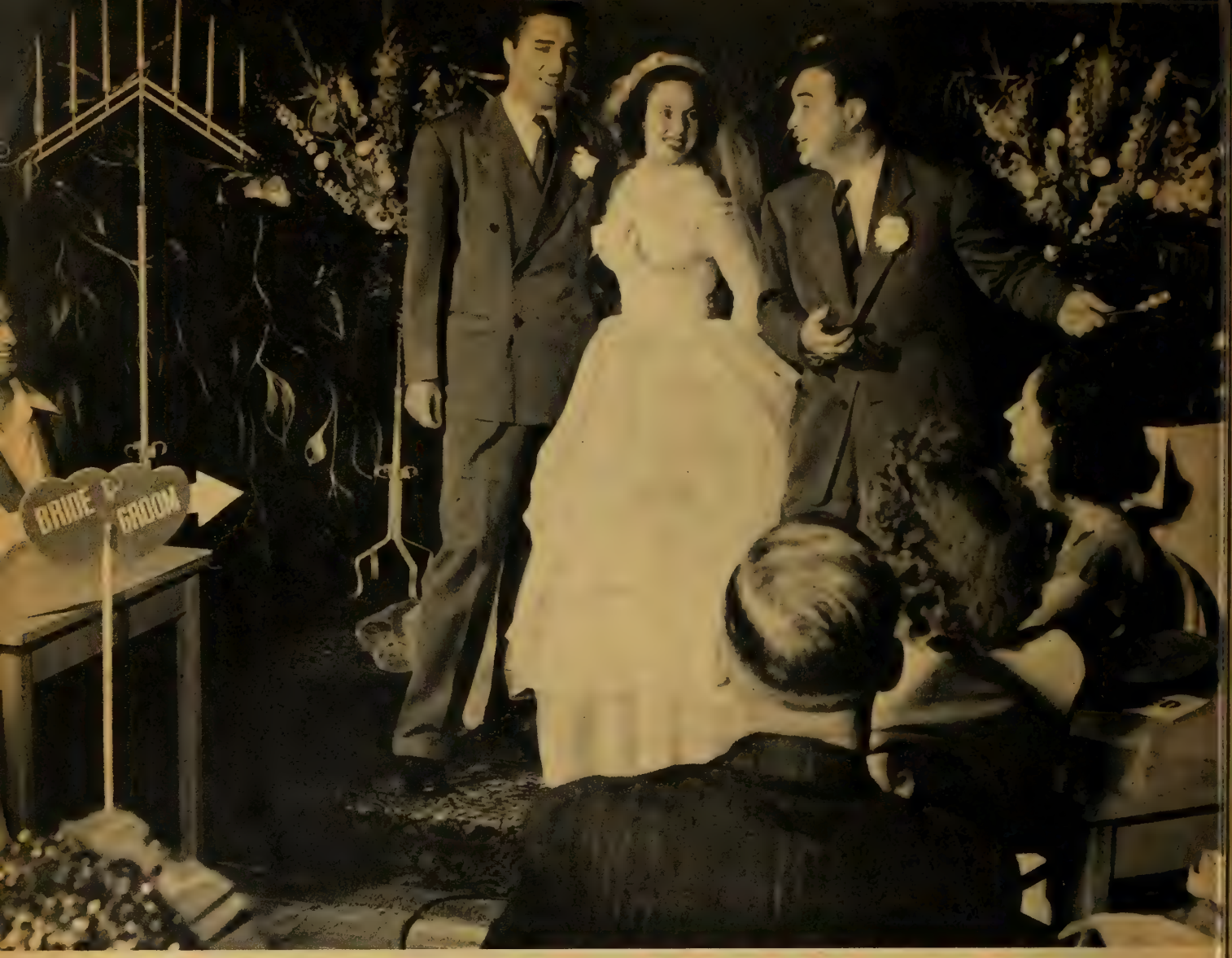


OPERATION CROSSROADS

In our hands is the atom bomb—the world's end or a new beginning. What can we—dare we—do with this dangerous yet wonderful knowledge?

THE most vital problem facing the American people today is the use of atomic energy. It is now a year since the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, where its fearful destruction was largely instrumental in bringing the war with Japan to a sudden close; but the question "What are we to do with the atomic bomb?" has not yet been answered. To inform its millions of listeners on this supremely important subject, CBS presented an hour-long broadcast under the title Operation Crossroads. The condensation of Operation Crossroads which follows, published by Radio Mirror for the benefit of readers who did not hear this enlightening broadcast, is in the form of question-and-answer dialogues between the various speakers. The questions were asked by ordinary citizens—farmer, college girl, machinist, and others. Although this article is too brief to cover all the material that went into Operation Crossroads, it does include many of the atomic-power problems with which thoughtful Americans are preoccupied.

QUESTION: Why don't we find a *defense* against the atomic bomb? I'll concede that one may be difficult to perfect, but our scientists did the impossible in inventing (*Continued on page* 67)



BRIDE and GROOM

This program Arranges every Detail

ORGAN chimes caroled joyously through the room. From table to table, from person to person, an expectant silence fell. On the little flower-banked stage the bride-to-be was young and radiant; beside her the groom was young and shy.

But it was not a minister who faced these two—yet. Johnny Nelson, master-of-ceremonies on the Bride and Groom radio program, was having his say first.

". . . and so you proposed to her while you were dancing, Mr. Stoner. And what did you say, Betty?"

The bride-to-be laughed, and her hand tightened happily on young Mark Stoner's arm. "I thought he was just singing the words of the song they were playing and I told him I didn't like people to sing in my ear. And then I realized . . ."

In the audience a girl leaned forward, listening, her elbows propped on the table. She brushed the arm of the stranger sitting next to her.

"Sorry," she whispered. Then Anne Best's attention went back to the stage and to the bride who was gaily recounting the mishaps and the misunderstandings that went into the dance floor proposal. Around Anne, the audience, too, kept their eyes entranced on the happy young couple in front of them; their expressions showing their own delight. *Why, it's just as Johnny Nelson said to us when we came in,* Anne thought . . . *we're not just a*

Anne and Peter, whose wedding is arranged by the Bride and Groom program in this story written especially for Radio Mirror, are typical of all the couples that M.C. Johnny Nelson leads before the Bride and Groom audience each weekday at 2:30 P.M. EDT, on ABC.



Virginia White, Bride and Groom's final word on accepting couples for the program, knew at once what to say about Anne and Peter.

Peter pulled Anne gently toward him, and pinned the creamy gardenias to her dress. "They're like you, somehow," he said.



of a Wedding—Sometimes even Happiness—

radio audience—we're a wedding-reception party!

Only one face looked unhappy. Puzzled, Anne glanced again at the gloom overshadowing the features of the young man sharing her table, the stranger she had elbowed. Well, it was no business of hers what was troubling him—but what in the world was he doing in the audience of a radio broadcast dedicated to one of life's happiest moments? Anne shrugged her shoulders and dismissed him. It was nothing to her!

". . . but tell me, Betty, was the only obstacle to your marriage the fact that Mark sang in your ear while you were dancing?" Johnny Nelson asked the bride. Out of the corner of his eyes he glanced at the clock. It was nearly time for the couple to leave for the chapel.

Mark Stoner groaned.

"There sure was another one! Betty was a hostess at the USO and even though we had known each other as kids, I was just another guy in uniform there. She couldn't play favorites there and I had to wade my way through dozens of guys every night to get a dance and they were always asking her for dates and writing her notes and sending her flowers—"

Beside her, Anne could feel the dark stranger start and grow tense —an angry, smoldering tenseness. Without thinking — impulsively — Anne's hand (*Continued on page* 54)

The TIME Between



Ma Perkins knew that Connie Myles was unhappy. But how could you help a girl who wouldn't tell what was the matter?

IT WAS a long time before I connected the change in Connie Myles with Quentin Jonas' homecoming. I should have known right away, worried as I was about Connie.

Quent Jonas was Rushville Center's orphan. Everybody in town still remembers the Jonas divorce—a sad case of a quarrel between two young people, each of whom was too proud to take a step toward making up. Both parents remarried later and Quent divided his time between the two houses—but it seems that a little boy with two homes is almost as badly off as a little boy with no home at all. The whole town felt sorry for him, and the whole town took him in. Shuffle—Shuffle Shober is my partner in the lumber business—let him hang around the lumber yard sometimes in the afternoons. The calls he paid about town, to homes and to places of business, were always spaced at gentlemanly intervals, and no one ever got tired of him. He was permitted liberties that were denied to other little boys—he could operate the soda taps at the drugstore, for instance; he could throw the switches at the power house under the watchful eye of the engineer. As for me—well, I've been Ma Perkins to all of Rushville Center for almost longer than I care to remember, and there were times, off and on through the years, when Quent was as much at home in my house as my own children.

I think now that perhaps we spoiled him a little, but he was too sound to be hurt much by kindness, and there was something about him that made people want to be good to him—a wistfulness, as if he wanted a great many things from life, and didn't expect much of anything at all.

This spring, when Quent came home from the war, Shuffle brought him to the house before he was even



Connie stopped as she saw Quent. I can't describe the way they looked at each other.

Ma Perkins is played by Virginia Payne, Shuffle Shober by Charles Egelston. Ma Perkins is heard every Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M. EDT, on C.B.S.; 3:15 on N.B.C.

out of uniform. My elder daughter, Evey, and her husband, Willy Fitz, and their son, Willy Junior, had come over for supper that evening, and the four of us were at the supper table. Connie Myles had gone to her room, and Fay, my widowed younger daughter, was upstairs, putting her three-year-old Paulette to bed. When Shuffle knocked, Willy Junior ran to answer; a second later we heard his shout from the hall. "Quent! Hey, Quent—you're a lieutenant!"

And Quent's laughing answer—"Not any more, Willy. I'm Mister from now on." Then Shuffle's bald head appeared in the dining room doorway, and behind him, towering over him, Quent. He came straight over to me, lifted me half out of my chair. "Ma," he said, "you're still the prettiest girl in town."

I could only laugh and beam up at him, I was that happy. He looked wonderful. There was still a little-boy look about him, in the close-cropped fair hair, the laughing gray eyes, but the wistful look was gone. In its place was a firmness and a self-confidence that had been lacking when he went away. He chuckled at my scrutiny. "Will I pass muster?"

I nodded. "Oh, yes. Only—I can't quite get used to you grown up."

He kissed Evey, shook hands with Willy. "Sit down, Quent," Willy urged. "Have some cake . . . coffee."

"I can't stay," said Quent. "I have to get on to Mother's. She's invited some people in—"

"Ma, is there anything you want from the—" Connie stood in the doorway, slim and lovely even with her shabby clothes. She stopped as she saw Quent, and his voice and hers died away simultaneously, a faltering (*Continued on page* 64)

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JOHN J. ANTHONY'S

TEN COMMANDMENTS

I SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE

Be not afraid to lean heavily on spiritual guidance for comfort in marriage. Whatever your religion, select some symbol of importance from your marriage ceremony and lock it deep within your heart. It will be a reservoir of faith and strength.
The Minister explains: "Gathered together here in the sight of God."
The Rabbi says it thus: "In the presence of God, the Guardian of the Home."
The Priest declares: "Husband and wife are united in Christ."

II PERSONAL ATTRACTION

Better a marriage based on a strong personal attraction than a marriage for a hundred other reasons.
But a strong personal attraction without love is like no marriage at all.
Real love is the greatest gift you have to give. Give it freely. For it is as a cloak of solace around you and your mate.
Real love protects from the hail of misfortune, the rain of doubt, the snows of time. Cherish it; you will always be cherished.

III AGE

Who is to rightly answer the question: "At what age is it wise to marry?" Yourself, of course.
Age is a gay deceiver. Some look old who are young in heart. Others look young who are old in spirit.
All things being equal, twenty-three to twenty-six is a good age for a man to marry . . . twenty to twenty-three for a woman.
Pity the man, still vigorous and youthful, who suddenly finds his wife too old.
Pity the woman with a husband whose years are far in excess of her own.
To avoid one of the deep pitfalls of marriage, keep your ages near together.
In so doing, be assured of still another common joy...growing old together.

IV PHYSICAL FITNESS

Value well your health.
Good health is the very essence of marital happiness.
Health once lost, may be lost forever.
See to it that you do everything in your power to stay physically fit. Eat wisely. Exercise moderately. Avoid chronic tiredness. Seek rest through sleep. Above all—don't worry.
Blame only yourself if poor health is due to your carelessness. Stay well and you will stay happy.

V LIKES AND DISLIKES

True marriage is give and take.
Give more than you take, and you will receive more than you give.
Your success depends on adjustment to each other's likes and dislikes.
There must be adjustments to the details of your beliefs. Adjustments to each other's physical habits...to each other's relatives and friends...to freedom or lack of freedom...to responsibilities.
Do not try to remake your mate.
Support, instead, those qualities which are finest and best.
Above all, work on improving your own inadequacies and shortcomings.
Meet each other more than half way.

Listen to John J. Anthony's afternoon program every Monday

of Wedded Bliss

VI COMPROMISE

The Golden Rule is the life blood of a happy marriage.
When you treat your mate as you yourself would like to be treated—that is the surest commandment I know for wedded bliss.
Your greatest challenge is not in never having a problem, but in sensibly reconciling each problem that arises.
Remember this: You have your faults and your virtues. Take advantage of the best in both of you.
Above all, put your trust in your love. For love is strong; love is forgiving. Love will endure a hundred quarrels.

VII MONEY

"Love of money," says the Bible, "is the root of all evil." It is also the root of much marital unhappiness.
Set up a family budget and live within it. Feed and clothe yourself and your family decently within your means.
Save for a rainy day. A new car and a summer vacation are nice, but shun debt for them as you would shun a thief.
'Tis better to pay your bills and owe no man, than to have money in the bank and owe it to another. Remember—he who is in debt puts a mortgage on his happiness. Live and plan for the essentials of life. Luxuries will come with your economic growth.

VIII CHILDREN

You know not love if you have not a child. As marriage is the goal of every normal individual, so is motherhood the goal of every normal woman.
A marriage without children is like a treasure chest without gold. For it has been truly said, "'tis better to be poor and have children, than to be rich and have none." To you who have no children but want them, I say this: Despair not! If you earnestly desire children, you can have them. Where medical science may fail, love and charity will win. Adopt a child!
And the pleasures of parenthood will be yours to have and to hold.

IX PARENT FIXATION

The emotions of immaturity have no place in the life of an adult.
By permitting a mother-father fixation to stand in the way of complete love for your marriage partner, you show immaturity.
The years after birth wean you emotionally from the parents who cared for you as a babe in arms. Were that not so, you would remain spiritually a child forever.
Compare not your mate with your mother or father. Else you exaggerate in your mind all the good points of your parents and belittle your mate's.
No magic formula can solve a mother-father fixation. You must help yourself. For unless you can place your marriage and your mate above all else in the world, you are failing yourself, and society.

X FAMILY

The family is the foundation of the social life of every nation.
Only through stability of the family unit can society as a whole progress.
Creating a good family is one of the most difficult, yet most rewarding tasks you will be called upon to accomplish.
The way is made easier if you strive to carry on the noblest traditions in your own family.
But always be selective. Accept the finest in your heritage from the past. Build on it for the future. Reject all else.
Your family is poor indeed if it leaves the world no richer than it found it.
Raise your family well, and your sons and grandsons will inherit a treasure.



Young



ANN MALONE is a woman of independence and spirit. She has always had a mature, calmly reasoning approach to the problems that have come up during the years of her marriage to Jerry. They are deeply in love; their marriage has been, on the whole, a very happy one, but now Jerry's work is taking so much of his attention that Ann feels almost unconsciously resentful. (played by Barbara Weeks)

JERRY MALONE is a physician, qualified for his work by more than technical skill. A deep human sympathy guides his handling of patients, and has aided him to win the confidence of everyone in the summer colony of Three Oaks in spite of the confusion resulting from a political conspiracy against him that at first almost succeeded in discrediting him in the town. (played by Charles Irving)

CBS's popular daytime story about a marriage whose strength was tested by adversity

Doctor Malone







MRS. MORRISON, the kindly middle-aged neighbor of Dr. Jerry and Ann, is interested in everything that concerns the Malones, particularly in their lively young daughter JILL. Ready at any time to exercise her neighborly privilege of exchanging gossip or whatever else may be wanted, Mrs. Morrison is also fond of baking pies for her young friends, offering selections of homely wit, and generally lending a friendly helping hand whenever she can be useful.
(played by Ethel Wilson)



ROGER DINEEN was the political master of the town of Three Oaks for long enough to build up his fortune by methods that did not stop short of murder. Altogether corrupt, he mismanaged his private life in like manner. His wife, her mind poisoned by hatred of him, died in an insane asylum; his daughter Phyllis, torn between hatred and love for the man who was, after all, her father, was saved from emotional dilemma by the Malones. Roger's last scheme ended in fiasco, and he was forced out of town and power.
(played by Barry Thompson)

PHYLLIS DINEEN and CARL WARD are two people who have almost literally had their lives remade by the Malones. Phyllis, the daughter of the swindling politician Roger Dineen, could not make up her mind to leave the father she hated until Dr. Jerry made her realize that she was wasting her life and involving herself in an emotional conflict that might lead to serious consequences. Strengthened by his analysis and by Ann's friendship, Phyllis went to live with Mrs. Morrison. There she met Carl, a veteran who was crippled by the loss of a leg. Because the accident was a freak, caused by the overturning of a jeep he was in, Carl became bitter and withdrawn, compelled by a rigid code of honesty to refuse the role of hero. But Jerry, understanding the young man's bitterness, helped him to re-establish his confidence by getting him a job on the town's crusading newspaper. Now that Phyllis has admitted she loves Carl, life promises to proceed on a much stronger, healthier foundation for these two people who have so barely skirted tragedy.
(played by Joan Banks and Larry Haines)





MRS. HALE, a neurotic, self-indulgent woman, descends upon Three Oaks in the summertime and makes a nuisance of herself in every possible way. Completely thoughtless and selfish, she spends her time bedecking herself and attempting to annex all the unattached males who come into view. She has wasted much of Jerry's professional time by calling him to attend her one child. When Jerry ruthlessly told her that the fault lay not with the child but with herself, she determined to make him change his mind about her.
(played by Ethel Everett)

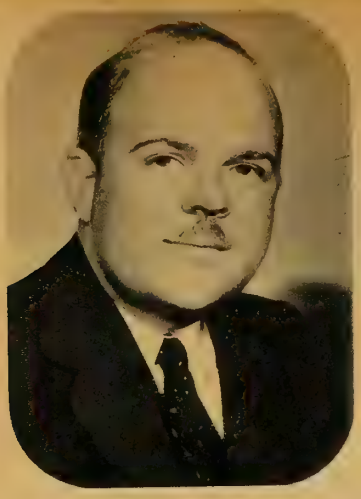


MALCOLM JOHNSTON is precisely the kind of youthful, unattached man who quickly catches the eye of Mrs. Hale. Socially adept, an excellent sportsman, Johnston was at one time engaged to Phyllis Dineen, whom he jilted for a supposedly richer woman. Now, in an effort to reawaken Phyllis's interest, he is exploiting the admiration Ann Malone feels for him. Oblivious of the fact that Johnston is a thorough bounder, Ann does not realize that this plausible man's only aim is Phyllis's father's money.
(played by Les Damon)

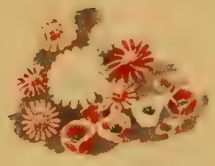


Ann and Jerry Malone are not novices at the problems of marriage. In the years since they first fell in love with one another, they have managed between them to weather many difficulties that might have proved fatal to a marriage founded less solidly on mutual regard and understanding. But the problem they are facing now is one that cannot be easily disposed of, partly because it cannot be too easily perceived. Since Dr. Jerry has been in Three Oaks, his work has taken so much of his vital energy and time that Ann has begun to feel neglected. The feeling is almost subconscious, but it makes her all too susceptible to the attentions of Malcolm Johnston. The home that the Malones have created around their adored little Jill is in danger, unless Jerry very soon recognizes Ann's budding resentment and takes steps against it.

Listen to Young Dr. Malone daily at 1:45 P.M. EDT, on the CBS network



Between



BY TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, on ABC.

HEAVY SCHEDULE

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

Be warned, my erstwhile darlings who have been
Not always gentle, almost never true:
In the best traditional manner, when I die,
I'm coming back to settle scores with you.

I'll drift around to flicker through your days;
To twist your dreams; make pungent memory
Rise like an incense to becloud your minds.
Oh, you shall never know the last of me!

And what a weary spirit I shall grow
While playing hob with you! How worn and gaunt!
For boys, in checking up I'm quite amazed
To find how many of you I must haunt!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills
  Inwoven with our frames;
More pointed still, we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
  Makes countless thousands mourn.

—Robert Burns



FRAGMENT

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SO DO NOT SPEAK!

Is there no way you may communicate
  With me, who love you, but by spoken word?
  When feeling is, by speaking, thus deferred,
Emotion slackens, and a towering gate
  Bares flood tides of desire, until, too late
  The force dammed up is quiet. So, unstirred
I listen to your platitude of word.
So do not speak! For I shall gladly wait
  Until your thought, swift-mounting like a song
  Of joyous birds that carol to the sky
Shall flood with such communion all day long
My waiting heart, that then in truth will I
  Fling all my being open to the strong
And wild surrender of love's wordless cry.

—Beatrice Billing



BLUEPRINT FOR CATTISH BEHAVIOR

Cats should receive an ovation
For perfecting the art of relaxation.

Persons who suffer from nerves
And conflicting verves
Would do well to contemplate the cat:
There is no doubt that
The creature has great success
In his attempts to outguess
The bird on the ground—
Feathers strewn around
Mutely attest
The bird has been outguessed—
But if the bird rise in flight
The cat is right
In his instant realization
That immediate cessation
From effort is all that will save him from seeming absurd.
Doubtless another bird
Will appear by-and-by
Who will be slower to remember he can fly.
In the meantime the cat takes his repose,
Languidly, luxuriously, knowing what he knows.

Tense, over-ambitious persons should vie in their emulation
Of cats achieving complete relaxation.

—B. Y. Williams

the Bookends



THE CHARM

How beautiful the cloak she wore
Against the prying eyes,
Of those who daily passed her door,
The curious and wise

Who came in eagerness to break
The silence that she kept,
To share what was not theirs to take.
Yet while she laughed or wept

For what had been and what was dead
Or not to be denied,
She gravely wore with lifted head
The mantle of her pride.

Some pitied her, and strangely knew
A hot and furtive shame
At all the murky tales that grew
With mention of her name.

Yet others shrugged away pretense
And envied her the charm,
The mantle of her reticence
That wrapped her safe from harm.

—Sydney King Russell

KITE WISDOM

When to let
The wind ride high,
And sweep the cobwebs
From the sky,
When to stop
And when to start
Is kite wisdom
Of the heart,
When to be
Content to hold
Certain clouds
As certain gold,
Keeping it
A scarlet star,
Not too near
And not too far,
Is something
Only boys of eight,
Speak of slightly,
Hesitate,
Shrug a shoulder,
Stroll, a king
And tie a dream
Upon a string.

—Gladys McKee

UBIQUITOUS

Cocktail party, luncheon, tea,
My dear, it's beyond belief how she
Burns the candle at both ends
With her galaxy of friends.
How on earth does she maintain
Such a giddy pace! It must be a strain!
She simply never stays home. I know.
I see her every place I go!

—May Richstone



THE TOY HORSE

It took so long to grow the wood,
  Skilled craftsmen cut and dyed it
Into a horse for my small boy
  And how he loved to ride it.
I never could quite understand
  It took so long to make it,
That such a tiny boy as he
  Took just one day to break it.

—Carrie Cramer

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Seven new poems and some well-loved lines from favorite poets to add to your Bookends collection

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I'm coming back to settle scores with you.

I'll drift around to flicker through your days;
To twist your dreams; make pungent memory
Rise like an incense to becloud your minds.
Oh, you shall never know the last of me!

And what a weary spirit I shall grow
While playing hob with you! How worn and gaunt!
For boys, in checking up I'm quite amazed
To find how many of you I must haunt!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frames;
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
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THE CHARM

How beautiful the cloak she wore
Against the prying eyes,
Of those who daily passed her door,
The curious and wise

Who came in eagerness to break
The silence that she kept,
To share what was not theirs to take.
Yet while she laughed or wept

For what had been and what was dead
Or not to be denied,
She gravely wore with lifted head
The mantle of her pride.

Some pitied her, and strangely knew
A hot and furtive shame
At all the murky tales that grew
With mention of her name.

Yet others shrugged away pretense
And envied her the charm,
The mantle of her reticence
That wrapped her safe from harm.

—Sydney King Russell

KITE WISDOM

When to let
The wind ride high,
And sweep the cobwebs
From the sky,
When to stop
And when to start
Is kite wisdom
Of the heart,
When to be
Content to hold
Certain clouds
As certain gold,
Keeping it
A scarlet star,
Not too near
And not too far,
Is something
Only boys of eight,
Speak of slightly,
Hesitate,
Shrug a shoulder,
Stroll, a king
And tie a dream
Upon a string.

—Gladys McKee

UBIQUITOUS

Cocktail party, luncheon, tea,
My dear, it's beyond belief how she
Burns the candle at both ends
With her galaxy of friends.
How on earth does she maintain
Such a giddy pace! It must be a strain!
She simply never stays home. I know.
I see her every place I go!

—May Richstone



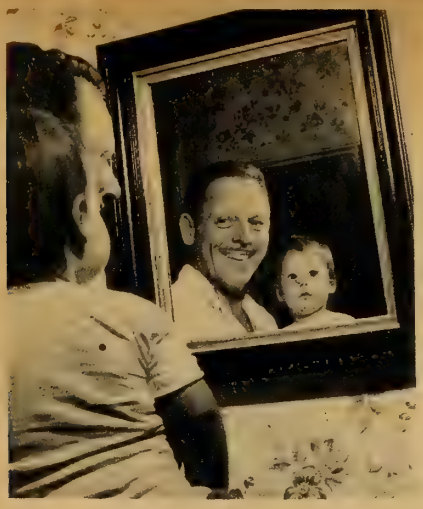
THE TOY HORSE

It took so long to grow the wood,
Skilled craftsmen cut and dyed it
Into a horse for my small boy
And how he loved to ride it.
I never could quite understand
It took so long to make it,
That such a tiny boy as he
Took just one day to break it.

—Carrie Cramer

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.



Sally's the newest.

ANYONE can get married!"

by Mrs. BILL GOODWIN

ANYONE can get married. The trick is to stay that way.

So, since this is to be an account of my marriage to Bill Goodwin and what makes it tick, I'll skip over the preliminaries—our meeting on the beach at the Santa Monica beach club, our courting through a hundred or so evenings of dancing to Benny Goodman's wonderful music at the Palomar, our marriage on March 9, 1938, in the brand new, paint-smelling Presbyterian church in Yuma, Nevada—and get on to the important part, the part which begins when the honeymoon ends.

So long, I am convinced, as all the love stories in the magazines *end* with wedding bells, rather than begin there, so long as American girls continue to believe a mass of complete nonsense about what makes a good husband and what makes a marriage work, just so long will the divorce statistics continue to climb.

There are lots of reasons, of course, why Bill and I have avoided the shoals which wreck so many modern marriages, and which are particularly sinister, apparently, in the muddy waters around Hollywood. We have fun together, we have friends and interests in common. Most importantly, we have our children.

But one good reason why we have not back-tracked over the road to Nevada to have the preacher's work undone is that both of us are realists. We didn't expect too much from marriage, or from one another.

The "perfect idyll" marriages exist only in fiction. Marriage, in a real life situation, must be—as any relationship between contrary and inconsistent human beings must be—a matter of good days and bad, sunshine and storm, high-ups and low low-downs.

Any girl who seeks in her marriage only the good days, only the sunshine, only the high-ups is destined to marry and unmarry and marry again unto infinity, or at least unto that happy day when she wakes up to the truth—that there are no "perfect" marriages; there are no "perfect" husbands.

I don't know who thought up the "perfect husband," the paragon of a million contradictory virtues—the man who is *always* sweet and tender, thoughtful and considerate (yet withal, tough enough in a hard business world to turn a handy dollar); the fellow who places his wife on a pedestal—she's better than he is, just because she's a woman—yet who, when the occasion demands, is a girl's best pal. As I say, I don't know who dreamed up this fellow, but whoever did should be exposed as a fraud. For there "ain't no sich" fellow—the Perfect Husband is a Big Lie. (So, Bill and a million men would tell you, is the Perfect Wife.)

The story of our marriage, Bill's and mine, will be a great disappointment to the hordes of people who have been deceived by the Big Lie. They will look in vain in any honest account of it for the tender anecdotes, the sentimental whimsies of which they have grown so dangerously enamored.

Bill doesn't fit the myth-man—he breaks all the rules.

For instance, he is very spotty about remembering my birthday. He did get around to buying me an anniversary

It's a mistake to think that the best love stories end with wedding music and orange blossoms. It's not till afterwards that the story really begins . .



present last year—but three months after the date. He has broken the most venerated rule of all—when our fourth baby was being born he did *not* pace the hospital corridor. He went to a movie. To make it worse, it was a movie in which *he* appeared and he had seen it before.

I had lumbered out of bed that morning pretty sure that this day would be *it*. After going through all the true and false symptoms three times, you just know. Anyway, before Bill left the house in the morning I was having "false" labor pains—the kind that are everything the doctor has told you to watch out for except for one thing, they do not recur at regular intervals.

I told Bill to check in with me from time to time. "I think we'll probably have to make a rush trip to the hospital," I said.

"Okay, baby," he said, kissing me goodbye. "Papa will keep in touch."

That was at ten in the morning. By five in the evening, Bill hadn't called. It was not a broadcast day, and he had had no studio call, so I had no idea where to look for him. By six, the false pains had turned truthful—and I found it much more



The big lawn is covered with play-apparatus



The Burns and Allen program means it's a big night—Dad's on!

comfortable to pace up and down in the living room than to sit patiently and read a book. Still no call.

I telephoned the doctor. "Better get down to the hospital," he said, after listening to my symptoms.

"But I can't find Bill," I confessed. I was almost in tears.

"Take a cab," Dr. Rooney ordered.

The cab was on its way when Bill finally called.

"Where are you?" I demanded.

"Why, honey," he said, "I'm at the Players having dinner with Betty and Mitch." (Betty Hutton was the star and Mitch Leisen the director of "Incendiary Blonde," in which Bill had just finished working.)

I told him that he was going to be a father any minute. I had called the doctor, I explained. I added bitterly that I had called a cab.



or Lynn, almost three, Bill Jr., almost four, and Jill, almost seven.



The Goodwins like their fun musical.

"Good," he replied, to my horror.

"I know you won't mind," he added, "if I run over to the studio with the gang to take a look at the new cut of the picture."

My silence was meant for anything but consent, but Bill apparently took it for such.

"Don't have the baby until I get there," he said, and hung up.

One of these times was when Lynn was a tiny baby. I was terribly tired and Jill and Bill had been little monsters—or so it seemed to me in my distraught and driven state—for several days. Part of their trouble, of course, was that a new baby had come along to compete with them for their mommie's attention. With Mommie saddled with the housework and cooking in addition to the care of the little sister, they were additionally neglected. I had no time to be bothered with their questions, their suddenly multiplied bumps and bruises. So they, very understandably, took to being "bad"—which any child psychologist will tell you is just another way of getting mother's interest.

Bill, seeing what was happening, realized that *both* the children and I were right. With no reprimands in either direction he took over. He whisked Jill and Bill away to the beach and lavished attentions on them. He took them swimming in the ocean and let them have all the indigestible things they wanted for lunch. He helped them build a fabulous castle in the sand. He brought them home tired and satisfied at sundown and gave them a light supper (*Continued on page* 62)



Bill's very good at this.

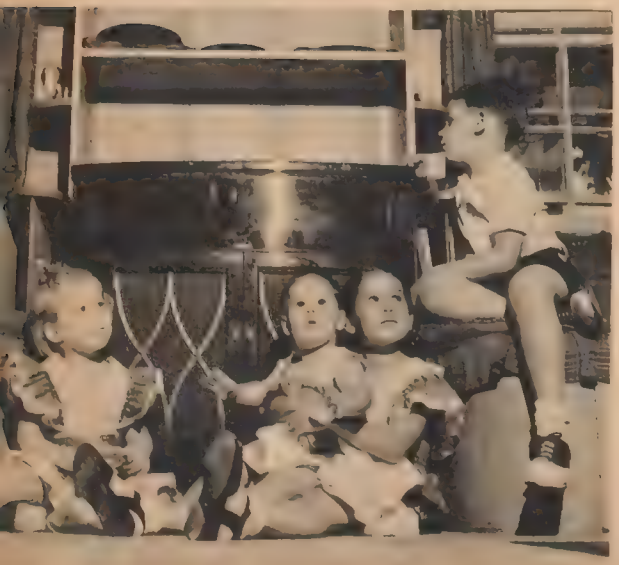
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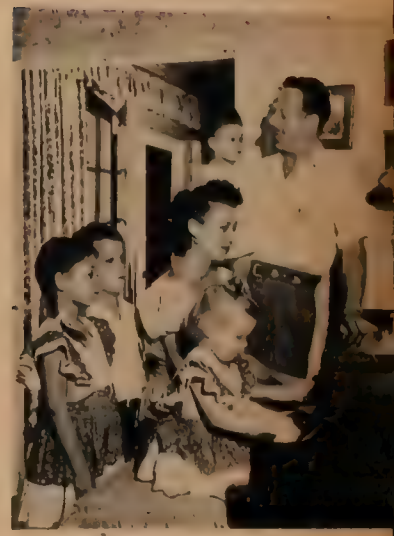
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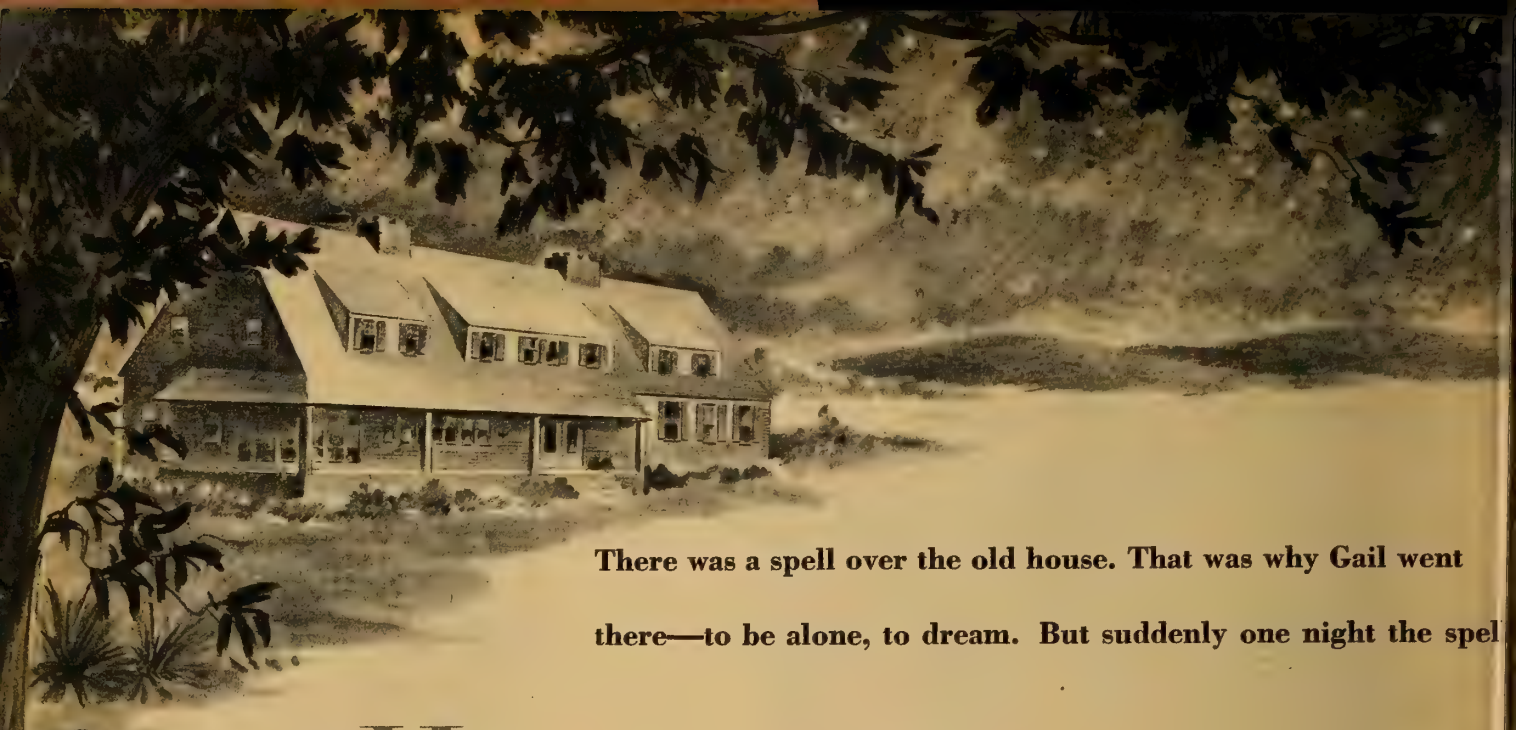
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There was a spell over the old house. That was why Gail went there—to be alone, to dream. But suddenly one night the spel

House of Dreams

Adapted from a script written for My True Story, which is heard every Monday through Friday morning at 10 ET, 9 CT, 11:30 MT, 10:30 PT, on ABC.

THE old house creaked a little, settling itself for the night, as I unlatched the door.

Little squeaks way overhead. . . . *I'll have to set mousetraps in the attic tomorrow,* I reminded myself absent-mindedly. And then stopped short. I wouldn't be here tomorrow.

Not if Anna had her way, and she would. After Dad's funeral yesterday, my older sister would have the say-so in our family. I could still hear her as she had talked this afternoon.

"You're just a crazy kid, Gail. No one in their right senses would want to stay on here in this cottage, looking after that big, old, deserted Sissely house. What's in it for you? I could understand Dad not wanting to leave after he had been caretaker here so many years, but you're young."

"I like it here, Anna. I can't explain it, but I belong here. It's right for me to stay here," I had pleaded.

She brushed this aside. "Oh, for goodness sake! There you go again—it's 'right' for you. You always were such a funny, moody kid and you haven't changed a bit in two years. Honey, after tomorrow a lot of things are going to be changed. You're going to New York with me and share my apartment and learn to live and work and have boyfriends, like other girls."

From a practical standpoint she was right. What other girl would be doing what I was doing now—running for comfort to the empti-



ınd the dream were shattered

ness of the old Sissely house, boarded-up and abandoned? What other girl of eighteen, normal and healthy, would let a thing of wood and bricks and plaster fill the place in her heart that should have been Van Johnson and jive music and Saturday night dates?

I was crazy about that house. Silly —I suppose—to give so much of my deepest feelings to a tall, ungainly-comfortable house—but I couldn't help it. It had been that way all my life.

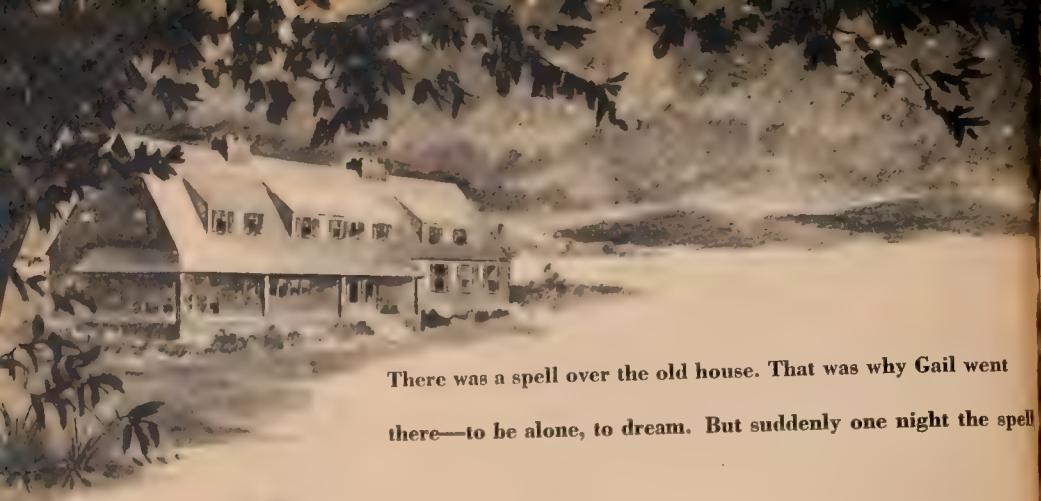
Daytimes it was always where I could see it when I worked. If I took a book to read or a dress to mend, it was never to our own cottage porch but to my favorite spot on the big verandah where I could see the sweeping terraces and the wide, shining Hudson River below.

It made my throat ache with its wild, unkempt loveliness. Always, in my mind, this verandah, the terraces, even the river below, were mine.

Late afternoons or evenings I used to let myself in with Dad's keys—and then *it was like coming home*. There was such a tenderness in me for every piece of faded chintz, for every sheen of polished wood, for every square of leaded pane. I could walk blindfold through the rooms and never bump a chair. Sometimes I would light a little fire in the hall fireplace and sit there, gazing at the quaint dog andirons, curled up comfortably on the faded needle-point footstool. (*Continued on page* 79)



It was wonderful, sharing this magic spectacle with someone like Don



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"Pretty, Mommy, pretty," Judy Ann exclaimed, fascinated by the bright shoulder-bag Mary wore.

Oh, What it Seemed to Be!

By Joan Edwards

STANDING in the wings of the theater where we broadcast the Hit Parade, I could hear Kenny Delmar's voice over the little speaker on the backstage wall. Kenny makes most of his announcements with the music playing. If the little speaker weren't there, I'd never be able to hear my cue to go on stage. The band blared its fanfare.

"Number One," the voice said. "The tune you put in top place."

I began to be nervous. As soon as I began to sing I knew I'd be all right. But as long as I've been doing the Hit Parade show, that *number one* still gives me a thrill. You can feel the audience waiting, trying, in the split second before Kenny announces the name, to outguess him. It's like an opening night on Broadway, that feeling.

". . . from coast to coast . . . *Oh, What It Seemed To Be* . . . Joan Edwards!"

Kenny's voice stopped and the orchestra slid into the rhythm of the tune. I walked from the wings out onto the stage. The blazing white eye of the spotlight fixed me in its glare and carried me over to the microphone.

For the first few moments out there, it's no use trying to look at the audience. I bow, but the lights are so blinding that it's like looking into the mouth of some mammoth cave, with a rushing thunder of applause coming out of the blackness.

Mark Warnow turned to me, nodded and smiled. I heard the downbeat from the orchestra, my cue to begin to sing.

It was just a neighborhood dance, that's all that it was . . . but oh, what it seemed to be!

It was like a masquerade ball, with costumes and all, 'cause you were at the dance with me.

A chorus of muted trumpets and trombones picked up the melody.

It was just a ride on a train, that's all that it was, but oh, what it seemed to be.

It was like a trip to the stars, to Venus and Mars . . . 'cause you were on the train with me.

The violins sang soft and sweet.

And when I kissed you, darling . . . It was more than just a thrill for me.

It was the promise, darling . . . of the things that fate had willed for me.

The whole band came in full-throated and strong.

It was just a wedding in June . . . that's all that it was . . . but oh, what it seemed to be!

It was like a royal affair . . . with everyone there . . . 'cause you said, "Yes, I do," to me.

There was a flutter of applause which stopped short as the orchestra swung into a chorus in dance tempo. I smiled and looked out over the audience. The blackness had lifted now. The auditorium was full of faces, warm friendly faces looking

Joan Edwards, singing star of the Hit Parade, (Saturdays at 9 P.M. EDT) tells the love story of a girl who came to one of her broadcasts—and had her whole life changed.

Joan Edwards, with a Song, brings two Sweethearts together



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up at the stage. A bunch of colored flowers on a hat caught my eye, and almost unconsciously I hoped that the new white dress with huge splashes of flowers in the full skirt looked as well on me now as I'd thought when I tried it in the store.

And then I saw Mary. I didn't know her name, then, and certainly never suspected that I'd soon be playing a part in her life. She was just one of a sea of unknown faces, most of them smiling. But that's what attracted my attention. Mary wasn't smiling. She was making no attempt to conceal the tears rolling unchecked down her cheeks. She was a lovely looking girl—tears seemed foreign to her face.

WHEN the broadcast was over, we all stayed on stage for a few minutes, talking and joking and making hurried arrangements for supper. There is a repeat broadcast for the west coast at midnight, so we usually go somewhere near the theater for a bite to eat between shows.

Julius, my husband, was putting his violin carefully in its case, complaining bitterly about having to wear a tuxedo in the middle of August. Kenny wandered over and the two men joined forces in singing their "straitjacket blues." All the time we were talking, I couldn't get that girl's face out of my mind.

We went up to our dressing rooms to change. I slipped into a light print street dress and went down to the stage door where I could get a breath of air while I waited for Julius. I don't know who ever started that wild myth about husbands always waiting for their wives. In my case, at least, it certainly isn't true.

As I came down the stairs I was surprised to find the girl I'd seen in the audience waiting quietly by the door. The page boy hurried over.

"There's a young lady wants to see you, Miss Edwards," he said. "Says you wouldn't know her, but could she talk to you for a minute."

I looked over his shoulder at the shy figure, and smiled. "Sure, Joey . . . that's all right." He walked back to his post by the door.

"I'm sorry to impose on you, Miss Edwards," she began. "but I don't know anybody to talk to, and I'm all alone . . . and—well, you sang our song. . . ."

"That's all right, I understand." I didn't really, but she looked so small and unhappy standing there, I wanted desperately to help her.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked. She'd been trying to smile, but now the tears won out and she fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief. "Oh, Miss Edwards, I don't know what to do! It was just like that song you sang . . . every word. Every word except the part about the wedding in June."

I had an idea. "Why don't you come have supper with us? It will cheer you up."

She looked frightened. "Oh, no, I couldn't do that . . . not with all those people! But I would love to talk to you."

It was strange. She was so shy, almost timid, but because I had sung what she called "their song," she felt easy and comfortable with me.

"I'll tell you what let's do, then," I said. "I'm going to take my little girl, Judy Ann, walking in Central Park tomorrow morning. You come along and help me look after her. Believe me, I can use all the help I can get with that youngster!"

She brightened and even managed a real smile. "Oh, that would be wonderful!" She made it sound as if I'd offered her a dozen pair of nylons.

We promised to meet near a certain small playground in the park at eleven, and as she turned to go, I called after her. "By the way . . . you forgot to tell me your name."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry . . . it's Mary Thorne. And I'll never, never be able to tell you how grateful I am." I suddenly felt all warm inside, and it had nothing to do with the August weather.

The next morning was so hot that as I looked down on Central Park from our living room window it seemed that a quiver of heat was all that stirred the faded summer leaves of the trees. The heat wasn't bothering Judy. She refused to stand still while I dressed her . . . she bubbled with excitement. "Will we see the bears, Mommy? Will I go on the swing? Can I feed the birdies?" The questions tumbled out with no stopping for breath or waiting for an answer.

At last she was dressed; her clothes and hair were straightened for the hundredth time, and we were on our way to the park. Judy had a long argument with the elevator boy. She couldn't understand why he wouldn't come along. He satisfied her finally by saying that he had his elevator to play with and promised Judy that next rainy day she could be his assistant.

She held tight to my hand as we crossed Fifty-ninth Street, but as we entered the park, Judy ran on ahead. I saw Mary standing by the wire fence which surrounds the playground, looking fresh and cool in a simply tailored yellow sport dress that reflected on her clear skin like a field of buttercups in the sun. Judy saw her, too, but it was a large red purse Mary wore on a strap over her shoulder which caught Judy's eye.

"OH, pretty, Mommy, pretty!" she exclaimed and reached over to gingerly touch the shiny leather.

Mary was pleased and slipped the bag from her shoulder for Judy to hold. While Mary and I found a bench in the shade, Judy strutted and posed with her new-found glamor.

Mary sat silent for a few minutes, then turned to me and said, "You must think I'm awfully silly to tell all my troubles to a total stranger."

I told her I'd like to be her friend.

She went on, "But when you sang that song, it was as if you were telling the whole story of my life. I couldn't help feeling somehow that you'd understand. You know—all the words seem to fit . . . it *was* just a neighborhood dance . . . that's all that it was. I didn't have a new dress . . . all the regular crowd would (*Continued on page* 74)



The purse that Mary sent to Judy Ann was a tiny replica of the one she had worn in the Park, the one Judy Ann had admired so lavishly. And with the gift there came something more important—a letter.

up at the stage. A bunch of colored flowers on a hat caught my eye, and almost unconsciously I hoped that the new white dress with huge splashes of flowers in the full skirt looked as well on me now as I'd thought when I tried it in the store.

And then I saw Mary. I didn't know her name, then, and certainly never suspected that I'd soon be playing a part in her life. She was just one of a sea of unknown faces, most of them smiling. But that's what attracted my attention. Mary wasn't smiling. She was making no attempt to conceal the tears rolling unchecked down her cheeks. She was a lovely looking girl—tears seemed foreign to her face.

WHEN the broadcast was over, we all stayed on stage for a few minutes, talking and joking and making hurried arrangements for supper. There is a repeat broadcast for the west coast at midnight, so we usually go somewhere near the theater for a bite to eat between shows.

Julius, my husband, was putting his violin carefully in its case, complaining bitterly about having to wear a tuxedo in the middle of August. Kenny wandered over and the two men joined forces in singing their "straitjacket blues." All the time we were talking, I couldn't get that girl's face out of my mind.

We went up to our dressing rooms to change. I slipped into a light print street dress and went down to the stage door where I could get a breath of air while I waited for Julius. I don't know who ever started that wild myth about husbands always waiting for their wives. In my case, at least, it certainly isn't true.

As I came down the stairs I was surprised to find the girl I'd seen in the audience waiting quietly by the door. The page boy hurried over.

"There's a young lady wants to see you, Miss Edwards," he said. "Says you wouldn't know her, but could she talk to you for a minute"

I looked over his shoulder at the shy figure, and smiled. "Sure, Joey . . that's all right" He walked back to his post by the door.

"I'm sorry to impose on you, Miss Edwards," she began "but I don't know anybody to talk to, and I'm all alone . . and well, you sang our song . . "

"That's all right, I understand" I didn't really, but she looked so small and unhappy standing there, I wanted desperately to help her.

"What's the matter, dear"" I asked She'd been trying to smile, but now the tears won out and she fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief "Oh, Miss Edwards, I don't know what to do! It was just like that song you sang . . . every word Every word except the part about the wedding in June"

I had an idea "Why don't you come have supper with us" It will cheer you up"

She looked frightened "Oh, no, I couldn't do that not with all those people! But I would love to talk to you"

It was strange She was so shy almost timid, but because I had sung what she called "their song," she felt easy and comfortable with me.

"I'll tell you what let's do, then," I said. "I'm going to take my little girl, Judy Ann, walking in Central Park tomorrow morning. You come along and help me look after her. Believe me, I can use all the help I can get with that youngster!"

She brightened and even managed a real smile. "Oh, that would be wonderful!" She made it sound as if I'd offered her a dozen pair of nylons.

We promised to meet near a certain small playground in the park at eleven, and as she turned to go, I called after her. "By the way . . . you forgot to tell me your name."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry . . . it's Mary Thorne. And I'll never, never be able to tell you how grateful I am." I suddenly felt all warm inside, and it had nothing to do with the August weather.

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Greta comes

IT WAS as nice, as peaceful a morning as you could ask for. The birds were happily singing, the flowers busily blooming —in fact, if Tena had ordered the day as a special treat, she couldn't have had it any nearer perfect.

She had, she told Tim, slept like a lark. Tim had come up bright and early to fix a leaking faucet. It was nice, Tena thought complacently, as she took fine, thin peelings off the potatoes, to have a priority, so to speak, on the building superintendent. (As a matter of fact, they were engaged to be married.) Tim always welcomed any excuse to come upstairs, and the minor repairs for which the other tenants had to wait their turns were always done in jig time at the Hutchinson apartment, where Tena worked.

So Tena sat and pared potatoes, and hummed, mildly off-key, *Genta och Jag*. Tim stood by the sink and fixed the faucet, whistling *The Rose of Tralee* and whacking with his wrench in perfect time to the music. You would have said, looking at them, that it was a scene of pleasant domesticity. Even listening to the desultory conversation that was going on between singings and bangings, you would have thought that all was well—even if you might have had a bit of trouble following the thread of the dialogue.

Tena and Tim could hardly have been said to be talking, in the loose way that the term is usually understood. Not talking to each other, that is. Rather, they were taking turns talking. First Tena would say something, and then go back to *Genta och Jag*. Then Tim would say something, and return to *The Rose of Tralee*. Sometimes their sentences would overlap and they would both be chattering at the same time, but neither seemed to mind the confusion.

"Lulu, she vould have made a good vife for Uncle Shamus," Tena said.

"They aren't makin' such good washers any more," Tim sighed.

"I don't see vhy Uncle Shamus had to go and be so shy of Lulu," Tena went on.

"They're all the time saying at the hardware that they haven't got good washers on account of the war," Tim continued, "but they'll be blamin' things on the war for a good ten years, I bet. They ought to of started makin' 'em agin long before now."

"Tim, vhy do you t'ink Uncle Shamus vas afraid of Lulu?" Tena eyed the edge of the potato parer critically and awaited his reply.

"If you can't get a good washer, what's the sense of trying to fix the plumbing at all?" Tim demanded, and gave his stillson wrench a final twist.

All at once it dawned on Tena that that was hardly a suitable reply to her query. "Tim, you don't make sense," she reproved mildly. "Vhat's Lulu got to do vit' vashers, for goodness sakes?"

Tim stared at her in amazement, trying unsuccessfully to recall at what point Lulu had become entangled with the plumbing. "Not a thing," he finally admitted. That was satisfactory, and Tena returned to her paring.

But Tena wasn't one to let a golden minute slip by without improving it with conversation, so she started right up again on another tack.

"How long you been janitor here, Tim?"

Tim wiped his hands on a piece of waste and turned to face Tena with a fine, Irish expression of reminiscence dawning in his eyes. "Ever since the time of the fire in

Anyone looking at Greta would have said she was a little girl. But to Tena and Tim—and Mrs. Hutchinson—she was nothing less than an explosion

home



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the basement, Tena. That's when I come here—and it's a long time, to be sure."

"But how many years?" she prodded.

Tim made a brief stab at counting and then gave up almost at once. "Ever since the fire," he repeated firmly. "Figure out when that was, and you've got it." He began to gather up his tools, and Tena, apparently not willing to essay mathematics at the moment, picked up another potato.



When Tena opened the door, she saw them . . .

As you can see, it was a perfectly ordinary, perfectly normal morning. You would have said, listening to them, that pretty soon Tim would figure that the rest of the tenants rated a little service, and be on his way. You would have said that shortly Tena would put out the potato peelings and maybe go in to side up the living room, or wash out Mr. Hutchinson's blue sport shirt he was so choice of, or something like that. You'd never for a moment have believed, if anyone had told you, that any second now a bomb was going to burst right in the middle of those peaceful lives.

BUT it did. It sounded a warning right that minute, in the form of two short rings of the doorbell.

Tena put down her potato knife and brushed back a wisp of hair from her forehead. "Now, honest," she said with some heat, "and this is yust the morning Mrs. Hutchinson wanted to sleep late!" She disappeared down the hall.

She was back in a minute, a letter in her hand, her eyes green with excitement.

"Tim! For me, a letter! Special delivery!"

Tim laid down his tools and came across the kitchen to her. "What d'ya know! Who's it from?"

Tena regarded the white square as if waiting for it to speak. "Nay, who could be sending to me a special?"

Tim grinned. "Sure, you'll never find out unless you open the thing."

That seemed like a good idea. "Vell . . . ," said Tena and slid her finger under the flap. She drew out the letter, and began to read. As she did, the whole gamut of emotions flickered over her face like an old-fashioned movie, so that Tim was nearly wild with impatience.

"Trouble?" he asked anxiously.

"Ya."

"Someone died?" He put the proper sorrow into his tone.

"Nay."

He took half the sorrow out, and tried again.

"Someone sick?"

"Nay."

"Accident, maybe?"

"Nay."

"Well, for the love of Pete," he exploded, "What, then?"

For once, Tena seemed to be struck speechless. Silently, she passed the somewhat crumpled, finger-marked sheet of paper across to him.

Dear Tena, he read. *You know my wife dead three years now. Now I go to new job in lumber camp. Greta I cannot take with. You take care Greta and I send you money so soon I make some. Greta come soon on train I put her on last night. Your cousin, Gus.*

"Holy mackerel," said Tim. "Holy mackerel!! She's on her way! Who's Gus—that big no-good cousin of yours in Minnesota?"

"Sometimes he lives in Visconsin," Tena told him, defensively. "His Karen died vhen Greta vas about three. For goodness mercy sakes, Tim," she exploded, the enormity of it finally dawning on her, "how can I take care of a little baby?"

"She was a little baby six years ago," Tim pointed out, as if that helped any. "She's a big girl now."



Greta knew exactly what she wanted . . .

Tena looked around the kitchen as if the little girl might pop out of a cupboard. Her eyes lighted on the coffee pot, and with some relief at the thought of that solace, she filled it with water and put it on the stove. "Ve already got two kids here!" she moaned.

"Better turn on the gas if you want that to cook," Tim advised, in the tone of a superior male who has no little girl arriving to live with *him.*

"I'm all mixed up," Tena complained. "Vhat should I do, Tim? Vhat should I do? Any minute she'll be here. Vhat should I do?"

"Turn on the gas," Tim offered. "Turn on the gas."

Tena flung herself dramatically into a chair and then flung herself right out of it again, as the doorbell rang a second time.

At the kitchen door, she turned imploring eyes on Tim. "Come vit'," she begged.

Tim came with. He wouldn't have missed it for the world. Tena opened the door gingerly, as if a troll might be waiting without.

First they saw a woman with a straw valise in her hand. And then they saw a little girl in a straw hat, with a great shock of straw-colored hair hanging down beneath it. Wordlessly, they stared at each other for a long minute, and then the woman spoke.

"Are you this child's aunt? I'm from the Children's Aid Society. This little girl got off the train from Minnesota this morning. She had a note pinned to her coat, asking us to bring her to you."

"Go avay," said Tena. "I mean, come in."

"Sure," Tim echoed. "Come along inside and let's get a look at the kid."

The little procession trooped down the hall and into the kitchen, with Tena leading and Tim bringing up the rear with something of a flourish. He was rather enjoying all this excitement. Tena wasn't. *What will Mrs. Hutchinson say?* kept whirling around her head, in which there was no answer to the question, until she felt like the vacuum center of a cyclone. It was all so sudden!

The coffee pot was bubbling merrily. The white curtains on the window were blowing. The sun shone, the flowers still bloomed, the birds still sang. It was as if nothing had happened — outside. But in the kitchen there was as much tension as if Tena's cyclone-of-the-head were going to break over them any

moment in thunderous reality.

Tim, fortunately, had presence of mind enough to offer the Children's Aid Society woman a chair, and he lifted little Greta up onto Tena's high stool. She sat there stiffly, moving only her eyes, careful not to let them meet those of anyone else. Those big blue eyes of hers tried very hard to be full of nothing. Tim, watching her, felt suddenly like crying. He hadn't felt that way since he was a boy, and it was so appalling a feeling that it dried up whatever he might have had to offer in the way of small talk to ease the situation.

"How's your papa, Greta?" asked Tena, obviously duty-bound.

Silence.

"Yeah, how's your old man?" Tim echoed, as if he and Gus had been bosom buddies for the past decade.

Silence. Greta might never have heard of Gus in her life. Or she might as well have been able to converse only in Hindustani. Or she might have taken a vow of silence. Anyway, she wasn't talking. She simply sat, her eyes fixed on far horizons.

"Shy," said the woman from Children's Aid, as if that covered a multitude of cases. "I'd better be getting back to the office," the woman added.

Panic really hit Tena, as if the woman were the last link with the outside world. "Von't you have a cup of coffee?" she inquired anxiously, almost desperately.

The woman shook her head. "I'll be running along. I know Greta will be very happy here with you good people. Goodbye, Greta."

Greta said nothing.

Tena took the woman to the door and came flying back to the kitchen, to find Tim examining the little girl carefully. Tena, too, took her first really good look, and her soft heart began to melt. There weren't tears in Greta's eyes. Perhaps she was too brave. But her blue eyes were bright with something that was very close to terror.

"Poor little kid," said Tim, softly.

"Stöckars lilla flicka," Tena echoed.

Tim squatted on his heels before the stool on which Greta was perched. "Look, honey," he began, and then his voice died away. Greta was looking past him, through him. And it was obvious that she didn't dare look *at* him, didn't dare acknowledge him, because he was a part of the loneliness, the strangeness, the Gus-less terror.



Tena brought out the much-bedraggled letter from Gus, and Mrs. Hutchinson read it over her shoulder. Then she took it away and read it again.

Tim got up and motioned Tena to follow him into the dining room. "Looka here, Tena," he began. "This little girl's gotta have a home, see? What she needs is someone to love her. What she needs is a mother. She needs somebody to keep tabs on her and teach her how to grow up like other people, see?"

TENA saw. She was thinking how big Greta had grown already, and what kind of a growing-up it must have been, kicking around from here to there with that no-good Gus. But, she told herself, Gus was Greta's papa. She probably loved him.

"Greta's had some hard luck, some mighty hard luck," Tim went on. "Her mother dies when she's a little baby. Her father goes away to a lumber camp now and leaves her. It's hard luck. I wouldn't trust nobody neither, if I was in her boots."

He watched the tears spring into Tena's eyes, and was trying to think of something more cheerful to say, to check the flood, when Mrs. Hutchinson appeared in the hallway door.

"Good morning, Tim—Tena," she said, stifling a yawn. "What on earth's going on? Have you been staging a parade up and down the hall?"

Nobody said anything.

"I'm going to have some coffee," she went on. "Is there some ready, Tena?" And she started for the kitchen.

Tim caught her, figuratively by the coattails. "Er—a—wouldn't you rather Tena brought your breakfast in?" he began, oiling up his blarney.

Mrs. H. shook her head. Tena stepped in front of her. "I vouldn't go out there if I vas you, Mrs. Hutchinson. There's—there's some-t'ing out there."

A boa constrictor in the refrigerator? Mrs. Hutchinson thought wildly. *A three-headed calf in the cupboard?* You never could be quite sure what was going to happen next, if Tena had her hand in it.

"It's Greta," Tena blurted out. "My cousin Gus's girl. She come on the train (*Continued on page* 70)

LIFE CA

Papa David chooses this month a letter from a man who has learned a great truth from his long years of happiness: that love has power to create beauty in the simplest life

They Created Happiness

LOVE and beauty are so much akin that we usually find them living side by side, each one a source of the other. And my one wish is that those who doubt this blessed truth could have spoken as I did to a girl, not much older than Chichi, whose husband Joe was badly wounded in battle. When he returned from overseas he did not give in to his overwhelming desire to rush straight to his home and Rhoda, for his face had been terribly disfigured and he could not bear the possibility of seeing horror or pity in her eyes instead of love.

So Rhoda had to track Joe down to convince him that her love for him had nothing to do with his physical appearance. "I had to pretend to be angry, Papa David," she told me simply. "I had to remind him that all I ever wanted was to share his life and bring his children into the world, and I asked him if he thought that was because of a good-looking face."

Rhoda spoke matter-of-factly, without any attempt to dramatize herself. But when I left her, two lines kept running around in my head:

"True love is quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight."

And I knew that even if Rhoda had never heard these words, her own generous and loving heart had taught her their meaning.

And now to some of the letters for which, dear friends, Chichi and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts. The first one—the one I considered best of the hundreds received this month, is from a man who truly understands happiness. The editors of RADIO MIRROR have mailed him a check for one hundred dollars.

Dear Papa David:

Yes, life can be beautiful I think under most any circumstances, and this is my story.

I was the eldest son of a poor family who immigrated to Texas back in the year 1880. At that time I was seven years old. My mother and father died a few years later and I was left an orphan at about fourteen years of age. There were five other children and a family who were our friends took them to care for, which left me to make my own way in the world, which I did.

When I was about twenty-six years old I met and fell in love with a girl who was totally blind and had been for ten years. She was also of a poor family. We decided to get married as each of us believed we could make a living and be happy together. We kept our home; did our own cooking, house-cleaning, laundry and all without any help from anyone else and it was all a pleasure to us and life did seem to be beautiful.

I was a great lover of hunting, so I got some hunting dogs. We lived near a river bottom where there was plenty of raccoon and other fur bearing animals. We went on many a hunt at night in that river bottom and when the dogs would strike a trail and begin running and barking there we would go, trying to stay as near to them as possible so they wouldn't get out of hearing until they treed the animal that they were after. To give us light I had an old fashioned coal oil lantern. Also I had my No. 12 single-barreled shotgun and most of the time in addition to my ammunition and other needs for hunting was our midnight lunch in my hunting bag slung over my shoulder, also a canteen full of drinking water slung over my other shoulder and her hanging onto my left

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, i

BE BEAUTIFUL

arm as we made our way sometimes in a run to where the dogs would tree. This was all great fun and life was great.

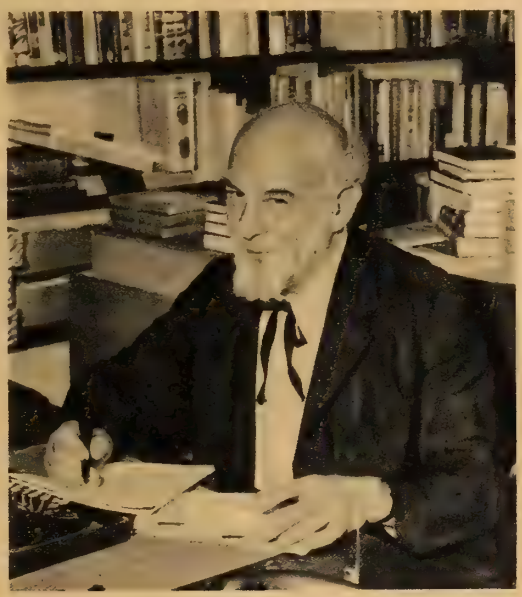
There was a number of other things we did, such as going to the old-time square dances that were popular in those days. We didn't do any dancing but I played the violin and she enjoyed hearing the dancing.

After about twelve years of doing these and many other things we began to feel a little lonesome in the spring and summer time when there was nothing else to do but to work, so after talking it over with each other we decided we were lonesome because we didn't have any babies and believing our only chance to have one was to adopt one we talked of that. But one day my wife said to me "We won't need to adopt a baby" and in surprise I asked her why and she said, "Well, you will see just as sure as two and two make four!"

Now you talk about things beginning to hum to make life beautiful! Well, we thought that there was nothing that could beat that, so in due course of time our baby came and then for the first time in our married life we hired a housekeeper for two weeks. We then let her go and took over the job ourselves again of keeping our home, doing all our work and taking good care of our most cherished object, our babe.

We got many thrills out of raising her. We loved the ground she walked on. We gave her a common school education and at the age of seventeen she got married to a fine young man. Now they have three children.

After forty-six years of life together we have now the darkest spot on our horizon as my dear wife is a bedfast invalid and has been for six months. She is with our daughter at her home and she takes care of her night and day. My wife is now past seventy years of age. We never hear a complaint from her. As for me, I am seventy-three (*Continued on page* 91)



Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

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LOVE and beauty are so much akin that we usually find them living side by side, each one a source of the other. And my one wish is that those who doubt this blessed truth could have spoken as I did to a girl, not much older than Chichi, whose husband Joe was badly wounded in battle. When he returned from overseas he did not give in to his overwhelming desire to rush straight to his home and Rhoda, for his face had been terribly disfigured and he could not bear the possibility of seeing horror or pity in her eyes instead of love.

So Rhoda had to track Joe down to convince him that her love for him had nothing to do with his physical appearance. "I had to pretend to be angry, Papa David," she told me simply. "I had to remind him that all I ever wanted was to share his life and bring his children into the world, and I asked him if he thought that was because of a good-looking face."

Rhoda spoke matter-of-factly, without any attempt to dramatize herself. But when I left her, two lines kept running around in my head:

"True love is quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight."

And I knew that even if Rhoda had never heard these words, her own generous and loving heart had taught her their meaning.

And now to some of the letters for which, dear friends, Chichi and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts. The first one—the one I considered best of the hundreds received this month, is from a man who truly understands happiness. The editors of RADIO MIRROR have mailed him a check for one hundred dollars.

They Created Happiness

Dear Papa David:

Yes, life can be beautiful I think under most any circumstances, and this is my story.

I was the eldest son of a poor family who immigrated to Texas back in the year 1880. At that time I was seven years old. My mother and father died a few years later and I was left an orphan at about fourteen years of age. There were five other children and a family who were our friends took them to care for, which left me to make my own way in the world, which I did.

When I was about twenty-six years old I met and fell in love with a girl who was totally blind and had been for ten years. She was also of a poor family. We decided to get married as each of us believed we could make a living and be happy together. We kept our home; did our own cooking, house-cleaning, laundry and all without any help from anyone else and it was all a pleasure to us and life did seem to be beautiful.

I was a great lover of hunting, so I got some hunting dogs. We lived near a river bottom where there was plenty of raccoon and other fur bearing animals. We went on many a hunt at night in that river bottom and when the dogs would strike a trail and begin running and barking there we would go, trying to stay as near to them as possible so they wouldn't get out of hearing until they treed the animal that they were after. To give us light I had an old fashioned coal oil lantern. Also I had my No. 12 single-barreled shotgun and most of the time in addition to my ammunition and other needs for hunting was our midnight lunch in my hunting bag slung over my shoulder, also a canteen full of drinking water slung over my other shoulder and her hanging onto my left arm as we made our way sometimes in a run to where the dogs would tree. This was all great fun and life was great.

There was a number of other things we did, such as going to the old-time square dances that were popular in those days. We didn't do any dancing but I played the violin and she enjoyed hearing the dancing.

After about twelve years of doing these and many other things we began to feel a little lonesome in the spring and summer time when there was nothing else to do but to work, so after talking it over with each other we decided we were lonesome because we didn't have any babies and believing our only chance to have one was to adopt one we talked of that. But one day my wife said to me "We won't need to adopt a baby" and in surprise I asked her why and she said, "Well, you will see just as sure as two and two make four!"

Now you talk about things beginning to hum to make life beautiful! Well, we thought that there was nothing that could beat that, so in due course of time our baby came and then for the first time in our married life we hired a housekeeper for two weeks. We then let her go and took over the job ourselves again of keeping our home, doing all our work and taking good care of our most cherished object, our babe.

We got many thrills out of raising her. We loved the ground she walked on. We gave her a common school education and at the age of seventeen she got married to a fine young man. Now they have three children.

After forty-six years of life together we have now the darkest spot on our horizon as my dear wife is a bedfast invalid and has been for six months. She is with our daughter at her home and she takes care of her night and day. My wife is now past seventy years of age. We never hear a complaint from her. As for me, I am seventy-three (*Continued on page 91*)



Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard daily at 12 M., PDT, 1 P.M., MDT, 2 P.M., CDT, 3 P.M., EDT, on NBC.

Fresh from the SEA



This is the time of year when oyster-lovers rejoice in the return of their favorite dish. If you're a new recruit, try your first oysters in these interesting ways

WHETHER or not it is true, as the old story has it, that the bravest man in the world was the one who first ate an oyster, there is no doubt that ever since that day gourmets have owed him a debt of gratitude for his deed. One of the tastiest of our sea foods, oysters are also one of the most useful, for they can be prepared in such a variety of ways to add interest and nutritive value to our meals. So with the coming of cool days, watch for the familiar "Oysters R in season," always a sign of good eating, take a supply home with you and serve them in one of these appetizing ways.

Oyster Stew

1 pint oysters
4 tbls. butter or margarine
4 cups rich milk or 3 cups milk and 1 cup light cream
½ tsp. salt
Paprika

Drain oysters, saute in butter until edges begin to curl. Add liquor from oysters to milk and heat almost to boiling point but do not boil. Combine sauteed oysters and milk and cook together until flavors are well blended, about 2 minutes. Add seasonings and serve at once.

Scalloped Oysters and Sausages

½ lb. sausage links
2 cups rolled cracker crumbs, unsalted
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 pint oysters
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ cup milk

Separate sausages into link and prick each one with a fork. Combine cracker crumbs and seasonings, tossing lightly until thoroughly blended. Arrange half the crumbs in shallow baking dish, buttered; cover with oysters in a layer, and add remaining crumbs. Combine milk and Worcestershire sauce and pour over crumbs. Arrange sausages on crumbs and bake in 450 degree oven until sausages are done and crumbs are browned (about 30 minutes).

Fried Oysters

1 pint oysters
Flour
1 egg
1 tbl. milk
Pinch salt
Pinch pepper
Sifted bread crumbs

Drain oysters, roll in flour and shake to remove excess flour. Beat together egg, milk, salt and pepper. Dip oysters in egg mixture, roll in bread crumbs and cook in deep fat (390 degrees F.) until golden brown, (1 to 2 minutes). Drain on absorbent paper.

Baked Potatoes and Oysters

4 large baking potatoes
Melted butter or margarine
1 pint oysters
½ cup French dressing
Hot milk
Salt
Pepper
½ cup buttered bread crumbs
Paprika

Scrub potatoes, rub with melted butter or margarine and bake in 400 degree oven until done (about 1 hour). Marinate oysters in French dressing for 30 minutes, turning occasionally to make sure all are well seasoned. Drain. Cut baked potatoes lengthwise and scoop out insides. Mash and add sufficient hot milk to make light fluffy mixture when beaten. Season with salt and pepper and return to potato shells. Make hollow in potato mixture, fill (*Continued on page* 90)

By
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EDT.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
		8:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfrew Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Tapestry Musicale
		9:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Chaplain Jim
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Eternal Light
		11:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	NBC Concert Orchestra
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
10:00		12:30	ABC:	String Orchestra
		1:00	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	People's Platform
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
		1:15	NBC:	America United
	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
		1:15	MBS:	Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Singing Sweethearts
		1:45	MBS:	Bert Howell
		2:00	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill
11:30		2:30	NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Private Showing
		2:00	ABC:	Warriors of Peace
		2:00	CBS:	Reader's Digest
		2:15	ABC:	Dorothy Claire, songs
		2:30	NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:15		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:30	ABC:	Bill Cunningham, news
		2:45	MBS:	The World Tomorrow
		3:00	MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	Columbia Broadcasting Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
12:15		3:15	ABC:	Galen Drake
		3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
		3:45	ABC:	Samuel Pettingill
		4:00	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The National Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Stump the Authors
		4:00	MBS:	Mystery Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
12:30		4:30	ABC:	Right Down Your Alley
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
7:30		5:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		5:00	MBS:	Attorney for the Defense
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Abbott Mysteries
1:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Silver Theatre
2:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Phil Davis
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
		6:30	NBC:	Ask Me Another
		6:30	CBS:	Baby Snooks
		7:00	MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
9:00		7:00	CBS:	Gene Autry
		7:30	MBS:	Star Show
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Rogue's Gallery, Dick Powell
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Alec Templeton
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
4:00		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
		8:00	CBS:	Richard Lawless
		8:30	MBS:	Special Investigator
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
5:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parsons' Show
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
5:45	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
6:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Mystery Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Connie Haines, Jan Savitt
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Serenade for Strings
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:15			ABC:	Orson Welles
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



DOUBLY AIR-MINDED

Playing the flying secret agent, Joyce Ryan, in Mutual's Captain Midnight for the past five years has had a marked effect on Marilou Neumayer's private life. The daily dialogue dealing with flying led to a real life interest in airplanes and what makes them run. Now Marilou, with sixty flying hours to her credit and her pilot's license won, would rather fly than eat.

Of course, her radio commitments keep her pretty busy. In addition to Captain Midnight, Marilou is also heard as the sultry siren, Stella Curtis—and here's a piece of type casting, as far as looks are concerned—in the CBS and NBC Ma Perkins show. She's featured on several other Chicago shows, like First Nighter, Freedom of Opportunity.

Undecided as to whether it would be singing or acting as a career, Marilou went to Chicago in 1940 to try her luck in radio there. Her luck, it turned out, was exceptionally good. In two short months of knocking on doors, Marilou won the audition for the part of Joyce in Captain Midnight. Naturally, that made making up her mind very simple. She's been Joyce and an actress ever since.

Like her leaning toward a theatrical career, her interest in flying came sort of naturally, too. Marilou's late father was airminded. He was the first man in Iowa to have a pilot's license after World War I. Mr. Neumayer was a hotel owner. Marilou still remembers with delight the number of times he used to whisk her out to the airport, while she was still a baby, and take her up for a spin in the clouds. She also remembers that there were frequent little squalls at home about these trips, because Mrs. Neumayer always thought Marilou was merely being taken for a visit to daddy's hotel. It was these very early memories that were rekindled by all the talk about flying on the Captain Midnight script, and which led to Marilou's taking lessons.

Marilou is five feet one and all of it energy. She's one of the busiest people in Chicago radio. Quite aside from her full air schedule, she's an active member of the American Federation of Radio Artists, of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, a member of the Board of Directors of the Actor's Club and any benefit work or drive always finds her working like a beaver. Lots of eager and willing people who never can manage so much work are always trying to find out her secret for keeping going. Maybe, she says, it's just that you have to keep interested in everything—interested enough to do something about it all.

Unmarried, Marilou shares an apartment with her mother and her college-age sister.

Monday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
		10:45	ABC:	Club Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	This Is Your Country
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Naval Academy Band
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:45		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual's Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:15	CBS:	Woman's Club
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
	8	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Forever Ernest
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC:	Ed Sullivan's Pipeline
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Joan Davies
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Case Book of Gregory Hood
		9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Benny Goodman
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Your Land and Mine
		10:15	ABC:	Ralph Morgan
		10:15	MBS:	Jon Gart Trio
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.
		10:30	ABC:	Question for America

Tuesday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00	MBS:	News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:45	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15	CBS:	Patti Clayton
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, Herb Shriner
		8:00	MBS:	Nick Carter
		8:15	ABC:	The O'Neills
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theater of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Here's Morgan
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Jim Ameche
		9:15	ABC:	Ted Malone
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
10:45	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fred Waring
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer
7:15		10:00	ABC:	Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Herbert Marshall
		10:00	CBS:	Crime Photographer
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Open Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Sigmund Romberg
		11:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science



BAD BOY SPECIALIST

Today, Jackie Kelk, mercurial M. C. of CBS's Continental Celebrity Club (Saturdays, 10:15 P.M. EDST) and squeaky-voiced Homer of CBS's Aldrich Family (Fridays, 8 P.M.), has fourteen years of experience on stage, screen and radio behind him. Jackie is exactly twenty-three.

Jackie was born in August 1923—in Brooklyn. At a tender age, he was sent to St. Gregory's Academy. Shortly after his debut there, he distinguished himself by making a little girl yell bloody murder because he pulled her pigtails. Result? Jackie's parents were asked to take him away and never bring him back. Followed a short spell, when Jackie was not going to school and amused himself by making faces at himself in mirrors. Thus are little actors born—sometimes.

Then Jackie was sent to the Professional Children's School in New York, where his fellow students included Eileen Barton, Billy Hallop and Nancy Walker—who was Jackie's first heartbeat. He was nine and she was eight. The year Jackie turned nine, he also turned professional actor, playing Madge Kennedy's son in the Broadway play "Bridal Wise," the part of a nasty, nasty little boy, incidentally. After that, came the young boy's part in "Goodbye Again" and then Hollywood grabbed him.

His first job in radio was playing the part of "Oiving," Fanny Brice's son in The Cohens. He was still so young he had to stand on a box to speak into the microphone. It's doubtful whether he could manage such a feat, now. He's so restless, scarcely ever stands still enough to stay on a box these days.

In the twelve years he's been in radio, Jackie's chalked up a record. He's child-stooged for Bert Lahr, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Walter O'Keefe and Ethel Merman. He was the original Terry, in Terry and the Pirates, Ned in The Chase Twins, Bob Putnam in Wings Over America, Perry Winkle in Give Us the Funnies and Jimmie in Superman. He got the Homer part in the Aldrich Family five years ago and has since outlived three "Henrys." And last year, he got his own variety show to M. C., Continental Celebrity Show.

At present, whenever he finds himself with a spare hour, he heads for Poundridge, N. Y., where he recently bought a little old house that is some 180 years older than he is. There, he lives with his mother, and a nine-months-old English spaniel.

He plans eventually to be a gentleman farmer. Most of his friends nod nicely when he says this—and laugh broadly behind his back.

Somehow, they can't see Jackie, who lives now as though there were hidden, but active springs bouncing him around constantly, settled down to the ambling, strolling pace of the successful gentleman farmer.

Wednesday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	This is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folk
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confession
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywoo
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Beautiful Music
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Houn
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Battle of the Commentators
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15	ABC:	The O'Neills
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Beatrice Kay
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Life in Your Hands
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Sad Sack
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	McGarry and His Mouse
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	So You Want to Lead a Band
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Sports Review
		10:00	MBS:	Endorsed by Dorsey
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	David Rose Orchestra
		10:30	MBS:	Author Meets Critics
		10:30	ABC:	We, the Guilty

Thursday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:90	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:45	MBS	Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
4:00	5:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Adventures of the Sea Hawk
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
		6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:20	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Olmstead Playhouse
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Meredith Wilson
		8:30	MBS:	Vic and Sade
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	8:00	NBC:	Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	By Popular Demand
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eva Arden
		10:00	MBS:	California Melodies
7:0	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Vaughn Monroe
		10:30	ABC:	Here's Morgan
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Blue Barron's Orchestra
		10:30	CBS:	Phone Again Finnegan



ENGLISH IS A DIALECT

Jack Lloyd is one of the busiest actors on the air. The shows he appears in are so numerous it would take too much space to list them, except to mention that they're of the calibre of We, the People, Front Page Farrell, The Kate Smith Hour, and Valiant Lady. The parts he plays on these shows are strictly American style juveniles and romantic leads.

Yet, in the most realistic sense of the word, playing an American juvenile is, for Jack, playing a dialect part. And he had a good bit of trouble learning this dialect. When Jack Lloyd arrived in the United States from Holland in 1939, he knew exactly two words of English. One of them was "yes" and the other "no," by no means an extensive vocabulary for an actor. And an actor was what Jack intended to be, since it was the thing for which he was trained. He had already acquired quite a reputation for himself on the stage and in the movies in Holland.

Learning English was a slow process, at first. But the day that Jack took out his first papers for citizenship, he also took an oath to speak nothing but English from that moment on. He enrolled at Ohio University.

From the university, Jack went out to Hollywood and tackled the radio studios. His ability was obvious from the first moment. But he found himself going after dialect parts only and realized that he was scared to put his new American accent to the test. Then it was put to the test for him. One day, he was called in to play Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew." Jack promptly turned it down. But the director would have none of that. He insisted that Jack make a stab at the part. The show turned out so well that Jack's inhibitions about his English disappeared.

Like all other young and healthy males, the call to arms hit him, too. He served in the Army Ski Troops, where he developed a hobby of writing and directing radio shows, a hobby which he's since turned to good use. He's sold several dozen radio and television scripts in the time he's been out of the Army and every chance he gets he arranges to be able to direct as many of his own scripts as possible on local New York stations. Besides this "spare time" activity, he also writes monthly columns on show business for several magazines.

For awhile, after his discharge from the Army, Jack enlisted with the O.W.I. and most of the time he was not appearing on his regular radio stints was spent in broadcasting in foreign languages to occupied countries. Just to show how varied his talents are, here's a list of his dialects—German, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, French, Russian, Continental, Italian and British.

Asked about his ambitions he said he had only two. One was to be as good an all round radio actor as possible and get a few breaks on Broadway, as well. His other ambition is to get married. We heartily approve.

Friday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
12:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	Fun With Music
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS	Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Judy Lang
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:30	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Today's Children
11:15		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tune to Remember
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:40	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kierman's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
10:00		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
6:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavelle
		8:00	MBS:	Passport Romance
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Woody Herman Show
8:30		8:30	ABC:	The Adventures of Sam Spade
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Easy Money
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		8:30	MBS:	Voice in the Night
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Harry Sosnik
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Tommy Dorsey's Playshop
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Mercury Summer Theater
		10:15	MBS:	Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

Saturday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	Fashions in Melody
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC:	Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Albert Warner
		10:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30	ABC:	Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	Bible Message
		11:30	MBS:	Land of the Lost
9:45		11:30	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:30	CBS:	Billie Burke Show
		11:30	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS:	It's Up to Youth
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Smiling Ed McConnell
		12:30	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
6:30	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Opry House Matinee
		1:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		2:00	ABC:	Chicago Serenade
11:15	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:15	MBS:	Johnny Pineapple's Orchestra
		2:30	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
		2:30	CBS:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	Palmer House Concert Orchestra
		2:30	ABC:	Hill Toppers
		2:45	NBC:	Stories by Olmstead
		2:45	ABC:	Melodies to Remember
		3:00	MBS:	George Sterney's Orchestra
		3:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
11:00		3:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
11:30		3:30	ABC:	Roundup Time
		3:30	MBS:	George Barry's Orchestra
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		4:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
		4:15	MBS:	Herb Field's Orchestra
		4:30	MBS:	George Barry's Orchestra
		4:30	NBC:	Easy Money
		4:45	MBS:	Opportunity U. S. A.
2:00		5:00	ABC:	Saturday Concert
		5:00	NBC:	Phone Again Finnegan
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
		5:30	MBS:	Gray Gordon's Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:15	ABC:	Jimmy Blair
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	American Portrait
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS:	Los Angeles Symphonic Band
		6:30	CBS:	American Portrait
2:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00	ABC:	It's Your Business
		7:15	ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Jimmy Edmondson
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS:	I Was a Convict
		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
8:00		8:00	ABC:	Dark Venture
		8:00	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	MBS:	Juvenile Jury
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Johnathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30		9:30	ABC:	Berkshire Festival
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canover
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Old Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

Bride and Groom

(*Continued from page* 21)

went to his arm in a restraining gesture.

He swung around on her. She dropped her hand as if she had been stung. People around them had noticed his abrupt movement, and Anne's face turned red.

What's the matter with me! she thought, outraged. *What an idiotic thing for me to do—grab hold of a complete stranger! But he was acting so queerly—*

The organ music swelled into the solemn "Oh, Promise Me." Anne, grateful for its reprieve, watched the bride and groom now leave the stage and move down the aisle, their faces suddenly grave and uplifted. Before them, the bride's mother walked alone. Behind them paced the maid of honor, her hand resting on the father's arm.

A HUSH fell over the room. In everyone's heart there was the memory or the hope, the promise or the renunciation, come close to them now with the vision of a man and a woman so soon to be wedded in the sight of God and the blessing of the world. The lovely Chapman Park Chapel was only a few steps of flower-bordered paths out the door where bride and groom were now leaving; in a few minutes they would return for the joyful congratulations. But these seconds were hallowed ones and the audience felt it.

The door closed behind them. And Johnny Nelson, one black lock of hair falling over his mischievous eyes, brought the room out of its spell.

"Now—until our bride and groom return, let's talk to a few people here!"

Microphone in hand, he wandered among the audience . . . discovering honeymooners and engaged couples. Laughter and gay spurts of talk rose around him; where he moved there was teasing; there was also the old, sweet story, shyly told, from the elderly couple celebrating their Golden Wedding; there was hand-clapping for the veteran once again united with his wife.

Anne's attention was focused on all this. She had only a glance for the man at her side, sunk in brooding.

Suddenly the doors were flung open, wide.

"Ta-tum-te-tum, ta-tum-te-tum—!" The Wedding March pealed from the organ. Bride and groom, the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stoner, were back, hand-in-hand, the sunlight through the open door gilding their heads and ushering them in with its benison.

As they once again went up the aisle to the stage, Anne was made forcibly conscious of the young man at her side. He had propped his chin in his hands and his shoulder pressed into hers—of which he was completely unaware, she surmised, reading the despair in his face.

"The bouquet! She's going to throw her bouquet!" The word went round.

"Stand up, all you single girls!" Johnny Nelson commanded. "Get ready to catch her flowers—maybe you'll be next!"

Almost without thinking, Anne was on her feet, her arms outstretched.

In the manner of all brides, time immemorial, the girl on the stage hesitated a second, then tossed the beautiful ribbon-decked corsage, her face a mirror of best wishes for the girl lucky enough to catch it.

"There . . . catch it! . . ." Squeals—a flurry of slippered feet—a rush of pretty girls—

"I've got it!" Surprised, Anne clutched the bouquet in her hands.

"So you have." Johnny was pleased with the naive delight on the face of this slender, black-haired girl. "And now, tell us, Miss—"

"Miss Best. Anne Best," she told him, dazed.

"Anne. Tell us, since you seem destined to be the next bride in this room, are you engaged? Do you have anyone in mind?"

"No, I'm not engaged. And I haven't anyone in mind, not right now. There was a boy back home, but I think our romance was mostly just habit." Anne blushed and laughed.

"Aha," Johnny Nelson said, "then you'll have to tell us from what career you're playing hookey this afternoon."

"I work in a dress shop, and they're re-papering the walls this afternoon, so I wasn't needed," Anne explained.

"This won't do. We'll have to see that you finish off your holiday in style. How about you, sir—" turning to the stranger, the young man at her table—"I have two tickets here for Tom Breneman's Restaurant. Wouldn't you like to take Miss Best there for dinner this evening?"

There was no possible way for him to refuse. Dismayed, Anne felt the grudging way he accepted, understood his embarrassment at being thus singled out—when she was sure he had sought this seat deliberately because it was half-hidden behind a pillar. But there was nothing he could do but accept the tickets and introduce himself—Peter Johns.

Then the broadcast was over and she was walking out with him.

"Look—" Anne told him— "Why not find someone here who would like to use the tickets."

HE stared at her as if he were conscious of her for the first time. "Oh absolutely not. I'd like very much to keep the date—that is, if it's all right with you. It'll be fun."

Looking at his preoccupied face, Anne doubted that. But she smiled and agreed to meet him for dinner at Tom Breneman's, and, sighing inwardly, went a roundabout way back to her little apartment, trying to cheer herself up. After all—anything was better than nothing, wasn't it?

Later that evening, she was ready to answer that question with a violent "No!" She had tried her best, but Peter Johns was truly impossible. She had tried all the likely topics of conversation, then she had racked her brain for the most unlikely ones, and all had been equally fruitless. And as an escort, he was almost insultingly oblivious.

What good does it do a girl to dress up in her prettiest turquoise-blue print and her most entrancing shadow of a hat, when her escort never even gives them a look? Peter Johns might just as well be sitting beside an old maid aunt, instead of—well—she *did* look nice! She had chosen that dress with care for the way it deepened the blue of her eyes and brought out the sheen in her black hair.

That's what really made Anne mad. She had (*Continued on page* 56)



HER RING
a brilliant
emerald-cut
diamond and
baguettes

Miss Mary Hoover Morse . . . her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Lucian Earl Baldwin II, son of Connecticut's Governor, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Keith Morse of Trumbull, one of Connecticut's delightful old towns. Another Pond's bride-to-be, she has a heart-shaped face . . . a warm-toned complexion with the smooth look of a camellia petal.



She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

The New "Blush-Cleansing" "Sandy" Morse uses for her complexion will give your skin, too

____an instant sweet-clean look

____an instant softer, smoother feel

____and bring up a rose-blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face the same way "Sandy" does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

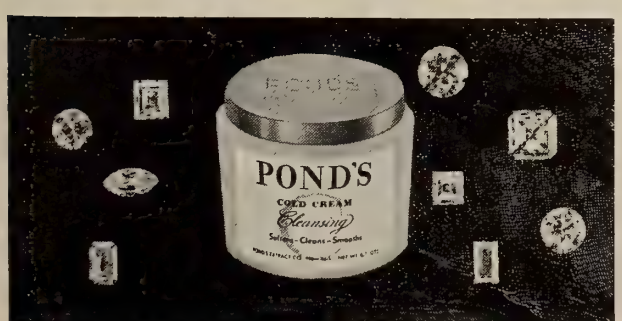
You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "It's so *extra nice*," "Sandy" says, "and makes my face feel glowy clean and ever so soft."

Every night—give your face the complete, "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Dip your fingers deep into a *big* jar of Pond's night and morning—every day. Ask for a lovely 6-oz. size!

Sandy Morse says, "I just love Pond's new Blush-Cleansing!"



Diamonds and Pond's! Destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls—these 9 diamonds are valued at $20,000.

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THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III — MISS EDITH KINGDON GOULD

THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY — MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

MISS ANNE MORGAN — VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

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M



VITALLY IMPORTANT to a healthy scalp and beautiful luxuriant hair is the shampoo you use. Dermatologists warn that harsh, cleansing irritants in shampoos may dry the scalp or affect the roots of the hair.

From the standpoint of *safety* and thorough, gentle cleansing, make your shampoo PACKER'S. For over 75 years Packer's has stood for quality, purity and integrity.

Try Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. They contain only the finest—the purest—most gentle cleansing ingredients.

For PURITY, SAFETY, and ECONOMY use PACKER'S . . . shampoo that's *safe*. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



(*Continued from page* 54) taken some pains for this rude young man, and her cheeks burned, remembering the length of time she had spent before her bedroom mirror, coaxing her hair to curl under just-so.

She could stand it no longer.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Johns, I think you'd better take me home. I'll skip dessert . . . this isn't a party—this is a wake!"

He turned to look at her in astonishment, and then his eyes became remote. When he spoke his words had a studied politeness, almost mocking, in them.

"Sorry. I haven't exactly showered you with attentions and compliments, have I? And that's what girls like, I understand. To be told they're beautiful and they dance like feathers and they have the *cutest* laugh."

ANNE gasped. "You're the rudest—the most—"

"Don't sputter."

"I don't want compliments from you, Peter Johns! They certainly wouldn't be sincere. And—believe it or not—a girl doesn't want compliments if they're *not* sincere. I like honesty in people."

"Well, I was being honest this evening. I didn't feel like talking—making up a lot of silly conversation—so I didn't talk. Isn't that being honest?"

"That's being self-centered," Anne countered. "Besides, if you don't make an effort to talk, how do you know it wouldn't be fun? You can't be sure I'm a complete dope until you find out."

For the first time, a shadow of a real grin showed in the corner of his mouth. "Okay—what'll we talk about?—men and women? Or, rather, men versus women? That seems to be the usual thing on a first date."

Anne thoughtfully stirred her coffee. Unbidden, there had flashed into her mind the picture of a girl in white satin and orange blossoms, a girl on a tiny stage that morning—a girl who had brought bleak despair to Peter Johns' face. Or had she? Had Anne just imagined it?

"Haven't you ever known honesty in any girl? Hasn't there ever been one girl you trusted—you believed in—" she was stumbling a little.

She felt Peter stiffen beside her. "Yes, there was one girl. As you've probably suspected since you sat beside me today, that girl who was married on the Bride and Groom show—Betty Allingham. Betty Stoner, I mean."

"Where did you know her?"

"She was a hostess at the USO. There was always a crowd hanging around her and I guess I was just one of the crowd. It didn't matter, then. It was enough just to be in the same room with her—to watch her dancing—to hear her laugh. Everyone felt better being around her, she was so lovely and fragile and sweet. She wasn't like other girls. She never giggled or tried to show off. Everyone was crazy about Betty, but I always felt I knew her better than the others." He was turning a match-cover over and over in his strong, thin fingers. "She was perfect."

Anne's eyes blurred as she looked at his face, stripped now of its mockery, fine-drawn in its depth of feeling. A lonely soldier. A girl—sweet, unattainable, worshipped from afar—a girl on a pedestal, this Betty. And Peter Johns to whom she was a fairy princess, an ideal.

He looked up suddenly and his face hardened. "Sorry—I didn't mean to bore you with my life history. Anyway—someone with more nerve and more persistence than I have got the gal and married her. So it's water under the bridge."

Anne wanted to change the subject but she didn't want it to seem obvious. "It's a good program—Bride and Groom, don't you think? It's handled with so much dignity. I was afraid I would feel that I was prying into someone's intimate affairs by being there, but I didn't. It just seemed to me that I had an invitation to a lovely wedding reception."

That mocking smile of his was back again. "The way you girls go all misty-eyed over weddings—anybody's wedding!"

"You don't like weddings, I suppose," angrily.

He shrugged. "Oh, some work out okay. But all this romance business—! Usually it's second choice or anybody a girl can get or just someone who happens to be around. It's very rarely the right man for the right girl."

Here we go again! Anne thought—*quarreling!*

It certainly was the oddest evening she had ever spent on a date. Alternately bickering and apologizing—but every sudden while finding themselves surprised into complete accord, finding, miraculously, that they both liked a certain thing, that their tastes were the same.

Just the same, when they finally got up to go, her chief reaction to the whole evening was one of irritation. Peter Johns was a self-centered, egotistical, rude—why, even such apologies as he had made during the evening, were mere formalities and insincere. So—that was that. An odd evening and one not to be repeated.

Then he did the oddest thing of all.

They had passed the old flower-woman. Anne had given her a brief glance and gone on walking, hardly conscious that Peter was no longer at her side.

"Here—" he had come up behind her, quietly—"here—I had to stop for these, they're like you, somehow—" and he pulled her gently around, his hands awkward pinning the creamy gardenia spray on her shoulder. "Your skin is like that, especially against that green dress."

SO he had noticed what she looked like and what she wore! Now Anne's feelings were confused. To be as unpleasant as he had, all evening, and then top it all off with such a charming gesture! . . . she just couldn't figure him out!

Not, she decided next day, *that she should waste any time trying to figure him out. That would be the last she would see of Peter Johns and his broken heart and his ideal woman—his Betty*

It had been a hot day and the air in the small dress shop had been oppressive. Too tired to cook, she had stopped off in a malt shop for her supper. Now, as she walked up the steps of her apartment house, cool evening shadows were softening the hard brilliance of lawn and stucco walls—and for a moment the bulky shape in the doorway was just such another shadow.

Then—

"You!" She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Don't you ever come home for dinner?" Peter Johns asked, crossly. "I've been waiting here for over an hour and I'm starved!"

"I stopped off for a bite, but I didn't really have a proper dinner. I think I'm hungry again, too." It was downright silly—how strangely glad

she was to see him! "But I don't understand your waiting for me—being here. I thought—"

He shrugged with assumed indifference. "Oh, it just suddenly seemed like a good idea."

He was so offhand that irritation rose in Anne, but the sudden memory of his hands, so awkwardly gentle pinning gardenias to her shoulder, checked the words. She laughed. "Okay, Peter. Let me wash my face and I'll be right with you."

The evening wore a little better than the last. At least, though they bickered as usual, he didn't maintain his boredom.

She found out, for instance, that he could laugh, and when he did he seemed to change completely. *So this is what he is really like,* Anne thought to herself, as she watched him, head thrown back, the taut, thin lines around his mouth and eyes dissolved in laughter. *This is what he could be like, always, to some girl—to Betty Stoner.*

He could be a fine friend, even a gay and tender one. He would always have his wit and the sharpness of his tongue. He would keep a girl on her toes, puncturing any affectation or coyness with a pointed remark. But who would want the sugar and sweet—without the spice now and then?

MAYBE Betty hadn't liked it. Maybe she had resented his teasing her while they danced, or his blunt way of saying what he thought. Or, maybe, he hadn't been this way at all with her—just adoring and worshipful and sweetness-and-light.

"What are you thinking about? My dancing isn't that bad, is it?—to make you look so sad?" There was a juke box in the little beach restaurant they had found, and a cleared spot where they could do a very pedestrian rhumba.

Anne gave herself a shake. The music stopped.

"Sorry, Peter. And I wasn't being sad. I was thinking about something that didn't concern me or my feelings, so how could I be? Come on, this is a favorite tune of mine." The music box had started again to a customer's nickel.

"Not that tune." His face had set grimly and he steered her back to their table. "I'd rather not dance to that one."

Evidently "that one" had been theirs—his and Betty's! Anne felt as rebuffed as if he had slapped her.

Peter seldom mentioned Betty in the days that followed. He didn't need to. On all their dates—which turned out to be every single evening—Anne always felt they were really a threesome, with the ghost of the lovely and unattainable Betty sitting between them. If it wasn't a tune he wouldn't dance with Anne, it was something else . . . and the torch he carried for Betty burned as strongly as it had that day they watched her marry Mark Stoner.

Which was just too bad. Because Anne had fallen in love.

The day she discovered it, she was alone in the dress shop. The owner, who was also manager and other-saleslady, had gone home and Anne was keeping open for any late customers. It was a half-hour till closing time.

Peter had fallen into the habit of dropping in and walking home with her. Now, from behind the sweater counter, Anne watched the door for the first glimpse of his tall figure.

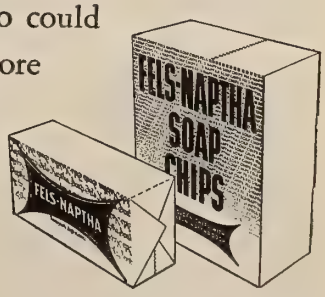
It was then she made the discovery that her heart was pounding, and that, except for her heart, her whole being



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was just an emptiness of waiting—waiting for him to come in and make things right again, make the world come to life, give the emptiness within her meaning and purpose and gladness.

She fought it, after that first shock. This was a hopeless and frustrating love. She had a rival now who couldn't be bested, a girl who was no longer a reality to Peter, with the faults and virtues of a reality—but an ideal to whom no other girl could compare. The jokes he and Betty must have shared, the dances they must have had, their talks and dreams—they would always be more precious to Peter, Anne felt, than any other—because he had lost them.

WHEN he did come in, he didn't seem to notice any difference in Anne. He made straight for the back of the shop where he would be unobserved by customers.

"Come on back and talk to me, Anne," he ordered, propping a book up on his knees and leaning back in the old swivel chair. "You can hear that bell jingle if anyone comes in."

"Is that the book you were telling me about—the one on hydraulics?" She leaned over his shoulder and then drew back, confusedly. It was both terrible and wonderful, this feeling she had being close to him.

"This is the one!" His voice was excited. "You see, Gudreau says these pumps—" and he was launched into the kind of enthusiastic explanation his beloved machines always evolved. Peter was studying to be an engineer in his spare time away from the industrial machine shop where he worked. Anne listened in fascination—not so much of the speech as of the speaker.

The bell in front jingled.

"Darn it—! Just a minute, Peter—oh!" Anne stood transfixed at the curtains separating front from back of the store. *"Oh!"*

The customer turned around, sharply, from her examination of the dresses on the rack.

"Is there anything—I mean, can I help you—" Anne stuttered. *What was Betty Stoner doing here? In this room!*

The other girl smiled. "I guess not. I saw that dress in the window but now I don't think it would do for me at all. I'm too short-waisted for it—"

"Anne!—you forgot your salesbook." Anne turned frantically, with some idea of heading him off, but it was too late. Peter strolled into the room.

For a second he stood, dazed, staring at Betty. Then Anne struggled for something to ease the tension.

"I believe you two know each other. You're Betty Stoner, aren't you? Peter has so often mentioned you to me." Her smile was stiff on her face.

But the smile slid off completely when she realized that Betty Stoner and Peter had made no move toward each other. They weren't speaking or shaking hands. And, finally the other girl turned to Anne in perplexity.

"There must be some mistake. My name *is* Betty Stoner, but I don't believe Mr. . . . Mr. . . . and I have ever met before. Or have we?" Her face crinkled up in anxiety.

Peter came out of his daze and his face reddened in embarrassment. "No, we haven't. Anne misunderstood. I used to see you at the USO, many times—and then we were both at your wedding. At least—the Bride-and-Groom part of it."

Betty Stoner's face cleared. "Oh, that's it. Wasn't it a lovely wedding? I'm so glad you were there. Mark and I will never forget how kind everyone was to us. And that reminds me, I've got to get socks for Mark and his shoes half-soled before I go home or he'll divorce me."

She smiled again, and then was gone.

It was nearly a full minute before Peter looked at Anne—and then he looked hastily away again. Her eyes were blazing.

"Do you mean to tell me, Peter Johns, that you never even *met* Betty? That you didn't know her—you'd never talked to her—never danced with her—that you didn't know what she was like at all? You said you thought you knew her better than anyone else! What you really meant was that you had drawn a picture of her for yourself and you didn't bother to find out whether or not it was true! Of all the silly, selfish—and then, of course, no other girl could compare with her. You'd made her up yourself so she was perfect!"

"Anne—"

"I've been utterly miserable, and all for something that never even existed—just because you're such a child that you can live in a dream, where everything is the way you want it. Instead of with a real person, where you have to work to make each other happy! I I don't want to ever see you again, Peter Johns!" Her head went down to hide the tears.

Perhaps he knew there was no arguing with her then. When she looked up again he had left.

That's good, she thought, fiercely. She meant it when she said she never wanted to see him again—at least her reason told her so. All these past weeks she had felt, humbly, that it was not Peter's fault she hadn't measured up to Betty's standards. He couldn't be blamed for preferring a girl, even if she was lost to him, who was sweeter, better than she—Anne—was.

BUT now—all of those standards had been in his imagination. He had observed Betty from afar. He hadn't really known her. He had created a dream world for himself and his dream girl—shutting out Anne and her little gifts of love and friendship and devotion.

No, he hadn't known her, Anne, any more than he had known Betty Stoner. He hadn't, thank heaven, known that she loved him. "And I'll get over that!" she insisted furiously to herself, through three days of tears and a miserable aching in her heart. "I haven't loved him very long, and now that I know he doesn't care anything about me, it will be easy to forget him!" Then the tears would start again, and the loneliness close in. It *wasn't* easy . . . it hurt so terribly!

Peter tried desperately to reach her, and that made it twice as hard. He wrote note after note; she forced herself to tear them up. He telephoned her at the dress shop; she refused to answer the phone. Two nights she went directly to the movies so that if the phone rang at home she wouldn't be there to hear it. "Leave me alone, leave me alone!" she kept muttering to him, in her mind. "I'll forget you!"

On the evening of the third day, too exhausted to go to another movie, she took some food home with her, took the receiver off its hook, and started dispiritedly to fry herself a lamb chop. Tears kept splashing into the pan, and as she brushed them away she began



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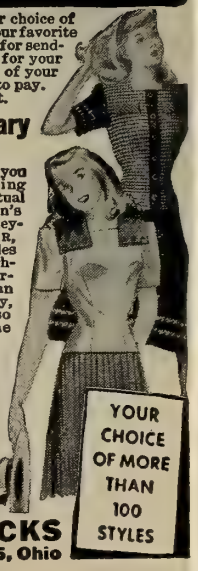
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to get annoyed with herself. "I'm a fine mess," she thought angrily. "I'd better stop this nonsense right away!" There was a knock at the door, and she transferred her irritation to it, calling out snappishly, "Who is it?"

"Telegram, Miss Best."

Now he's sending me telegrams—something else to tear up! She strode to the door and flung it open—and then, too late, tried to shut it again, but Peter was too quick for her. His foot jammed the opening.

"Please, Anne—let me come in. I have to see you!"

"You *are* in," Anne told him, pointedly. She walked to the window and stared out, her back to Peter.

"I never thought about you misunderstanding about Betty, Anne. When I first met you, she seemed so real to me. You were right, of course—I had built her up to be an ideal, but I hadn't meant to pretend that we had been close friends or anything. I never actually spoke to the girl, before the other day. But it just seemed to me that I used to know what she was thinking and feeling and what she was really like—oh, Anne—I've been a darn fool!"

The girl at the window moved sharply. But she stayed turned away.

"I've been in love with you, Anne, and never knew it. When you told me to get out I felt as if the whole world had come to smash. I need you, darling. I can't get along without you."

"How do you know it's love?" Her voice was muffled against the curtain folds.

"Why—because we get along so well, I guess, and even when we fight, we both enjoy it. Especially making-up afterwards. And we have so much fun together and we like the same things. You're the only person who ever listens to me talk about my work and you're the only person I've ever wanted to tell my dreams and my plans and discuss my work with. We've grown together, Anne. We've been companions and friends, first, and fallen in love naturally and gradually. It's real. It's the stuff marriages are made of.

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try to remember to tell you how pretty I honestly think you are—how wonderful you are . . . *Anne!* . . . turn around!—how can I propose to you with your back turned?"

"Oh, Peter—" she only had to turn just a little bit to be in his arms. And his kiss wiped out all the anger and the hurt and in their place was an unbelievable happiness.

"I never believed you could be so romantic," she teased him—later. "I used to think if you ever did ask me to marry you it would be something like, 'Well—what about it, toots?' "

"I'm more sentimental and romantic than you think," he smiled down over her head. "Just to prove it, I'd like for us to be married on the Bride and Groom show, where we first met. It's fitting, somehow."

Oh, then, surely the ghost of Betty must be vanished completely! Otherwise he wouldn't want her—Anne—to take the place Betty had held on that broadcast stage, for them to be married where the Stoners had been married that day of their first meeting!

THIS assurance kept Anne floating on clouds through the next week when they talked to Virginia White, who was Bride and Groom's final word on accepting couples to be married on the show. Virginia was young, herself, and blonde and lovely. She had an unerring eye for those who were genuinely in love and she was graciousness, itself, to Anne and Peter. They were accepted.

"You'll be our first couple who met while they were watching our show. It gives us an added interest in you two," she told them, smiling. She introduced them to Johnny Nelson and to John Reddy, the producer of the show.

They were all so kind! And there was so much excitement—the arrangements to be made—the gowns to be chosen (Anne's wedding gown was to be the one Myrna Loy wore in her last Universal picture!), the rings and the bouquet and the trousseau which was Bride and Groom's gift to them—all the presents, the photo album, the camera, the sterling silver, the gas range, the make-up kit. Peter was completely in a daze over all these wedding details, but even he came to life when Virginia asked them where they wanted to go on their honeymoon.

"Lake Tahoe," he said firmly. "There's a lodge there—I want to show Anne that lake and the mountains. But—Holy Smoke!—do you mean to tell me Bride and Groom arranges *that* for us, too?"

"We pay all expenses and fly you to wherever you want to go," promised Virginia.

Peter grinned. "That's terrific! I was afraid my old bus with its recaps wouldn't stand up to the trip. Anne—we're going off in style—by plane!"

They were certainly going off in style, she thought, excitedly. The whole wedding was terrific—the minister they had chosen was sweet and gentle and dignified, just like old Reverend Uptegrove back home. Her mother was on the train now and would arrive soon. Under Virginia White and Johnny Nelson's friendliness, her natural shyness had evaporated and she knew she would welcome the audience on the show as special, friendly guests who had come to wish her well.

If there was a tiny cloud on her horizon, it was no more than that. She wouldn't let it grow big and spoil her happiness. She wouldn't think about the ideal that Peter had created out of his dream of another girl.

So she resolved. But sometimes clouds have a way of spreading and growing blacker and bigger.

Several days before their scheduled wedding, Johnny Nelson showed them the Chapman Park Chapel. With the quick energy that was so vibrant a part of him, he led them along the path—the Pueblo Oratorio. For a second they paused, looking at it, letting its peaceful dreaming benediction seep into their hearts, quieting their voices before they entered. Great trees overshadowed its old-world cathedral tower room; a corner of the high wall sheltered it, making of it a sanctuary in the midst of the hurrying city.

"This is the reception room," Johnny whispered to them. For once there was no mischief in his eyes. His face was grave now, instead of gay. "Notice that here in the nave they have built-in stalls along the walls, instead of pews. That's the way ancient churches were built."

He showed them the dome of the apse—the mural of the Annunciation designed by a famous Mexican artist.

And then they were before the altar.

Anne's eyes stayed on the beautiful hand-wrought candelabra. There were tears, suddenly, in her eyes. Now—here—the trappings and the excitement and the fun of the wedding were replaced in her heart by the realization of the moment that would come in this church. Here she and Peter Johns would be made man and wife. This was the heart, the purpose, and the meaning.

For two people in love—truly in love—it would mean happiness. She and Peter were in love, she told herself, fiercely. Then why was she crying?

I'm afraid, she whispered to herself. I know he loves me, but does he know it—does he know *how much* he loves me? I know that no other girl, not even if his dream-girl had come true, could be to him what I can. But does he know it? Or is Peter thinking me second-best? Will we go through our married life together with a ghost?

IT wasn't Betty Stoner, any more. She had only been a frame for Peter to hang his dream on. But Anne knew that sometimes people went through life clinging to an imagined perfection—outwardly leading a contented, normal, happy life—but reserving the best, the reality of themselves for a fanciful world peopled with figures of their own creation.

She didn't want to be cut off from any part of Peter's life! She didn't want to feel shut off from a secret world of his own making! She didn't want to be the earthly being he had to be satisfied with, second-best!

They hadn't seen her tears, Peter and Johnny. In the days that followed she forced herself not to think such thoughts.

And then—all too soon!—it was her wedding day. And now there was too much time for thinking, even with the rush, the hurry, the last-minute preparations, the final donning of the white satin dress.

"Mercy, child—your hands are like ice!" Her mother was there, her eyes anxious and confused. "But I suppose I've forgotten what it was like when I was a bride. And I like your Peter Johns, dear. I was so afraid—but now—"

Her Peter Johns! Would he ever be

hers? Oh, why hadn't she said something to him—talked this out! It was too late now. Maybe they shouldn't be married—maybe—

"We're almost ready." Virginia's tense whisper sent tingles through Anne. They were waiting in the little antechamber outside the broadcast room. From behind the closed doors she could hear the rustle of people finding seats—she could hear the little bursts of applause when Johnny mounted the stage—she could hear the laughter as he talked in his pre-broadcast warm-up to the audience.

A hand slipped through her arm, strong and steady.

"All set? This is it, Anne—are you ready?" Wildly, she looked up at Peter.

Ready?—no!—she wasn't ready! He was a stranger, this tall, dark, slim man. What was she doing here—?

"I think you go first, Mother." He smiled at Mrs. Best and the doors opened and the organ burst into a peal of chimes and somehow—mechanically—Anne was moving down the aisle.

She saw the faces and the smiles upturned to hers. She saw the little stage with its blue-velvet hangings and its gorgeous bursts of flower baskets. Her train floated out behind her and her white slippered feet moved as if they had a will of their own, carrying her up to the stage.

JOHNNY was introducing them—or rather, letting them introduce themselves to the audience. Thank goodness for Johnny—for a familiar face and a friendly voice that was steadying—calming—in this whirlpool she was in.

"Yes, we met for the first time right here at one of the Bride-and-Groom broadcasts," she found herself answering. But she didn't recognize her own voice. She saw her mother smiling from her reserved seat at the front of the stage—so she must look and sound all right. Probably her mother and all these other nice, smiling people just thought she was scared, as any bride would be. If they only knew!

"And then you started going together. Did you pursue her very hard, Mr. Johns?" Johnny was asking. That same black lock of hair had fallen down over one eye. It was just like that other Bride-and-Groom show that Anne had seen. Only then the bride had been radiant. And happy.

"Well—yes—I pursued her." Peter's voice was firm beside her. And there was something else in his voice, too . . . tenderness! "But I was pursuing someone else—or rather something else, too, at the same time."

"*Something* else?"

"A will-o'-the-wisp, you might call it."

The whirlpool steadied, stopped whirling. What was Peter saying?

Even Johnny Nelson waited for him to finish.

"You see—I was looking for the perfect girl. I thought I knew just what she would be like so I was rude to Anne. I was falling in love with her and I didn't want to." His hand slipped down and found her hand, holding it tight. "I didn't realize what I do now—that I had found the perfect girl. In Anne."

For the first time she really looked at him. And it was true—shining out of his eyes. He knew—just as she did—that their search for dreams was ended. She was his perfect girl!

In the audience a woman leaned over and whispered to Mrs. Best. "Did you ever in your life see such a radiant, beautiful, happy bride?"



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"Anyone Can Get Married!"

(*Continued from page 37*)

and popped them into bed. In the meantime I had been able to catch up with the household chores, Sally was bedded down for the night, and I could look forward to a pleasant, unhurried, unharried evening. I had even had time to repair my hair and my make-up, and to slip into a fresh dress.

Bill made a cocktail before dinner, and the two of us sat outside in the patio and enjoyed it slowly, reveling in the peace and quiet. We had something for supper—it didn't matter what—and Bill helped with the dishes.

No gift he could have selected for me at the best store in town—even if it came on the very day of my birthday—could ever have been so nice a present as the blessed *time*, the heavenly leisure he gave me that day.

There was another time when our maid left in a huff just two days before Christmas. I didn't blame her. A house with four children never stays clean, and unless you can stand clutter—which Sarah couldn't—you go mad.

I went a little mad myself when I stood in the middle of our messy house and realized that I had to face not only the preparation of Christmas for four expectant kids, but an open house on Christmas afternoon—to which we had invited all of our friends—and a big dinner Christmas evening with our two families invited for turkey and all the trimmings.

WE GOT through even that without disaster. Bill, who honestly felt that it was the spirit of the day which counted and not the frills, the presents or the food, somehow infected everybody who came with his own relaxed good cheer.

At such a moment, I'll bet anything "the perfect husband"—who is also, need be, a perfectionist—would have blown his top.

Having a big family gives life meaning. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But nothing so good is free. Having our four children in such a short span has cost a lot.

There have been more work times and fewer fun times. There have been more pressures—illness, strain, fatigue—than most husbands and wives, still in their twenties, are prepared to accept.

To me, after eight years of marriage and four babies, the variations from the norm are completely unimportant. It's flattering if your husband paces the corridor nervously while you're having a baby. But it really doesn't do any good. Bill got there that night at eleven, cheerful and confident. Just as he had known I would, I guess, I had Sally with no fuss or trouble two hours later.

Bill's refusal from time to time to do the expected thing—perhaps I should call it his ignorance of what *is* the expected thing—does not make him a villain in my eyes. Bill meets the real test of his worth as a husband and father—the only test that counts—in the day to day standing of the gaff.

And if you think you can be married to *any* man, even a man you love deeply and *like* and respect, and still not be up to your neck in gaff now and then you are prey to a dangerous illusion.

Having four babies in eight years is gaff—even if you plan it that way, deciding, as we did, to have your family early so you can have fun with them. Think of what it means. Half of the time, since we were married, I have either been about to have a baby—and thus have been feeling fat and uncomfortable and cross—or I had just had a baby—and thus was feeling nervous and tired and very cross. There have been times during those periods when I had no household help at all—and at those low low-downs I have been tired and nervous and very, *very* cross.

It couldn't have been much fun for Bill. After all he had picked for a wife a girl who was young and gay—I was eighteen when we met and we were married a year later—who had a figure, and some pep, who liked to go out and have fun. Now what had he? A mother, yes—but a household drudge, sometimes something dangerously approaching a shrew. The wonderful thing was he didn't feel abused. He seemed to understand that it wasn't fun, at these moments, for me, either, and what was even more remarkable, he seemed to understand that this was the way marriage *was*. And he still liked it.

Perhaps I should give you one more example of what I mean. The other afternoon, Bill was on the phone discussing the terms of an important picture contract. Sally, our smallest daughter, was on his lap—drooling on his clean shirt. Lynn, who is two and a half, was clutching him by the knees, howling because she was *not* on his lap. Jill, our oldest, was making a paper lantern and smearing globs of sticky paste on Bill's fine antique desk. And little Bill was yelling from the swimming pool that Daddy should come at once and see him float. I was busy with something in the nursery but I came in at intervals to try to shoo them out, at least to shush them up.

Bill waved me away cheerfully. "Leave 'em alone," he said, putting his hand over the telephone for a second, "they don't bother me." And he went back to his business. The man hasn't a nerve in his body. What, I ask you, is remembering birthdays—when compared to a disposition like that?

Now that the war is over, we've managed to hold on to a cook and a nurse. That leaves what's left for me to do—and with four kids, that's plenty, because no nurse can handle that many. And it isn't only the children. I like to cook! But I don't, not very often, and not very fancy. I use a can-opener. Fortunately, Bill loves to barbecue on the outdoor grill—steaks, baby broilers, corn on cob with his own special hot sauce, shishkabob. He's good, too.

As for housework—thank heaven, ours is a California ranch house, built around a big flat lawn and a fenced-in pool, so it's easy to take care of. Furnishings are Early American antiques, mostly—except for the nine-by-nine bed in the master bedroom. The study is full of red leather, with a mellow old pine desk. The dining room is bright—flowered wallpaper, an old tavern table and Windsor chairs—and the inevitable baby pen full of junk. Babies come so fast we never have to move the pen.

OUR yard is always full of baby stuff, too—slides and swings and safety gates and whatnot, especially in summer when we simply live outdoors. We spend our days around the pool, have hotdogs or the like for lunch, and go on through naps and more swimming to an easy summer supper, and so to bed. It's fun and comfortable.

For relaxation, Bill flies, in his own plane, and ranches at our place in Northern California. It's just a shack, so far, so I don't go along while he gets his waistline down bailing alfalfa. I will though, just as soon as Sally starts to school and I have a little time on my hands.

No matter how realistic their mother is about husbands, and marriage, you would have a hard time convincing my children that Bill is not the Perfect Father.

He loves the kids, and thinks of them democratically—as people. He talks to Bill about his airplane as though a four year old boy knew all about the theory of flying. He answers Jill's questions about the crops on our Northern California ranch even if he has to look up the facts in the Farmer's Almanac. He is not above changing a diaper, or mending a broken toy.

On the rare occasions when the children are allowed to stay up to hear their father on the radio, they are a sponsor's dream audience. They listen to George and Gracie's jokes with great impatience. What sends them is the pitch for the coffee.

"There's Daddy!" He's the Great Man, their Daddy. Don't tell him so, but I think he is too.

Wait till you see us!

Next month comes something we—and you—have been waiting for. Radio Mirror will use full-color illustrations for the first time!

This means that many of the pictures of your favorite radio stars with which our stories are illustrated will be more brilliant, more true-to-life than ever before.

Watch for our first four-color issue—October, on sale at your newsstand on September 11.

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The Time Between

(*Continued from page 23*)

duet. I can't describe the look that crossed their faces—except perhaps to say that it was as if a magician had waved his cloak, had made them disappear for a second and then had brought them back, the same and yet not the same.

I don't think anyone else noticed. Willy's hearty voice exclaimed, "Connie, you must know Quent. Weren't you kids in high school together?" And then Connie was saying composedly, "Hello, Quent. I didn't know you were back."

"Hello, Connie," Quent said. "I thought you were on the West Coast."

"The job was too uncertain after V-J Day," Connie said. "I came back to my old job here. Ma was good enough to give me a room."

"You must find a small town pretty quiet after Los Angeles."

Connie's chin lifted a little. "Oh, no," she said. "I find things to do." She turned to me. "I'm on my way to the mailbox, Ma. Is there anything I can get you?"

I SAID that there wasn't, and Connie smiled at us all and said goodnight and went out. It had been a casual conversation—too casual, although I didn't realize it at the time, for in these days of soldiers' homecomings, the most distant of school acquaintances are greeted as old friends. I noticed other things that night, and attached no significance to them, although I remembered them afterward. For one thing, Quent seemed to forget about the guests waiting at his mother's house. Fay came down after she'd put Paulette to bed, and Quent waited willingly until she guessed Paulette was so soundly asleep that he could be taken upstairs to see the child. When he came down again, he stayed to tell Willy Junior of his experiences in the Coast Guard—or at least that seemed to be his reason. I recall now that there were times when he would forget, mid-sentence, what he was talking about, and his attention would wander to the door. He left a little after nine, about a half-hour before Connie came home. She had gone to a movie, she told me. It didn't occur to me that she might have stayed away deliberately; sometimes, although very infrequently, she walked downtown to a movie after mailing one of the letters she was always writing to her cousins in California.

It was after that that Connie changed, so abruptly that only the blindest could have failed to see that it was an unnatural change and would not have wondered at the reason.

Connie had been with me about six months then, and I had grown to love her very much. To love her—although I didn't quite understand her. I didn't know much about her background—only that her parents had died when she was small, and that she had been brought up by an aunt on a farm just outside of Rushville Center. She'd gone to high school here in town, and had worked for a while at Miss Florence's beauty shop after she'd graduated. Then the war broke out, and she went to work in a war plant in Los Angeles, where she had relatives, and shortly afterward the aunt who had reared her had died.

That much I knew about her; then one day last fall she appeared on my doorstep to ask for a room. "I don't want to inconvenience you, Ma Per-

kins," she said apologetically. "Please tell me if you really feel that you don't want a roomer. But there just seems to be no place at all in town."

Of course I gave her not only a room, but board. You couldn't help liking Connie on sight. She was a vibrant little thing, all glowing dark eyes and quick graceful movement, with a disarmingly direct way of speaking, and a proud way of carrying her head that was appealing in a child so small. Her presence caused hardly a ripple of difference in the household. We saw her at breakfast, pert and fresh and bright as a bird in the morning, and then it was a question as to whether we'd have more than a glimpse of her until the next morning. Her hours at the beauty shop were from nine-thirty until five-thirty, but whenever Miss Florence had a late customer none of the other operators wanted, it was Connie who stayed to do the job. She would come home limp with weariness after a twelve-hour day—and then, when I carried a cup of cocoa and a sandwich or a bowl of soup up to her room, I would find her studying, poring over thick and weighty-looking textbooks on dermatology and diet and goodness knows what else that has to do with making women beautiful. And I would shake my head, wondering that a pretty twenty-two-year-old should stick so hard to this sort of thing, should limit her social activity to dinner once in a great while at the home of a girl friend. I'd sigh and say, "You don't do things by halves, do you, Connie? If you don't stop driving yourself so hard, I'm afraid that one of these days you'll be forced to all-out rest instead of all-out labor."

SHE would shake back her dark hair, smile up at me. There was hard purpose deep inside the smile, like a pebble lodged in the heart of a rose. "Oh, no, Ma. One of these days I'll own an interest in the shop. Florence has promised it to me as soon as I can pay for it. Then I want a shop in Los Angeles, and some day, perhaps, a whole chain of shops."

I'd go downstairs with the empty tray, my head swimming a little at the extent of her ambitions, trying to reconcile the teen-age Connie I'd used to see around town with the driving, purposeful Connie of today. She had known of course that she would have to support herself until she married, but in that she wasn't any different from most girls. I couldn't recall ever having noticed any symptoms of relentless ambition within her. She was pretty and popular, and she'd enjoyed her popularity, liked to dress well . . .

That was another thing—her clothes. The Connie who came to stay with me had two outfits: a dress-up coat and suit, and a going-to-work coat, the shabby tweed, and a going-to-work suit as shabby as the coat. She had hardly any other clothes at all—hadn't had any others, I suspected, for a good long time. Even allowing for the fact that she was saving money for her shop, it didn't seem natural that she shouldn't buy herself something pretty once in a while.

Young men called, of course. Goodness knows, with her job Connie had little enough opportunity to meet them, but they saw her on the street and at lunch in the drugstore, and they would remember her from high school, and one after another they would be on the telephone, asking for Connie. Usually, she told me to tell them she wasn't at home; when she did answer, the brief conversation would end with the young man looking elsewhere for company. Curiosity has never been one of my weaknesses—but that is perhaps because I've never had to ask many questions. More often it's been the other way around: people have come to me and told me things whether I wanted to know them or not. Connie was different. She opened up just so far and no farther; there was no getting really close to her. I asked her point-blank one day if she had never thought of getting married. The answer came so glibly that you could tell she'd been asked the question before, often.

"Maybe someday, Ma. But it seems to me that in these days when women can work and take care of themselves, a man is just more trouble than he's worth."

"But they don't have to work all the time—"

Connie answered shortly, "Well, I do," and bent over to admire the sweater I was knitting for Paulette. "My, that's lovely, Ma! What is it—cable stitch?"

And that is the Connie who, almost overnight after Quent's visit, turned into a social butterfly. Butterfly is certainly the wrong word; Connie began to make dates and to go out with all the determination she had applied to her work. I was pleased at first. Connie was busy at the shop, and she went out on her dates straight from work, so that I didn't know who took her out. I thought that she'd finally found some young man who interested her, and it seemed to me exactly like Connie, who never could do things by halves, to see him every night from the very beginning. Then came a slack week at the shop—and in that week, on four different nights, four different young men waited in the living room while Connie changed from her one shabby suit to her one good suit.

It's queer how everyone seems to wake up to the same thing at the same time. I'd no sooner realized that Connie was going out too often, and staying out too late, with, apparently, almost anyone who asked her, when Fay spoke to me about it. She came downstairs yawning one morning, a good hour after Connie had gone.

"Isn't Connie up yet?" she asked.

"Why, yes," I said. "She left at the usual time."

"Well," said Fay, "I'll give her credit for getting to work on time, anyway." And then—"I saw her at the Hampton Inn last night, with Milt Cummings."

"Who is Milt Cummings?"

"YOU know who he is, Ma. He's the man who got into that scrape with the Weaver girl last year. He's just no good. And neither are a couple of the others I've seen Connie with. You ought to speak to her, Ma. Everybody's talking."

"Who is everybody?"

"Why—Evey told me that Gladys Pendleton told her—"

"Gladys isn't particularly happy," I interrupted. "She might talk about anyone just to get away from herself. And you and Evey aren't doing Connie any good by discussing her with others."

Fay's lips tightened. "I still think you ought to speak to her, Ma. Surely, she'll listen to you."

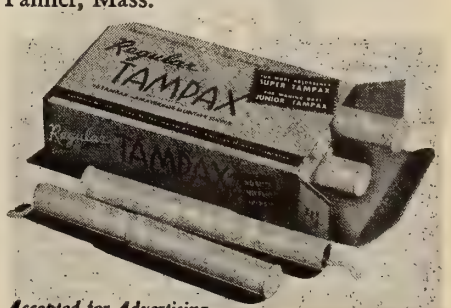
I wasn't at all sure, but I decided to try, the night I heard Connie crying. It wasn't by any means the first time I'd heard muffled sounds from her room, but this morning she came downstairs with the marks of tears still plain on her face. She hesitated in the kitchen doorway, and then, seeing that I was alone, she said that she would stop long



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enough for a cup of coffee. "You look as though you needed it," I observed.

Another girl might have hedged, but not Connie. She could take the wind out of your sails by coming straight to the point in her own way, one which you could not follow. "I do," she admitted. "For some silly reason I woke up crying in the middle of the night. Once I'd started, I couldn't stop. Nerves, I suppose."

"Perhaps you've been trying to do too much. With your work, and going about—"

She shrugged. "I like to keep going. And I'm strong. I can take it."

"People feel that way, when they're running on nerves. You know enough to take better care of yourself. You also know that you're not living in a big city any more, but in a small town, where people gossip—"

She pushed back her coffee cup, looked at me oddly. "You're not suggesting that I look for another room, are you, Ma?"

I was hurt, and then angry, and then I forgave her. After all, a girl like Connie must feel pretty insecure, down underneath. The last thing I wanted to do was to add to her insecurity. "You know I'm not. You can stay here as long as you like."

It hurt, too, the way she jumped up then, as if she'd found out all she wanted to know. She patted me affectionately on the shoulder. "Thank you, Ma. I haven't done anything wrong, and I won't. As for the gossips, they ought to realize that this isn't the middle ages, and a woman has a right to live as she pleases."

It is impossible to stay angry with a foolish, unhappy child who has deliberately played with fire in order to forget another, deeper hurt. For Connie had been hurt, badly, some time in those years she had been away. That much was as plain as the fact that she had tried to work it off and had failed, and was now trying to play it off. How she had been hurt I didn't try to guess; it would have been too easy to build up an entirely false picture.

And then one day I knew.

I'd been down at the lumber yard to see Shuffle, and I'd stayed late. I took my time getting home, knowing that Fay and Paulette were having their supper at Evey's. The house was dark as I approached it, and I went around to the back, stopped in the kitchen to lay out the cold meat loaf, the jellied salad I'd prepared for dinner. Then, with the loaded tray in my hands, I pushed through the swinging door to the dining room—and stopped dead.

I wasn't alone in the house, after all. In the living room, shadowy with the fading light of day, stood Connie—and Quentin Jonas. I thought I had interrupted a conversation—but then I saw that neither of them had heard me. Presently Connie spoke, her voice low, intense. "I'm not proud that I was ever married to you, Quent Jonas, and I wouldn't be again—not for any reason. And I won't stand for your interference."

It's a miracle I didn't drop the tray.

"That's final, then," said Quent.

Connie didn't speak. But her silence was enough. Quent turned on his heel and walked out.

The tray rattled as I set it down. I hurried over to her, pausing to snap on the light.

She looked at me dully. "You heard," she said. "Please don't tell anyone, Ma. It'll probably be all over town soon enough."

"I don't know anything to tell—except that you and Quent were—are—married. And that's between you two."

"*Were* married," said Connie. She sat up, moved a little away from me, searched for a handkerchief. "I'd like you to know about it," she went on. "You've been so good, and there were a lot of times when I wanted to tell you."

Something happened to Connie Myles when she was in California—something that shaped her into the defiant, determined woman Ma Perkins doesn't quite understand. What that something was, Ma learns in the concluding instalment of Connie's story, in the October Radio Mirror, *on sale September 11.*



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THE
CRIME
NEWSREEL
With LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Former N. Y. Police Commissioner

Operation Crossroads

(*Continued from page* 19)

the bomb. How do we know they can't develop a defense against it? Why not give our scientists all the money they need, let them take as much time as necessary, and find us a defense?

ANSWER (*by Air Force General George C. Kenney*): It would be fine, if it could be done—and our Army is already working on it, doing everything we can. But actually, at this moment, there *is* no way of tracking down an atomic rocket traveling at high speed through the stratosphere, and exploding it. What's more, there's disagreement among scientists as to whether or not it can ever be done. Let's suppose, however, that it is possible. To build and maintain a radar-defense system would cost billions of dollars and require hundreds of thousands of highly-trained men. These men would have to be alert night and day—*but* experience has shown that *no* mechanical system is perfect. If thousands of bombs were launched at us in one great atomic attack, there is no guarantee that a few would not get through—and just a few are capable of doing the unthinkable damage we're trying to avoid.

And sending rockets through the stratosphere is not the only way of atomic attack. Agents of a nation planning to destroy us could smuggle the bombs in piece by piece. They could assemble them here and explode them miles away by means of a time-clock. It might even be impossible to identify the nation that planted them. *There just isn't any adequate defense against atomic attack.*

QUESTION: Well, if we can't defend ourselves against atomic bombs once they're used, why not prevent them from being used, by keeping the secret of making them? We and Canada and England are the only countries who know how to make the bomb today. If we don't give anybody else the secret, no other nation can ever make atomic bombs. If they can't make them, they can't use them, can they?

ANSWER (*by Dr. Harold C. Urey, University of Chicago scientist who helped develop the atomic bomb*): If there *were* a secret to be kept, there might be some value to your method—but *there is no secret* we can keep for more than a few years. The principles and theories by which the bomb is made are known. You can find them in any public library. All we have exclusively now are certain manufacturing processes and methods, and it is only a matter of years, probably about five, or perhaps no more than two or three, before other nations discover those.

Most other nations have access to the uranium from which the bomb is made. What's more, there is at present the greatest search for new deposits the world has ever known. No one can say where they will be found. There is no lack of engineering skill in other countries, and you don't have to have a large number of bombs. A relatively small number makes every nation equal.

QUESTION: My idea is tough—but in this world you've got to be tough. I don't say that we should go looking for trouble, but we should be ready for trouble, so if any other nation starts something, we can let them have it. Force is always a factor. The Nazis and Japs would never have started the war



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

From my window I can see the children trooping back to school. How happy you must be when you think that some day your baby will be part of a similar lively procession.

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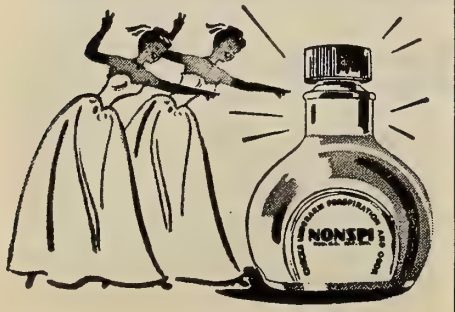
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in the first place, if they hadn't thought we were weak. This time we shouldn't deceive anybody. We *have* the atomic bomb. That gives us the odds.

ANSWER (*by Senator Brien McMahon, head of the Senate Atomic Energy Committee*): You are suggesting an atomic armaments race. Well, let's assume that we go all out to keep ahead in atomic bombs and other phases of national security. Consider the atmosphere in which an atomic armament race would be conducted.

The whole world would be turned into hostile, armed camps—the way it was before the last two wars. Trigger-fingers might get itchy. Nobody could guarantee that a dispute among nations would not set off an attack. An atomic attack would be so devastating that the U. S. would have to ward off the attack by striking first on the basis of mere rumor or report. We could not wait. Congress would have no time to *debate* war. A small group of men would have to decide to push a button and attack the suspected aggressor, without our approval. We certainly would not wish any group to have that responsibility.

The price of a world-wide atomic armament race will be to give up our democracy, live in perpetual terror of sudden catastrophe, disperse cities or take them off the face of the earth entirely, and put them underground. Even that wouldn't help because scientists estimate that you would have to go down two thousand feet to escape the effect of present atomic bombs. More powerful bombs would force you to go further. They would force you to turn back the world's clock to jungle time. Are you willing to pay that price?

QUESTION: Don't you think all the nations ought to make a treaty or something and promise not to use the atomic bomb?

ANSWER (*by Mrs. Wendell Willkie*): I'm afraid it wouldn't work. It never has. The lesson of history is clear. Treaties to outlaw war and weapons of war have been made and broken far too often for us to put any trust in them. There is no guarantee that a new treaty, however solemnly entered into, will not be broken again.

QUESTION: There must be a correct way of going about this thing. So far we've had nothing but wrong ways. Isn't there a solution?

ANSWER (*by Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota*): Whatever the agreement is, if it's going to be more than just a treaty to outlaw the bomb, it will have to be enforced. It will have to have some kind of law and power behind it. And if there is going to be an agreement, it will probably mean that certain laws will be laid down with respect to the making of atomic bombs and for the peaceful use of atomic energy; that every nation will have to be bound by those laws, and that some system of inspection will have to be worked out to see that every nation lives up to the law. This will mean that an authority will be created to control atomic energy which will be, in one sense, higher than the government of the U. S. or the government of any other one nation. Any nation and any individual found guilty of violating the atomic control laws would be subject to punishment by United Nations authority—and the U. S. and other nations will have to cooperate in the punishment. That is what we mean when we say United Nations law to control atomic energy and power to enforce it.

QUESTION: If that's the best method, Mr. Stassen, what will it cost us? What's the price we have to pay for that chance of survival?

ANSWER (*by Mr. Stassen*): The price is that we must delegate a portion of our nationalistic sovereignty to a United Nations authority.

QUESTION: What is this mysterious thing called "sovereignty" actually? How much of it do we have to give up?

ANSWER (*by Mr. Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court*): Sovereignty is final authority. It is power—supreme power. Those who have the last word are sovereign. In our form of government, sovereignty belongs to you, to me, to every citizen. We do not give up sovereignty or surrender it. We exercise it. We exercise it every time we cast a ballot and elect officials to represent us. When the traffic officer patrols the highway he's exercising your sovereignty for you. Our delegation of sovereignty to our agencies of government is the way we purchase civilization—the way we obtain law and order, freedom, social justice. Through the delegation of our sovereignty we create strength which individually as citizens or as states we would lack—we create power adequate to deal quickly and decisively with the problems of each day.

In our efforts to harness the atomic force, all we're being asked to do is to exercise our sovereignty on a new level—the international one. That doesn't mean forming a full-fledged world government overnight, in which we would all be citizens of a single, world state. All it means is that we shall take some of the powers we delegate and give them to an international agency under the authority of the United Nations. Other nations would naturally do the same. The powers delegated by all the nations will be limited specifically to the field of atomic energy and like matters. The specific function of the new agency of government will be to make atomic energy the servant and not the destroyer of the people.

QUESTION: But how about the argument you hear so much these days—that Russia is out to conquer the world, that she'll never agree to any system of control, and that even if she does, it will only be a stall, a blind, until she gets good and ready to attack us?

ANSWER (*by Joseph E. Davies, former U. S. Ambassador to Soviet Russia*): If conditions are as you say—where do we go from there? There is no hope. For without Russia there can be no control. The Russians, however, are *in* the United Nations. They have a place on the Atomic Energy Commission. Certainly we cannot assume that they will not cooperate to prevent destruction as long as there remain any ways to avoid it.

QUESTION: But look how the Russians have been behaving in the United Nations.

ANSWER (*by Mr. Davies*): The Russian attitude in the United Nations is based on fear that the Western World is ganging up on them. They claim that they do not wish to dominate the world, but to protect themselves. If we are to avert disaster we must assume that they are telling the truth. If, however, we are convinced that the Russians *are* out to conquer the world and that sooner or later they mean to attack us—the logic of the situation would force us *not to wait*—but to attack Russia first, now. There may be some misguided people in this country who are willing to pursue such a course, but I think we can safely conclude that the overwhelming majority of Americans

reject it. No, as long as the Russians remain in the United Nations, as long as there's the ghost of a chance that international control of atomic energy can be made to work, every means should be exhausted to compose differences.

In my opinion, the Russians are as eager for peace as we are.

QUESTION: There are many people, who, while they hope and pray that future war can be averted, are pessimistic about the chances of doing it. They say it's just "human nature"—and that while mankind may possibly change some old habits of thinking in a million years, there's certainly no chance of changing them in the next five.

ANSWER (*by Dr. Albert Einstein*): This "human nature" which makes wars is like a river. It is impossible to change the *nature* of the river. But when it continually overflows its banks and destroys our lives and homes, do we sit down and say: "It is too bad. We can't change the river. We can do nothing!"? No, we get together and build a dam which will keep the river in check. We use reason, our ability to think. And this ability to think is also a part of human nature. It is intelligence, which is the ability to learn from experience. It includes the capacity to give up immediate, temporary benefits for permanent ones.

This part of human nature recognizes that man's security and happiness depend on a working society; that a working society depends on laws; and that men must submit to these laws in order to have peace.

Just as we use our reason to build a dam to hold a river in check, we must build institutions to restrain the fears and suspicions and greeds which move peoples and their rulers. We do not have to wait a million years to use our ability to reason. We *are* using it every day of our lives. We can and must use it now—or human society will disappear in a new and terrible dark age of mankind—perhaps forever.

QUESTION: And if we can prevent atomic energy from being used destructively—what are its constructive possibilities?

ANSWER (*by Henry Wallace, Secretary of Commerce*): No one can predict with accuracy the possible peacetime uses of atomic energy. We do know that within a year a fairly efficient atomic power plant for producing electricity could be constructed. A pound of uranium fully utilized would produce approximately as much heat as two million pounds of coal.

It seems fairly certain to me that altogether new methods of distributing power will be discovered and that eventually small, safe motors for using atomic power will be worked out. The international control of "dangerous" atomic materials, and the release of "non dangerous" materials for competitive use can lead to results which fire the imagination.

For long centuries, men have dreamed of a "philosopher's stone" which would change basic metals into gold, dreamed of freeing themselves from dependence on the soil for their daily bread, of conquering disease and prolonging life and launching out into the far reaches of the universe. Atomic energy has brought all these age-old dreams within the possibility of realization—if man can win for himself the opportunity to use it constructively.



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R M





Greta Goes Home

(Continued from page 47)

like a parcel. I got to raise her like a mama, Tim says, only I got no place to raise her."

Mrs. Hutchinson looked from one to the other of them.

"Tena's not explaining it so good," Tim offered, stepping manfully into the breach. "It's little Greta—Tena's cousin Gus's girl. She came on the train—"

"Tena," Mrs. Hutchinson pointed out, "said that." Tim subsided.

Struck with inspiration, Tena fished in the pocket of her apron and brought out the much-bedraggled letter from Gus. She held it up. Mrs. Hutchinson read it once over her shoulder, then took it and read it through again. Then, without a word, she went out into the kitchen, Tena and Tim close in tow.

GRETA still sat upon the stool. Greta still looked hard at nothing, and kept whatever was going on inside her strictly to herself.

"Good morning, Greta," said Mrs. Hutchinson. "So you've come to visit your Aunt Tena?"

Silence.

"Where do you live?"

Silence.

"She's frightened, poor little tyke," said Mrs. H.

"Stöckars lilla flicka," Tena repeated. She seemed to feel that this was a safe remark which covered all contingencies.

"Lemme try again," said Tim, suddenly. He came across the kitchen and squatted on his haunches.

"Looka here, Greta," he began, in his best cajoling voice. "I bet you can sing real pretty, huh? How about me singing you a song and then you singing me a song, and we'll get acquainted? Listen—

"Me father kept a boardin' house,
Hullabaloo, balay;
Hullabaloo bala balay,
Me father kept a boardin' house,
Hullabaloo, balay!

The boardin' house was on the quay,
Hullabaloo, balay;
Hullabaloo, bala, balay,
The boarders was nearly all at sea,
Hullabaloo, balay!

A brash young feller named Shallow Brown,
Hullabaloo—"

Mrs. Hutchinson put her hand on his shoulder. "It's no use, Tim. You're just frightening her worse every minute." Her eyes gathered him and Tena in, and she led the way back to the dining room.

It was Tim, finally, who had the saving idea. All of a sudden he slapped the side of his head with his big hand and shouted, "I've got it—hey, I've got it!"

"Vhat?" cried Tena, anxiously.

"Yes, what?" urged Mrs. Hutchinson.

"Pat Murphy," Tim told them. "Pat Murphy—him that's the officer on this beat! Many and many's the time he's told me how him and his wife would like a child." He pulled his big yellow turnip of a watch out of his pocket and consulted it critically. "Pat'll be around soon," he elaborated. "I promised him some magazines I got in the cellar—some of them detective magazines. I'll be goin' down this very minute so's I'll be sure to catch him."

The child welfare committee broke

up, Tim to go back to the basement, Mrs. Hutchinson and Tena to trail out to the kitchen. Fortified with a cup of coffee, Mrs. Hutchinson slipped out to the telephone and called her husband at his office, to the accompaniment of Tena's dish-rattling, which could be heard from one end of the apartment to the other. Tena was trying to drive Silence out of the kitchen.

It wasn't long before Tim was back. He marched in with the big patrolman close behind, and led him straight out to the kitchen. He pointed to Greta and said, somewhat as if he had invented her on the spot, "There she is, Pat, my friend. There she is—and ain't she a fine one?"

"That she is, Tim, that she is," Pat Murphy laughed, and nudged the little girl gently with his nightstick. Greta moved only slightly, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the section of linoleum that disappeared under the refrigerator. "She's a girl after me own heart," Pat continued in a voice that rattled the china in the cupboards. "A fine broth of a girl that'll do wonderful in me house that was never blessed."

THE patrolman turned to Mrs. Hutchinson, who was hard put to it, at the moment, to look as solemn as the occasion warranted. "Would you be mindin' if I used your phone, ma'm? I'll just call Mrs. Murphy and tell her the good news about the little one, here."

The procession moved to the telephone where Officer Murphy addressed the instrument as if it were a three-time loser. Not a dialer, Murphy—what were thim girls for, anyway, if not to get a man a number when he wants it.

When he finally achieved Mrs. Murphy, his voice softened a decibel. "Darlin'? This is Patrick. I want to tell ya that I've found a fine little girl fer us, and I'll be bringin' her home after me tour of duty." He went on to roar in his words the lucky fate that had brought them Greta from Minnesota. Things seemed to be going well until, at one point in his glowing account, a quacking sound was heard from the other end of the line. Officer Murphy's face grew violently red, then subsided to a pale blue-green. A moment later, he hung up.

He turned to his witnesses. "Mrs. Murphy says it would be most inconvenient at the prisint time to be bringin' the child home. She's got the backache somethin' awful. And there's the fall cleanin' comin' on. And . . ." He let the rest drift off into space. He wiped his brow, put a finger around his tight, red collar-line, and made for the door.

When he had gone, three unhappy faces peering at each other in Mrs. Hutchinson's dining room would have made a charming picture under the title "The End of the Rope." Mrs. Hutchinson looked out the window.

Finally, she said, "Tena! What're we thinking of? That poor child—we never offered her anything—she's probably starving!"

Tena went toward the kitchen to see to her charge, Tim straggling along behind her, while Mrs. Hutchinson went off in the other direction to finish dressing. She could, she felt, face the problems of the day better in her new blue gabardine, and with some make-up on her face.

In the kitchen, Tena and Tim were amazed to find that Greta had finally shifted her position on the stool so that now she faced the wall instead of the window.

"Now," Tena began, "how would you



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like a big glass of milk and maybe some cookies with raisins in?"

Silence.

Tena set out a brimming glass of milk, heaped cookies on a plate, and set them in reach of Greta. The little girl's eyes widened, if that was possible. Instinctively, Tena put a gentle hand on her shoulder and felt a quiver run through her little body. They knew, both Tena and Tim, that she was hungry. That the milk and the cookies looked like nectar and ambrosia to her. But she didn't dare. How could she eat, in a world that had fallen in about her head?

Tena's eyes, full of tears now, met Tim's above the little girl's head. "You know what, Tim," Tena managed after a moment. "You know what? In a minute I think I make me a big layer cake. Yust about the biggest layer cake you ever lay your eyes on. Only I don't stir so good no more. I vish I knew a lilla flicka to stir me up my cake."

SILENCE. But there was no hostility, no impatience, in the silence on Tena and Tim's part any more. Just pity. Waves and waves of pity so tangible that they must surely find the little Greta's heart in time.

Tena got out flour and sifter and began to sift dry ingredients with commendable vigor.

"What you going to do?" Tim wanted to know. "Why don't you put"—he nodded toward Greta—"in a boarding school?"

Tena threw up her hands in horror and the shell of the egg she'd been breaking hit the ceiling. "Nay! Vhy, Tim, you know about those places. Vhere they starve the kids, and all!"

Tim knew it wouldn't be any use to argue, so he threw out another suggestion. "Why don't you send G-r-e-t-a back to G-u-s?" he spelled elaborately.

Tena smacked another egg on the side of the bowl in violent disapproval. "Didn't Mrs. Hutchinson yust say we couldn't turn her back to the store like a bolt of lightening?"

At that point, Mrs. Hutchinson, fortified with blue gabardine and red lipstick, came back into the room. She stood looking at Greta for a minute, and then went over to the child.

"Greta? Greta, would like to live with us? Would you like to live in this house, and be with Aunt Tena and me all the time? It would be lots of fun for us to have you here."

Tena rushed around the table to grab Mrs. Hutchinson's free hand in her two slightly eggy ones. "Oh," she cried, "Oh, *t'ousan' tak*, Mrs. Hutchinson. You got such a big heart. Oh, *tak sa mycket!*"

Mrs. H. smiled. "I talked to Mr. Hutchinson a while ago, and he said it was all right with him, if it was with you and me. So—well, Tena, I guess we've got another little girl!"

She turned again to Greta. "You can stay in Aunt Tena's room, sweetie, and have your own closet to hang your clothes up in, and your own little bed, across from Aunt Tena's. You can go over to the big park down the block every day to play, and in the fall you can go to school, and—and everything." It was hard to keep up enthusiasm, when you wanted to cry, instead. When you were sorrier for the little girl beside you than you'd ever been for any human being before in your life.

She spoke briskly to Tena, to keep her voice steady. "You'd better take Greta into your room, and get her things unpacked. I've got to hurry to keep my appointment at the hairdresser's, but I'll be back around two."

The tableau broke up for the umpteenth time. Mrs. Hutchinson moved toward the door. Tim moved vaguely toward his long-forgotten tools. Tena moved to take Greta's hand. And then the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Hutchinson and Tim waited in a sort of suspended animation while Tena hurried to answer it. They'd had enough doorbells for one day.

From the hall came Tena's voice, positively rapturous—"Oh! Oh, *välkommen! Välkommen*, Gus!"

And in answer, a placid male voice that said, "Tena—*god dagen*, cousin Tena!"

For the first time, the pent-up little figure on the stool showed signs of life.

In a moment they were all staring at a big, toothy individual in high-water pants, who held his hat as if he expected someone to snatch it any moment, and who shifted morbidly from foot to foot in shoes which seemed impossible to be too small for anyone, but were obviously too small for Gus Swenson. He grinned shyly at Mrs. Hutchinson and extended a huge paw to Tim, while Tena performed the introductions.

"I yust coom in from Minnesota," he informed them. "After Greta vent on train, I got lonesick. I don't vant to go to loomber camp. I don't vant to go novhere, except vhere my Greta is. So I get on train, too. Now I'm happy, too. How are you?"

"But—" began Mrs. Hutchinson. "What are you going to do? Where—"

Gus made a great, sweeping gesture which indicated that he had the situation well under control, and which gravely endangered Tena's half-finished cake. "Vell, I tell you. I come down on train vith a falla by name of Emil Yacobsen who has big loomber yard here. I tell him about me and Greta and right avay he give me a yob."

"You got a job already?" asked Tim. "Gee, good for you, Gus."

"I'm a fast falla," Gus assured him. "I go to vork at the loomber yard tomorrow."

"BUT where are you going to live?" Mrs. Hutchinson asked. There was a trace of anxiety in her tone. Mr. Hutchinson hadn't agreed to take in Greta's papa, too.

"Mr. Jacobsen has a lilla bungaloo near the loomber yard." Gus treated her to his teeth again. "It needs fixing oop, but I can fix oop anyt'ing."

Gus turned his grin on Greta. And the child burst into a radiant smile that made her look like a little-girl Gus.

"Hello, Greta," said her papa. "Vhat you like, Greta?"

Greta got off her perch at last, put a cookie in her pocket, and moved toward Gus. It was then that she made her pronouncement. It was then that the spell was broken, the silence shattered.

"I vant," said Greta, "to go home."

It was like magic. The sun seemed to come out, though it had been out all the time. All of a sudden you could hear the birds singing and you could practically hear the flowers blooming.

"Gus—you stay for lunch?" Tena beamed.

"I tank I go home now," Greta said, firmly. "I vant to go home."

Gus smiled half in thank-you, half in apology. "She vants to go home," he explained.

They distributed a smile all around. They went home.

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Oh, What It Seemed To Be!

(*Continued from page 43*)

be there. It just wasn't anything very special. That's what I thought then. But it was that night I met Tom.

"I shouldn't say 'met' because we'd grown up together, but when I saw him at that dance, it was a different Tom than I'd ever known before. He'd been away in the Army four years. When he left, he had been just another boy I knew much too well to have any romantic notions about. We'd had a lot of fun together, but there had never been anything more."

She hesitated, and I smiled encouragement.

"HE came home on leave before going overseas and we'd gone out together. I promised to write, and I tried to keep my letters newsy and cheerful. His were sometimes grim and full of loneliness, but there was never any mention of love.

"Now, after three years, he was home. He was a captain, but that wasn't the only thing I noticed. He was bigger, straighter—and older, too . . . much older than he should have grown in only three years. But when he smiled, he—well, it was like turning on a new lamp in a familiar room. The same—and yet different."

She was lost in her story now—she needed no prompting from me. It was something she had to tell—had to get out of her heart. "Even while he smiled his eyes were serious. He looked at me in a way I'd never known before. He seemed to see right through me . . . right into my heart. And I—I wanted him to. I wanted him to know me, more than I wanted anything.

"We stared at each other for a moment. Then suddenly we said, 'I loved your letters.' Saying the exact same words together like two children reciting in school. It broke the spell and we stood there laughing till the tears started to our eyes.

"He asked me to dance. The whole evening we danced together, and it was like a wonderful dream. I was proud . . . not because he was Captain Tom Morris, with a chestful of ribbons, but proud of what had happened to him inside. He was strong and good; I was proud that he wanted to be with me.

"Being in his arms was just like the song. *It was like a masquerade ball, with costumes and all . . . 'cause you were at the dance with me.*

"When it was over, he asked to see me home. We walked along streets that were more than familiar to me, but it was as if I'd never seen them before. The houses along the way were full of love, of people living together in happiness. The whole world was friendly and exciting! Tom walked silently beside me, reaching up now and then to pull a leaf from a tree overhead, like a little boy. I knew I was in love. Nothing had been said. Tom hadn't even kissed me. But I guess lots of people fall in love that way—" her voice shook but steadied again.

"It wasn't just me. Tom felt it too. He stopped walking and turned me so that our eyes met, and then he said, 'I love you, Mary.' That was all.

"My heart jumped like a bird trying to escape from its cage. I couldn't speak. When he kissed me, the stars seemed to shower down around me."

Mary stopped talking for a moment and stared into the distance. It was

easy to tell that she was seeing a moonlit street in her mind's eye, instead of the sun-drenched playground.

I went over and retrieved her handbag from Judy. My inquisitive daughter had decided by now that the contents of the bag might prove interesting, and I knew that her next idea would involve a little art work with Mary's lipstick.

When I came back, Mary was still off in her reverie. I leaned over towards her and sang very softly:

"And when I kissed you, darling . . . it was more than just a thrill for me.

It was the promise, darling . . . of the things that fate had willed for me."

Mary looked at me quickly. "That's just how it was, Joan," she went on.

"That night I began to be alive. All the little everyday things I'd done suddenly seemed like adventures. Tom called next day, and for three weeks we lived in our own private cloud of joy.

"We danced, swam, talked, walked. Everything was new because we were in love.

"Tom had two maiden aunts who lived in a nearby town. He always teased me that no matter how wonderful he might think I was, Aunt Ellen and Aunt Pris wouldn't think me good enough for him. For one thing, nothing could convince them that any modern girl could cook. Tom was joking, of course, but somehow winning Pris and Ellen became important to me.

"The day we decided to go for a visit I pestered Mother and all her friends till I found enough butter and sugar to bake a cocoanut cake. We carried it with us on the ugly little country train. Every jolt and bump on the track was a menace to my masterpiece. Tom was no help. He kept on insisting that cake was meant to be eaten, and he hoped that I would drop it so that at least he could enjoy the pieces.

"The cake arrived safely and was a huge success. Aunt Pris and Aunt Ellen gave their blessing. The trip home on that rickety railroad was one of the happiest hours I've ever known. That's one of the reasons that song is really ours—

"It was like a trip to the stars, to Venus and Mars . . . 'cause you were on the train with me."

Mary's pretty face darkened. She struggled to be brave as she said . . . "The end of that train ride was like the end of my dreams. Tom told me that next day he was going away. That no matter what happened to remember he loved me always.

"It all came without warning. I was too shaken even to fully understand what he'd said. And by the time I realized that he had meant it, he'd been gone for weeks. No explanation; not a word. And my life just fell apart. Until you've known how much fun life can be with someone you love, you don't really know what it is to be alone. Friends try to be kind, but finally you stop seeing them because in trying to be helpful, they remind you too much of what is gone.

"All I knew was that Tom was somewhere near New York, on Army business. I didn't really believe I'd find him by coming here. I had to get away from home. I had to escape those constant reminders of a happiness that I'd lost.

"So I came here and got a job. I live alone in the YWCA on Lexington Avenue. I don't know anyone, but seeing strangers every day is easier than facing friends. I go everywhere alone —movies, and meals—sometimes I get a ticket to a radio broadcast, like last night.

"Then last night when you sang our song, I had to admit to myself that I hadn't forgotten. I watch the thousands of people streaming by me on the streets, and I'm looking always for his face. I want to forget. If he loved me he couldn't have gone away like this with no goodbyes, no explanations! Oh, Joan, why can't I forget!" Mary's unhappy heart cried out for consolation. I didn't know what to say to her.

"If you know it has something to do with the Army," I ventured, "maybe it's a military secret that he can't talk over with you."

Mary looked directly at me. "I've tried to think that, Joan," she said. "But with the war over now, I can't make myself believe it's true. If only I knew the truth it would be easier. If I knew that I was building too much on just a neighborhood dance and a goodnight kiss, I might be able to forget. But my heart keeps telling me that he will come back, and my mind tells me it's through."

Judy had tired of her play and was sitting quietly beside me on the bench, her head resting against my arm. Mary looked down at her and was suddenly embarrassed.

"I'm sorry I've gone on like this," she said. "Little Judy's tired. You should be getting home."

I tried to reassure her, but she was shy again now. The spell of the song that had made her feel close to me was broken, and she fumbled for words when she said, "I really have to go, too. I . . . I'm sorry. I shouldn't have poured out all my troubles to you. It's kind of you to want to help, but there's nothing you can do." Her hand closed tightly on my arm. "I don't know how to thank you, Joan. You're the sweetest person I've ever known."

FAMINE

—do you think of that as just a word? You shouldn't, because it's people: men, women, babies, millions of them all over the world, who will starve this winter unless we can somehow help them. People like the family next door—like your own family, except that they're desperately, dangerously hungry. Remember that, and you'll remember that your family, and the family next door, must conserve and send food if these starving millions are to have their chance to live.

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It was my turn to be embarrassed. Before I had a chance to speak, Mary jumped up and started down the path. I called after her, but she didn't turn, and I could tell from her back—she tried to hold herself too straight—that she was crying.

Judy and I went back home, and for the next few hours the immediate problems of giving Judy her lunch and settling her down for a nap drove all other thoughts from my mind.

At last the demands for drinks of water were stilled, all favorite teddy bears were in their proper places and peace reigned in the apartment.

Julius was deep in the Sunday paper, but looked up when I said, "Do you suppose Colonel Riley meant it when he said that he'd be glad to do me a favor any time I asked?"

"I'm sure he did, dear . . . why?"

I TOLD him Mary's story. Colonel Riley is the public relations officer who had been so nice to me on camp tours and trips to hospitals. He'd said that any time he could do anything for me not to hesitate to call on him. I told Julius what I had in mind.

"Do you think the colonel could find Tom Morris for me?"

Julius looked surprised. "Joan, are you sure you know what you're doing? It's just possible Tom doesn't want to be found."

I'd thought of that, but after talking with Mary I couldn't help but believe that he was in love with her.

Julius finally agreed and I called Colonel Riley. His voice was friendly over the phone.

"I'll do my best Joan," he said, "but there are a lot of soldiers stationed around New York. He might be in one of the hospitals or assigned to a port . . ."

I don't know what made me say it, but I broke in on him. "Try the hospitals, Colonel," I said. "I'm sure he's there."

Maybe it was because I wanted to find Tom Morris so badly that made me say I was sure. After I'd hung up the phone I felt a little foolish. Suppose he wasn't there, and I'd sent a busy army officer off on a wild goose chase. For no logical reason in the world, though, I was sure he'd be found.

About nine o'clock that night the telephone rang. It was Colonel Riley. His voice was so jovial that I knew before he told me that his search had been a success.

"Could you do me one more favor, Colonel?" I asked. "Could you arrange for me to go out to the hospital and sing? I don't need anything special. I'll play the piano for myself."

He was charming as usual. "That's no favor to you, Joan. That's a favor to us. How's next Wednesday afternoon?" I rummaged hastily through my appointment book by the phone. "That will be perfect, Colonel. I'll be there, and thanks a million for all you've done."

I was happy and excited as I hung up the phone, but by the time Wednesday rolled around, grave doubts filled my mind. Julius might be right. Maybe Tom Morris didn't want to see Mary. Maybe I was trying to help where my interference wouldn't be welcome.

When I arrived at the hospital, I had a plan. I decided to save the ward where I knew Tom was for the last, and to concentrate on putting on a good show for the other boys. Two soldiers helped me wheel a tiny piano from room to room and the afternoon was almost over by the time I started into the ward where I'd see Tom.

All the boys in the ward were there only for observation, so when I went in they crowded around the piano. I played and they sang. It was such a thrill to see their faces and how they enjoyed themselves that for a while I forgot about Tom.

ALL the time I'd been playing, I had noticed one boy who didn't quite enter into the fun. I told myself that I was letting my imagination run riot, but I was sure the tall serious lad was the man I wanted to see.

I finished what I'd been playing, then with a few chords I started very softly to sing:

"It was just a neighborhood dance,
that's all that it was, but oh what it
it seemed to be."

As I sang, I watched his face. He noticed that I was singing to him and smiled a little. I could see that every word of the song stirred in his memory. He might not be Tom, but he certainly was a boy very much in love.

When it was time to go, he came over to me. I'd been wondering how to speak to him, but now it was out of my hands.

"I saw you watching me while you sang, Miss Edwards," he said. "I guess it was written all over my face that you were singing my favorite song."

I confessed that I had suspected it.

"Could I ask you a very personal question, Miss Edwards?"

Mary had been right, he did have beautiful eyes. They were a deep golden brown. I promised to try to answer anything he asked.

"You see, that song set me thinking, and I wonder if I've done something

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wrong. I've been here almost two months now . . . they've been taking a hundred tests a day. I picked up a bug when I was out in the Pacific and they were afraid there might be something permanently wrong with me. But there isn't. I'm going to be all right."

"I'm very glad." I murmured.

"There's a girl I want to marry, but I was a coward about it, I guess. I didn't dare ask her until I was sure. I had to be positive she wouldn't be tied to someone who had something wrong with him. And now that I am sure, I'm scared. She said she'd be waiting."

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Mary is waiting, Tom. I know."

He looked at me as if I'd suddenly grown two heads. When he recovered from his astonishment, he stammered, "How . . . how did you know?"

I TOLD him the whole story of how I'd met Mary and what she had said to me. His amazement changed to remorse.

"How could I have done such a thing?" he said. "I didn't want to hurt her. That's why I didn't tell her what I feared. And now I've hurt her in a way I'd never dreamed."

"Tom," I said. "You can't undo what's already done, but you can spend the rest of your life making her happy. If you love her."

"Oh, I do . . . I do!"

"Just remember, Tom, Mary loves you and there's nothing she wouldn't face right by your side."

Without warning, wolf whistles started all over the room. Tom actually blushed. I had to laugh. Here I was standing in a corner talking to a man who towered over me, holding his hand, and what was I doing? Handing out advice like his maiden Aunt Pris.

Julius and I laughed about it when I got home. As weeks passed I wondered what had happened to Mary and Tom. I took Judy to the park and I'd find myself looking for Mary as we entered the playground. I even went so far one day as to call her at the YWCA, but they told me she'd left weeks before.

Two months went by, and "their song" had disappeared from the Hit Parade. I went to rehearsal last Saturday and Joey, the page boy stopped me at the door.

"There's a package for you, Miss Edwards," he said.

I took it with me up to the dressing room. I unwrapped a tiny red purse, a perfect replica of the bag Mary had worn that day in the park. A note fell from the tissue that surrounded it.

"This is for Judy," the note read. "It wasn't a wedding in June, but it was like a royal affair with everyone there, 'cause we said 'yes, I do.' Thank you, Joan." Inside the purse was a piece of wedding cake.

I knew now why I hadn't heard before. As close as I felt to Mary and Tom, she had no idea where I lived. She had to send me that note to the studio. When I walked out on the stage next night and sang to a tiny metal microphone, I felt that I was with Tom and Mary. Every song on the Hit Parade was for them and for everyone who was in love.

Judy's purse is her proudest possession. Some day she'll cherish it even more when she knows the story of Mary and Tom and a Hit Parade song.

The song, "Oh, What It Seemed To Be," was written by George Weiss, Bennie Benjamin, and Frankie Carle, and published by Santly-Joy-Select.

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"A Growing Gap Between Us . . ."

How terribly heartsick I was—reaching out in vain toward my husband across an ever widening distance! Puzzled, too, at its cause. But I should have realized that *I* had spoiled our happiness . . . knowing about feminine hygiene but risking *haphazard* care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is *important* to a happy marriage . . . recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But . . . Oh, Joy! I've Bridged It!"

We're closer than ever, *now!* And *happier* than ever, now I'm living up to my doctor's advice and being careful about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching, and find it every bit as effective as the doctor said. Far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. You see, "Lysol" is a true *germ-killer*—cleansing *thoroughly*, yet gently too. It's easy and economical to use . . . and it *works!*

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For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

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R M

Legs and Feet

By Jeanne Griffin

There are more lovely legs per female capita in the United States than anywhere in the world.

But what Nature gave us is only part of the story. Good grooming, good leg posture while sitting, standing, walking, the right choice of stockings and shoes can add immeasurably and make poor legs prettier and pretty legs beautiful.

Start giving Grable a run for her money by meticulous grooming. Once a week use a depilatory, a razor or hair remover mitt or stone on your legs. After each shower use a lotion, cream or oil on legs to smooth them, giving rough scaly heels extra lubrication. While the cuticle is soft from soap and water, run around the edges with cuticle remover. When you clip the nails, use an emery board to smooth and eliminate possible snagging of stockings. There are several good foot powders to make feet feel good and keep shoes fresh. Don't overlook them for they're as much a part of good grooming as your underarm deodorant.

Do you know how to display your legs? This is part illusion and part posture and well worth some study for best effect. When sitting, the wide-apart knee position is as ugly a posture as it's possible to assume. Hefty gals, please note. Or if you want a man to think you have the biggest legs he's ever seen this side of a hippo, sit with one calf flattened and spread against the other leg. Some beauty and health experts say we should never cross our legs. It's bad for circulation, etc. But the fact remains—crossing the legs is one habit 'twould be well nigh impossible to squelch. So if you must, cross your legs high-above the knees so that the top leg is not flattened or distorted. And point your toes. Toes that point skyward shorten the look of your legs besides creating a very ungraceful line. Sitting or standing, keep feet close together with one foot slightly ahead of the other. Weight should be mostly on one foot. This is a real glamor pointer especially when you're standing.

And how do you walk? Clump, clump as though you were a thousand years old or do your legs swing freely, easily from your hips? If your posture is straight and tall, you won't plod, look as though you're weary in every bone. Watch a child walk and you'll get the right idea. And don't pooh-pooh the grace you can acquire by walking around with a book on your head. Do it daily for ten minutes until you can walk serenely as a fashion model in a $300 gown. You look taller, more queenly if the whole line of your body has a slightly backward tilt. In other words, don't lead with your shoulders.

There are a few pointers it's well to remember about choosing stockings and becoming shoes. The best shade of stocking for legs fat or thin is the shade currently popular. Lighter shades if not too conspicuously light make thin legs look rounder and the slightly darker shades seem to minimize plumper legs. As for shoes, broad straps make wide fat feet look broader as do the very low cut pumps. A bow or buckle at instep shortens the look of a long foot. Women who must spend most of the day on their feet find oxfords are kindest, give feet the best support. But men, at least the young ones, like high heels for dress-up occasions.

House of Dreams

(*Continued from page 39*)

Just sit there—dreaming, contented, waiting.

That was the part—the waiting—that made Anna call me a "funny kid." I had never told her but she suspected.

I was waiting for happiness. It would come, here in this house, if I waited. I don't mean I believed in mysterious voices or premonitions—*I just knew.*

And now Anna was saying that I must leave here and go to New York with her. Now that Dad was gone there was no excuse for my staying here, alone.

We had heard, too, that the Sissely house had been sold or traded. At least, it had a new owner . . . Dad's last check had been signed "Donald W. Lawrence" in bold, up-and-down strokes of the pen. It seemed strange not to see old Mrs. Sissely's wavering signature.

I CAN'T stand it, I whispered to myself. I leaned my head against the carved stair bannisters in the hall. searching with my hand for the newel post as you might grope for the hand of a friend. I can't leave here!

It wasn't just my love for the house, although that was already becoming a thudding ache in my chest. The wrench of leaving it tomorrow would be nothing to the sense of loss that would grow keener every day I was away. But it wasn't just that—I was panic-stricken at leaving here with my destiny still unfilled. The promise of happiness for me here had not yet come to pass.

It was just then that I heard that step outside on the porch. That hesitant, quiet step on the creaky board.

My heart stopped beating.

A tramp? Who else would be coming here at this time of night—to an abandoned estate off the beaten track! It couldn't be Anna—she was busy packing for both of us.

The step came again, closer. I shrank back into a corner by the big hall fireplace. Wedged in like that behind the sofa, I frantically prayed that whoever it was wouldn't see me. Maybe I could slip out, unseen—

Then the square of bright moonlight that was the doorway was suddenly blotted out. Someone was standing there . . . and, in spite of myself, I gave a little gasp of terror.

"Who's there!" the voice was rough and masculine.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. It wasn't a voice I recognized as any of the villagers.

"Who is it?" the voice demanded again and now the figure moved out of the doorway towards me.

Somehow, suddenly, my fright changed to anger.

"It's none of your business who I am," I answered hotly, standing up straight. "Just what do you think you're doing here—walking into a house as though you owned it, without a by-your-leave? This is private property—"

"I know," the answer came, dryly. "*My* property."

"Your—! Oh!" Still shaking, I tumbled out from the corner. "I'm so sorry! You must be Mr. Lawrence." He struck a match and in its glow we looked at each other.

"Why, it's a girl! Look, don't be frightened. I thought it was a tramp

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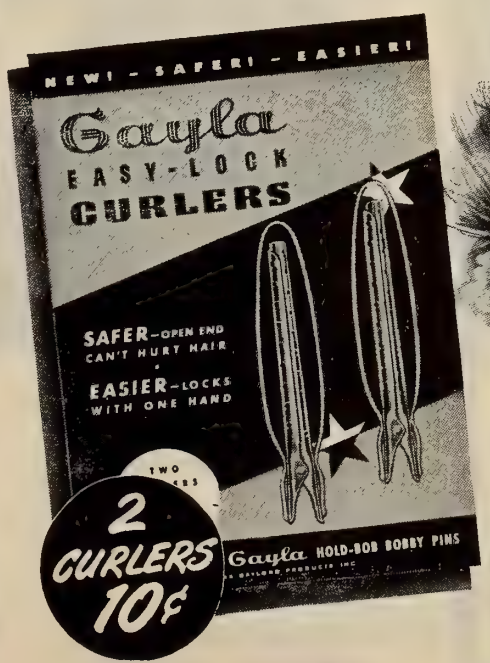
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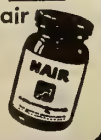
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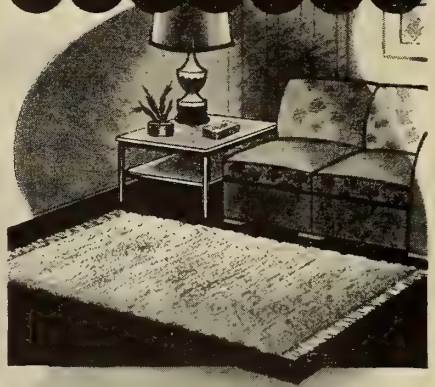
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or a thief or I wouldn't have sounded so rough. Until you spoke, I was ready to haul you out by the scruff of your neck and demand an explanation for using my house as a free hotel."

And he would, too, I thought, sizing him up. The match had gone out and we were in the twilight-dusk, but I had caught a brief glimpse of him and the impression that stayed with me most vividly was his implacable strength. He couldn't have been more than six or seven years older than I, but even his humorous smile held the reflection of a strong person, both physically and mentally.

"I'm Gail Hamilton," I told him. It suddenly struck me that this was a strange introduction, the two of us meeting here in the dark of this house. It made my words shy. "My Dad was caretaker for this house until—until he died."

"I heard about that. I'm sorry, Miss Hamilton," and his voice was gentle now. "It was one of the reasons that brought me here tonight. I thought I'd get in earlier, but I couldn't get away until now. And I had to come, no matter how late."

"ARE you planning to live here?" An odd feeling of both hope and fear seized my throat, and I moved away. He followed my steps as I guided him into the living room, helped by the matches he lit.

Now there were broad banners of white moonlight coming in through the tall windows, making paths on walls and rug, so we could really see each other—though not clearly.

"Live here?" he had jammed his hands into his jacket pockets and he was studying my face, without seeming to. "Good Lord, no. I couldn't afford to. Mrs. Sissely was my aunt by marriage and when she died she left me this house, mortgage and all." So that was it! "I hardly knew her. My branch of the family are the poor relations but it seems she took a fancy to me. I was the only nephew to get overseas and she was proud of that. Pure luck, but she seemed to think I had done her credit."

His lazy, derisive voice somehow enhanced the feeling I had of his strength. It was as though he were so sure of himself he didn't need to bluster or brag.

I found myself liking him and disliking him—and both quite deeply. His tall leanness was attractive and so were the flat planes of cheek and jaw. He was in civilian clothes but the straight line of his shoulders showed me how recently he had been in service.

But I didn't like the way he shrugged off the house.

"You haven't really seen it yet." Somehow it was important to me that he change his feelings about it . . . I didn't know why. "Look—this is the living room. To me, it's got everything a room like this should have—but so few ever do. I suppose an architect would find fault with it, but it's so graceful and charming and livable. Those big windows going all the way to the floor—and this couch in front of the fireplace—that white mantel up there—the chess table with the chairs drawn up to it . . . it's all ready for people! I've always kept this copper bowl on the refectory table polished because in the daytime the sunlight comes in and it glows—and you should see the way that other table reflects the white dogwood flowers when I put

a vase of them there in the spring—" I was leading him around the room as I spoke—"To me it's perfect!"

"I can see that." He laughed a little. "Just talking about it makes your eyes glow so I can see them in the dark. And your voice gets tender and proud . . . I'll have to admit it's a lovely room."

Maybe a little of the magic got him, too, because I noticed he stopped and ran his hand along the beautiful molding of the mantel.

"What do they call this, Gail?" he nodded towards the fireplace.

His use of my name startled me—but, then, the whole night was a strange one.

"It's Georgian, I think. It's really the only thing of any value in the house, except for some of the books in the library."

HE stood for a moment, regarding it, and then swung to face me. "I hope you don't think I'm asking a lot—a pretty girl like you probably has a date tonight—but if you have a little time to spare I wish you'd show me the rest of the place. I have to go back on the early morning train."

"I'd love to!"

"Then call me Don and we'll pretend we've known each other a long time and then you won't be frightened at being in a dark, deserted house with a strange man." His words held laughter in them, a laughter for both of us to share.

"I'm not afraid. I know this house a lot better than you do and I know all the places to hide and all the back doors. I could leave you flat." I matched his light tone.

We took the library first and I knew he was impressed at its wealth of books in their neat rows against the three sides of the room. And the shabby leather chairs were inviting and the dim shapes of lamps and tables made cozy nooks even in that big room.

He whistled. "It's a size, isn't it!"

We walked down the hall. Walked isn't the right word, but neither were we tiptoeing. It was rather that we found ourselves moving slowly, softly, as if the drowsy spell of the house had settled on our shoulders. Once again, I felt that rush of emotion for this house well up in my throat. Tonight it was even sweeter, more aching in its enchantment for me.

I wanted suddenly, desperately, to share this feeling with Donald Lawrence.

"It talks to me, you know," I told him, swinging the dining room door a little to show him what I meant. And the door made a little complaining sound as I pushed it.

"It creaks, if that's what you mean." I could feel the smile on his face. "It's been hot today, Gail. It would be very surprising if an old house like this didn't settle at night and creak and groan when it cools off."

"You make it sound like a decrepit old man."

"And you feel about it like a lovely lady sleeping away a witch's spell," he answered me, but there was no mockery. "Maybe you're right. It's beginning to get me, too. The shadows make such lovely patterns on the wall and the chandelier sparkles like jewels in the moonlight."

Unconsciously I reached for his hand. "Come here. I want to show you something out this window." We were facing a clump of bushes—behind them, tall trees—and it was a breathtaking

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sight. Literally hundreds of fireflies, glowing, twinkling, seeming to burn with a white-hot flame, starred and disappeared and starred again in the branches of the trees and the tall grass below.

That Don was awed and astounded I knew from the tight grip of his hand on mine. We were like spectators at a very private magic show of fireworks. It was so unbelievably beautiful, so intensely moving—this myriad of tiny lights making the woods into Christmas trees.

Unconsciously we had drawn close together so that his arm touched my shoulder.

"Is it always like that?" His voice was hushed.

"No—not quite like that. Only when we've had a very hot day like today," I told him. It was wonderful, his feeling as I did, sharing this beauty with him.

Reluctantly, I led him away. There was more to see.

"The kitchen's a nice place," he said, approvingly, over my shoulder as we stood in the entrance. "But after what I've just seen I can't get too enthusiastic over just a room."

"Oh, you can't really see it now!" I protested. "It's too dark. In the daytime you can see the copper kettles and pans hanging on the walls and the lilac bushes just outside the window and the stove's so big and it's off the floor so you just know a cat should live there."

HE strode past me and opened the dimly-seen window pane. The almost-overpowering scent of lilacs drifted in and filled the whole room—filled my senses with their drugging sweetness. Even after he closed the window and came back to me, the perfume seemed to hover over the two of us.

For just a second we stood there—a still, breathless moment—close to each other, looking at each other in the dim half-light. It was an odd feeling, bringing a catch to my pulse and a wonder to my mind. He was so big he seemed to loom over me but I wasn't frightened. It wasn't that kind of a feeling. Just a hushed, tremulous waiting—

And then, just as suddenly, it was over. He touched my shoulder.

"Let's go," he said roughly. "I'd like to see the upstairs."

Back to the front of the house we went and up the stairs. The moon was so high now it silvered nearly the whole sweep of the stairway.

"Whew! I hadn't realized there were so many rooms up here!" He was astonished. "You know—I have a funny feeling, every time you open a door, that I'm going to meet someone. Not a scary feeling, as if someone were crouched on the other side—but more as though friends were there."

I was excited. "I always feel that, Don. Dad used to call this the witching hour and it always seemed to me that if I only knew the right words to say the lights would blaze on and all the people who lived here and loved and were happy here, would suddenly come out and meet me."

"But they never have." His hand was light but firm on my arm as I led him into what had once been the nursery.

"No. And now they never will." Suddenly I wanted to tell him. "Anna—she's my older sister—is packing right now to take me to New York tomorrow. I can't stay here any longer, now



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that Dad is gone. Anna thinks I'm growing into a strange, moody person, shut up here with no other young people around. She says I'll be much better off working in an office or store somewhere and meeting people." Now I was beginning to hurt all over again. "I don't want to go, Don. I don't want to leave here. Everything that's me—my dreams, my happiness, is tied up with this house."

"I think your sister's right," he said slowly. "Gail, some dreams are good. They take you into life and give you something to plan for and work for. They're based on reality. They give you direction. But there are other kinds of dreams that take you away from life and isolate you from people. It's no good to cling to that kind."

"You don't understand!" and by now I needed terribly that he be made to understand. "When you've spent every day—part of every day—here, as I have; when you've played here and worked here, as I have; when all your little secret thoughts have been shared with this house—it becomes a part of you. If I go away I'm leaving too much of me behind. I'd be lost. It would be like trying to grow a new body and a new soul—"

"IF it means that much to you, Gail," he said, carelessly, "it could probably be arranged for you to stay. If you want to."

I was breathless waiting for his next words. Hope was a sharp pain in me, choking me.

"I'm selling this house," he went on. "The woman who's buying it is planning to turn it into apartments or rooms for ex-servicemen and their families. She'll probably welcome a housekeeper or an assistant who knows the place as well as you do. You'd be a big help to her. If you want, I'll suggest it—or, better yet, I'll make it one of the conditions of sale."

It was so wonderful I could hardly believe. I closed my eyes against the dizziness.

"Here—" his voice was husky with concern—"don't take it so hard. I didn't realize it meant that much—" and his hands closed over my shoulders, holding me against the faintness that had come with reprieve.

"You *are* a funny kid," unknowingly repeating my sister's words. "Breaking your heart over a big old house like this. But if that's what you want, Gail—to stay here—then stay here you shall."

I opened my eyes and looked at him.

"*If* I want!" I whispered. "Oh, Don, if you only knew what that means to me. To know I'll see tulip trees budding every spring and the pink and white dogwood—and I wanted to transplant the hollyhocks and the brown-eyed Susans this year—there'll be smoke curling up from the chimneys again and I'll polish the door knocker! —Oh, Don, do you really mean it?"

He didn't answer.

That odd, still moment was between us again. The sloping eaves of the nursery brought the ceiling slanting down until it almost touched Don's head, outlined as it was against the beams of the dormer window. I had seen this man for the first time an hour ago—and yet I felt I had known the shape of his head, the feel of his hands on my shoulders, the strength and sureness of him all my life.

I was facing the window and I knew his eyes were searching my face in the dusk.

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Slowly his fingers tightened. My heart was beginning to beat to a queer, lurching tempo. There was just that sudden awareness that he would kiss me—a little second to wonder at the uprush of gladness within me and the contrasting panic in my heart—and then I was in his arms.

The first feeling as his lips touched mine was—*but we're strangers!* It was in Don, too. I'm sure . . . because of the awkward hesitancy of his touch and the little pause as he held me, motionless.

And then it was as if that awareness catapulted us into the blinding knowledge that we weren't—we couldn't be—strangers. He drew me tight into his arms and I let him, gladly.

Certainly, I wouldn't have gone into a stranger's arms under any other circumstances. But this night was special—set apart, somehow, from any other night of my life. There was the moonlight. There was this unreal meeting. There was the old house, and my love for it. And there was a particular magic that was coursing through my veins.

I DIDN'T fall in love with Don. I couldn't have fallen in love with him like that—with a stranger, there in the dark. But love has strange beginnings, and I know now that that kiss of ours was the beginning, the seed, of love.

"Gail—" His voice was very soft. "Gail, is this what you meant, perhaps, by your happiness being tied up in this house? Were you—are you—waiting for someone? Maybe even someone like me?"

I pulled away from him a little. "I don't know. I don't know. I'm so—so confused, and frightened and happy, all at once."

He put his arm around me, very lightly, across my shoulders. "Let's play a game," he said, suddenly. "Let's make-believe—make-believe that I'm in love with you, and you with me. We can't be sure—we *can't* be! Not this soon. But let's make-believe we are. And then, perhaps, our game will turn real—and if it doesn't, well, it will have been nice to have had our make-believe. It's funny, Gail—it can't be true, but I feel as sure right now, as I've ever been sure of anything in my life, that I love you, that I want to marry you."

"I—I feel that way, too," I told him. "I love you. I—I'd like to be your wife. It's crazy, and foolish—but that's the way I feel. And if it's make-believe, then I love it! I'm sure, too. Maybe it's only for a little bit. Maybe when we get to know each other better we won't feel this way at all. But—let's play the game. Let's make-believe. Because, right now, I'm *so* sure!"

I leaned against his shoulder in the dark, and felt as if I had come home, somehow. "Anna always laughs at me because whenever I do anything it's because inside of me I *know* I'm right," I told him. "If I let other people talk me out of it, then I'm always sorry. It always turns out wrong. What if she had persuaded me to leave this house!"

I knew he was smiling at me in the dark. "Well, if you've got second sight, then it's lucky for me. Otherwise you might not have been here and I might not have met you. You waited for me. I wish there was something I could do to say 'thank you' to your Good Fairy in this house, before we leave it."

For a minute I didn't believe I had heard him correctly.



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He had pulled himself a little bit away from me. "Hold on, Gail. My plans aren't changed—"

"But they must." My heart was aching in its insistence. "Don't think I'm being silly. I'm not indulging in a whim. It can't be just coincidence that all these things have happened. If we leave here, Don, something will go out of our love. It won't be the same."

GENTLY he tipped my chin up with his finger. "Remember what I told you about some dreams being good and others not? Some make you stronger. But when there's fear and too much scared imagination, then they weaken you. I'm a mechanic, Gail. I have a chance to buy a partnership in a garage. That's my work and that's *my* dream. My wife will have to share that with me."

I couldn't move him. The strength I had noticed in him when I first saw him, was forceful and determined in his otherwise gentle words.

"I belong here, Don." It seemed so hopeless. "I can't leave here. It's not right." I could only repeat.

I knew whatever I would say just then would be the wrong thing. We'd been right about our playing—it *was* only make-believe, the feeling we had for each other. He didn't try to stop me when I ran down the stairs and out the house. He didn't try to follow me to the cottage. The magic had flown.

But I saw him the next morning. I was picking strawberries out in our little patch.

"Hello, Gail." I hadn't known he was there until he spoke.

"Hello."

Kneeling like that, I didn't have to look into his eyes. He couldn't see my swollen, tear-stained face. He couldn't see the embarrassment and confusion. *Had last night really happened? Was it true that I had kissed this man and thought I loved him in that blinding moment—and then cried myself to sleep in the night?*

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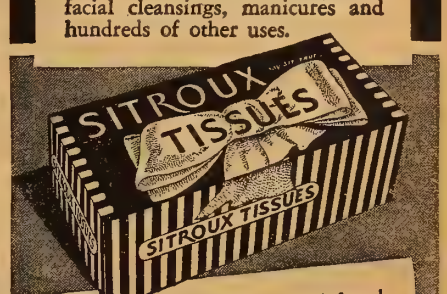
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you to stay on here if she wants to buy the house. That is, if you still want—"

"Anna left this morning. I made her go on to New York without me." That was my answer and he knew it.

This time I looked at him, trying to make my face hard and indifferent, because I had made a decision and was telling him so.

"Poor little face—" gently he touched my cheeks reddened with crying—"poor little Gail. Are you sure that's what you want? Because I won't be coming back. I won't try competing with a house, with an illusion; I wouldn't want to share you."

"I thought I could make *you* understand—" tears were in my eyes and I could hardly see his face. It wasn't as handsome as I had thought last night, but it was somehow all the more wonderful to me. A little scar over his eyes I hadn't seen—the way his eyebrows grew too thick for symmetry—the Indian-brown of his face and the straight slash of his jaw—somehow all these resolved my love into reality. This was Don and not the Romantic Stranger.

And then he was gone. But before he left he stooped and kissed me lightly, tenderly—the feel of his lips mingling with the sweet, ripe taste of the strawberries I had eaten and smeared on my mouth.

LAST night when I had left Don everything that had happened that evening seemed fantastic. I was too bewildered—too miserable and confused—to think. And in the morning I could only remember two things: that a man had kissed me and made me love him, but he had also promised I could stay on at the Sissely house.

There was no way of bringing the two memories together. I could not have one, unless I gave up the other. And the new emotion could not supplant the old. I couldn't leave this place.

But now I had seen Don again, in the full force of daylight, and my feeling for him had crystallized into reality. If only he had made my decision for me! If only he had taken me with him by force, because I felt that was the only way I could leave here. I had no inner strength to cut myself loose—my only strength came from my attachment to this land and this house and my dreams and my life here with Dad.

I tried hard and honestly to visualize myself in Anna's apartment. There was a pot of ivy on her low modernistic bookcase and that would be the only growing thing I would see from the time I woke up in the morning until I came back to the apartment at night, except for a peep in a florist's window. Or Central Park on Sundays. There would be no springy turf to walk over in comfortable sandals—there would be only hard pavements and me clicking over them in the tightest of high-heeled slippers.

Don would come calling for me—but there my imagination stopped short. I could not see Don and me in any other setting than this. I could not believe that we would recapture the rapture of the feeling we had known last night. Going to movies, seeing synthetic love on the screen, looking at apartments for when we would be married—apartments that would be replicas of my sister's.

As always, when I thought of her three tiny rooms I had the feeling of suffocation. I had spent weekends with her and I remembered well that feeling

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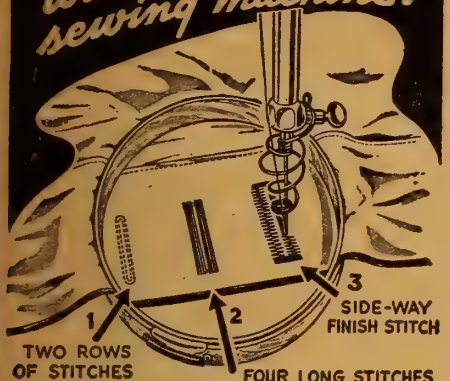
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of not being able to breathe; the walls closing in on me; the lack of privacy; the next door neighbor's radio and quarrels coming through the thin walls; the delicatessen food.

Not that any of this went through my mind in orderly fashion. The new and wonderful love I had for Don was a spreading pool of pain through my body and I could only *feel* the impossibility of compromise. I couldn't examine it carefully.

This little caretaker's cottage was mine. Mrs. Sissely had given it to Dad and he had willed it to me. I could stay here and as long as I could work in the big house, I could still pretend it was mine.

As housekeeper there I could do that. I could come and go as I pleased in there. I could see to the linens and to keeping the house spick and span. I would watch it come alive again with young people, young servicemen and their wives moving in, the rooms ringing with their talk and their laughter. I could be a part of that life.

STRAWBERRIES brimmed the bowl and I carried it into the kitchen. They should be stemmed and made into jam that very morning, if they weren't to spoil, but I couldn't force myself to do it. I felt aimless . . . drifting. I couldn't put my mind to any little task—not with such bewildering problems facing.

The strawberries could wait. Irresistibly my feet led me back to the Sissely house—only now it was the "Lawrence" house.

I turned the key in the lock. It stuck. That had never happened before and I was strangely irritated by its obstinacy before I finally made it turn.

As I stepped into the hall I looked about me with practical eyes. I was going to be housekeeper here and there were a million details to be arranged before the house would be ready for occupancy. The chimneys would have to be cleaned, I realized, and new wallpaper put in the hall. The stuffing was coming out of one living-room chair. *Electric-light bulbs,* I jotted down mentally. *Candles. New kitchen curtains. Call Mr. Purley at the village grocery store and settle on delivery days. The plumber, the butcher, telephone——*

Oh, I was going to be busy! Too busy to even think about Don Lawrence and the slow, determined way he walked, the laughter at the back of his voice, the clear, frank passion in his voice when he had said he loved me.

With a dazed start, I found I had walked unseeing up the stairs to the first landing, above the hall fireplace—without realizing what I was doing.

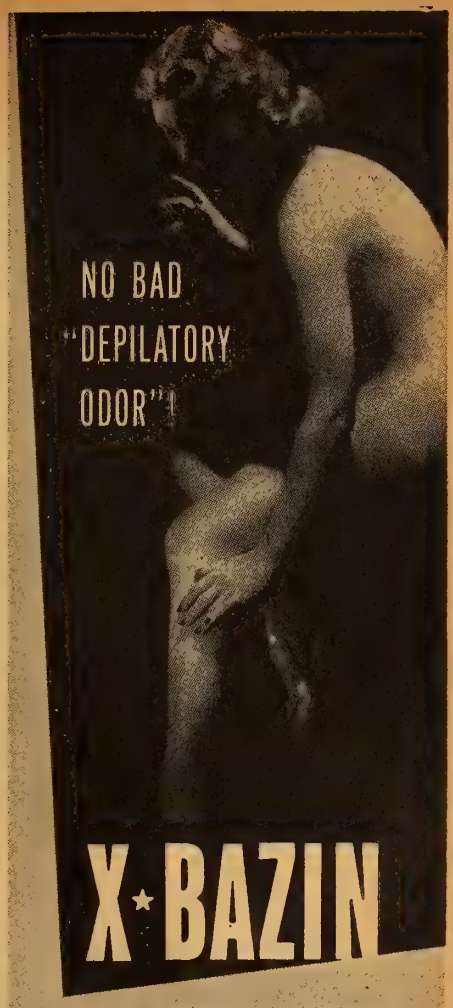
And right on the heels of that came another shock.

Something was missing. For the first time I had walked into this house—and nothing had happened to me. No quick easing of the heart—no sensation of coming home—no lift of adventure—no quickening of affection. Where had it gone? Was it because I had stepped into the new role of housekeeper, concentrating on work-a-day details? But that wasn't it—that didn't account for the queer, brooding unfriendliness I felt like a curtain around me.

Panic assailed me, as if I had lost something unbearably precious to me.

I slid my hand along the bannister. *It needs a good coat of varnish,* one part of my mind noted—but the other part clamored against the cold impersonality of my touch on the wood.

The whole house seemed different. Cold. Withdrawn. I walked a few



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steps upward, trying to banish this sensation.

It was no good. Something had gone out of the house. Or out of me.

And now I was afraid and I knew I had to escape from here. Foolishly, quickly, almost terror-stricken, I turned and ran down the stairs. I had been up and down these same stairs nearly every day of my life, yet now I fumbled—unsure of myself. And in my headlong flight, I fell.

I fell hard and caught myself from pitching down the entire length only by catching at the railing. As it was I came down with all my weight on one foot and just before I lost consciousness, I felt the ankle bone snap.

When I came to pain was all around me. Agony came in shooting stars from my twisted foot. I couldn't move because motion was the signal for another wave of pain from that broken bone.

"Don—!" I was crying—absurdly—because of course he couldn't hear me. He was on the train to New York. There was no one here in this house to help me.

IT was odd, but it was as if there were three of me. One Gail who was lying there on the steps—all body—all one piece of racking, constant pain. There was another—a Voice—that called over and over again for Don, crying his name. And there was still another Gail who was detached from the other two and apart from them, floating away,—the part of me who looked at what had happened and thought about it and analyzed.

Don and I. We had fallen in love. I had turned my back on that love. And now I was remembering the things he had said.

He had certainly been right about one thing. He had said my dreams were the kind that isolated me, and certainly no one could have been more alone and helpless than I was then. Strangely enough, I wasn't frightened. It was a serious situation—I might lie there for days before anyone might find me, but I was too busy—in between the bouts of pain which every now and then took me completely in their grip—with thoughts of Don.

I needed him so. I wanted him desperately to be with me and take me with him and never let me go. Not just for this moment, because I was in danger, but forever.

He had said: ". . . I think we've *got* to leave this house. . . ." And he was right. I had known what he meant then, but I wouldn't acknowledge it. I was afraid to test the strength of this new love. My feeling for the house had been a natural, simple affection but it had become so tangled up in my dreams it had become the soft, unhealthy pull of extreme loneliness. It would be necessary to strip myself clear of these ties, before I was ready for new ones, as Don implied.

Now the pain became so intense I was doubled up with it. But it subsided a little and my mind went relentlessly on.

What difference could it make that I would be living in a cramped apartment; in a noisy city? I would be living! I would be with Don and wherever we were there would be beauty and grace and laughter and joy—because there would be love. I had outgrown my shell. That was why the house seemed so different today—it was I who had changed.

I was crying now and calling Don's

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name in my frenzy. There was no sense in it, but it didn't matter. The pain was making me a little light-headed and Don's name was the only steady thing in the universe.

But I wasn't delirious. For a moment I thought I was—

Because strong arms had gone around me and lifted me up. I hadn't seen him come in—

"Don—?" Then the terrible torture of moving my foot blotted out everything else.

When I awakened I was home and lying on the couch. Dr. Fentree was there, bending over me, and opposite—in our old wing-back chair—was Don. Then I hadn't dreamed it! He had come.

"There. How's that—feel better now?" Dr. Fentree lightly touched my bandaged foot and drew the blanket up around me. "You've got a pretty bad ankle there, young lady. It's a clean break, but you'll be staying off it for some time. I'll send someone up here to look after you until you're better."

I tried to thank him.

"DON'T thank me—thank this young man here. He called me just in time—I was just leaving for the hospital. Goodbye, Mr. Lawrence. It was a lucky thing you happened to be around."

"Goodbye, sir. Luck isn't the word for it. I'll stay here with Miss Hamilton until the nurse comes."

The doctor nodded his approval and left.

I looked up at Don and what I wanted to say must have been there to read in my eyes, because he came and bent over me.

"Gail—"

"How did you find me? I thought you had gone back to New York."

His face seemed leaner and there were smudges of fatigue under his eyes. "I almost did. I tried to go—at least I thought I was trying. But when I missed one train, and then another, and then another—*me,* who never misses trains or loses track of the time—I knew I couldn't leave. You were still here, Gail, and that was unfinished business. And—besides—that darn house was haunting me."

"And you came to the house and found me."

"No. I went to the cottage. I swore I wouldn't set foot in that house again. But I heard you calling my name and I searched until I found you."

"It was so different today, Don. The house was so empty and cold—I was frightened in it."

He smiled down at me and touched his hand to my cheek. "It wasn't empty, darling. You were. Just as I was at the railway station. When two people fall in love they aren't ever complete again without each other. The house was just the same, but your dreams had changed. That is—" and he grinned—"I hope they have."

Happiness was a sweet and powerful surge, completely obliterating the drugged pain of my foot. The hypodermic Dr. Fentree had given me was making me drowsy. "I have, Don. Honestly. I thought this was my security and I was afraid to go away."

Faintly, from far away, I heard him whisper and felt his lips on my cheek. . . . "I'll be here when you wake up, Gail. I'll always be here."

And then I drifted off—but not to some unknown place. I knew I was really coming home. There was no more make-believe.

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Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Fresh From the Sea

(*Continued from page 50*)

each hollow with oysters, top with buttered crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Return to oven and bake until crumbs are browned (about 15 minutes).

Oysters in Bread Cases

4 tbls. butter or margarine
⅓ cup flour
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
1 cup milk
⅛ tsp. salt
½ pint oysters, chopped
½ pint oysters, whole
Bread cases

Make white sauce of butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk. Add Worcestershire sauce and chopped oysters and mix well. Turn into bread cases and bake in 450 degree oven until bread is well browned (about 15 minutes). While they are baking, brown the whole oysters under the broiler flame, allowing about 2 minutes for each side. Place broiled oysters over oyster mixture in bread cases and garnish with chopped parsley before serving. To make bread cases, cut day-old bread into 1½ inch slices. Trim off crusts and hollow out center (reserve trimmings for breadcrumbs for future use) to make baking shell. Brush inside and out with melted butter or margarine before filling with oyster mixture.

Oysters Indienne

1 pint oysters
4 tbls. butter
1½ tbls. flour
Milk
Pinch pepper
Pinch salt
¼ tsp. curry powder

Drain oysters and saute lightly in butter until edges begin to curl. Remove oysters and place on warm plate. Add flour to butter in saucepan and cook over low flame, stirring to smooth paste. Add sufficient milk to oyster liquid to make 1 cup, add to flour mixture together with salt, pepper and curry powder and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until sauce is thickened and smooth. Add oysters and heat thoroughly. Serve with boiled rice or noodles.

Oyster Casserole

1 pint oysters
1 package egg noodles
4 tbls. butter
3 tbls. flour
2 cups milk
1 tbls. each minced parsely, pimiento (optional)
3 tbls. grated Italian style cheese

Cook noodles (the broad egg noodles are best for this recipe) according to directions on the package. Blanche under cold running water and set aside. Simmer the oysters in their own liquor until the edges curl slightly. While oysters are simmering, melt butter, stir in flour to make a smooth paste. Season to taste. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until a smooth sauce is formed. Alternate layers of oysters and noodles in a buttered casserole. Stir parsley and pimiento into sauce and pour over the oysters and noodles. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until heated through and browned on top—half to three-quarters of an hour.

You probably will not have any left-over oysters after serving one of these dishes, but if you have, try using left-over fried oysters in bread stuffing for chicken, and also chopped and blended with chopped hard-cooked egg and sweet pickle relish to make sandwich fillings.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 49*)

past and my greatest desire is to in some way become able to give her every thing that will keep her thinking that life can be beautiful under most any circumstances.

L. F.

And here are other letters I consider so universal in appeal that I wanted to share them with you. To the writers of each of these, Radio Mirror has sent a check for fifteen dollars.

The Friendly Road

Dear Papa David:

A cold, hungry night was lowering over the Wyoming plains. My husband and I were shivering figures alongside a lonesome grey highway.

This was a depression year and we were hitch-hiking from California to Minnesota. We had three dimes and a cent when we left the sunny state, and a suitcase and my pet turtle in a jar.

Rides were few and far between, and jobs, hence food, almost non-existent. For the last day and a half we had nothing to eat. Now with another strange night pressing down, our hearts were as empty as our stomachs.

At the sound of a lone car we scarcely glanced up, and then to our amazement it stopped. It proved to be an old one-seater and behind the wheel was an enormous man in a cowboy hat.

He touched it most politely and then in a western-story drawl said, "Howdy, folks."

He asked us where we were bound for and our prospects for the night. He invited us to his two-room cabin a few miles down the highway and a little off the main road. You can be sure we gladly accepted. There was a simplicity and kindness to the giant that I shall never forget.

He cooked us a meal that strained our seams to bursting and served it to us as though we were royalty. A man of a few words, he treated me with a quiet courtesy that was most flattering as I considered my sun-burned visage and travel-stained dungarees.

The comfortable bunk with clean blankets was more wonderful than we imagined a bed could be. It was our first night indoors since California.

The next morning an immense breakfast, and then a ride to the highway in the battered old car. In his cheerful "so-long" we found fresh encouragement and we watched him out of sight, and the long road ahead assumed a friendlier aspect.

Mrs. W. G. S.

Someone In Need

Dear Papa David:

As my life has been too long to write my full story I will start at sixty-four. At this age, I lost my husband and my business. My only child, a son, wanted to marry a widow three years his senior with two girls, three and five years old. I had always worked hard and enjoyed it. My husband's health failed him and he did not earn a dollar in ten years. I organized a business in my home which was beautiful and very fascinating, and brought in a fine income for seven years. I enjoyed every minute of this work but as time wore on my husband grew worse, requiring more of my time, until I had to give up the work completely and care for him until he died.



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When my son married that left me completely out in the world. I could not live with him as he only made a small salary. I used to spend sleepless nights wondering how this would ever end. One night I walked to the window and looked out at the beautiful stars above and below. They were glittering in the dark waters of the river at the back of the house. I thought to myself down there would be an easy way out of all this, but the beautiful stars overhead looked so happy. They seemed to say, "No, no, there is more in life for you." Then as I turned my head there was Jupiter, my birth star, shining in all its glory. Somehow this filled my very soul with hope.

A few days later I heard where I could get a job in an institution in another state. I wrote and within ten days I was on a fine job at $50.00 per month plus board, laundry, room, medical expenses and vacation with pay. I worked there ten years, then retired with a pension to a home I bought during that time. I rented out two apartments and was so happy.

Then the war came. The government requested all surplus rooms to be given to the defense workers at the shipyard in that town. I packed myself up into a porch room and gave up my part of the house, but I found the work too hard for me at seventy-six, so I gave up the whole house to the renters and fled to the mountains to spend life more quietly. I liked it so well I bought a home out here and later sold the one on the coast.

I am eighty now. I enjoy my home and do all my own work and play with the chickens. I have willed all my real estate and savings to the disabled soldiers and it makes life seem beautiful to know after I am gone I can at least help someone in need and make them happy. So good night, Papa David.

M. L. W.

A Fifty-Year-Old Memory

Dear Papa David:

Did you ever ride in a Tally-Ho—a great big yellow Tally-Ho—drawn by six big fine white horses? I did when I was ten years old. It was like this: I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. The biggest department store there at that time sponsored a Tally-Ho ride home for their shoppers one day. My little friend and I saw the Tally-Ho with box car letters on the side: "Free ride in the Tally-Ho for shoppers." We had a nickel each so we walked to the store and bought a five cent handkerchief a piece. We held up the handkerchiefs and went up to the floor walker and said, "We have been shopping and want to ride home in the Tally-Ho."

"All right," he said and carried us back through the store to the office. Everyone we passed was laughing.

When the Tally-Ho arrived we were the only passengers going out just then. Gallantly, we were helped in the Tally-Ho. The driver laughed all the way as he cracked the whip over the horses.

Lillian lived next door and imagine our folks as they saw the Tally-Ho stop and put us out at the gate! It was the greatest thrill of our lives, which I have not forgotten even though half a century has passed.

Miss B. J. O.

A Life Re-created

Dear Papa David:

I live very near an Army hospital, which is one of the largest hospitals in the East for amputations and plastic surgery. When I first started visiting



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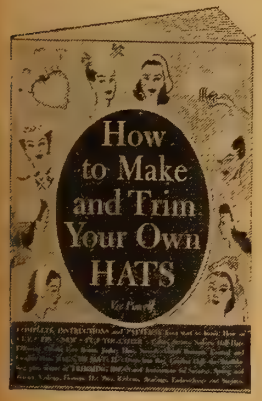
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the hospital I would only go as far as the recreation room—fear, if nothing else, tugged at my heartstrings.

One day when I felt rather blue I wandered over to the record player and started playing "Clair de Lune." I must have been there a good five minutes when suddenly I heard someone say in a heavenly voice—"That song is almost as pretty as you." Knowing that I certainly was no pin-up girl I whirled around to thank the "voice" for such a sweet compliment. I could hardly believe my eyes—there stood a tall sturdy man. It was impossible to even guess his age, but he was a horrible looking character if ever I saw one. One ear was missing, his face was so badly burned that all his features were distorted. He had no eyelashes or eyebrows. And as my eyes left his face they wandered to his hands which weren't even there. It must have been only a moment which truly seemed like hours that I excused myself as properly as possible and made my way to the ladies lounge. I sat down and cried and cried. Then I sat up and gritted my teeth and made up my mind that I was acting very stupid as a USO hostess. I powdered my face and thought, suppose my own brother came home that way?

Again I made my way back to the recreation room and walked directly over to Bill. We talked about things in general and finally he dug out some pictures of himself before the war. He was truly a handsome youth, and my heart ached for him. He was very wary about dancing but after a lot of diplomacy on my part we went into a small ante-room and danced. He put his handless arm around my waist and I put my cheek near his face. We got along famously after that. Neither of us was interested in the other romantically, but I was very pleased with myself knowing that I had helped him.

That same year I was elected May Queen of the USO—not for looks alone but for personality as well which I certainly acquired from Bill. My only problem was who to choose for king opposite me. I weighed the thoughts in my mind—could I ask Bill or would he think I was being sympathetic? He always called me his superior officer. So one day I said, "Bill, are you still under my command?" He bowed and answered without hesitation, "Yes, Your Highness." I knew that it would be easy from there on. The night of the procession things went off wonderfully.

Bill is now discharged; I used to give him a little pep talk every night before an operation. Sometimes he would say, "What's the use—they can't improve this ugly mug." But if people could see him as I've seen him they'd realize just what plastic surgery means. Bill is a different person—mentally as well as physically. He was in love with a very wonderful girl from his home town—I corresponded with her from the time I knew Bill and would give her the low-down on his progress so she would know just what to expect.

Just this week I received a letter from Bill as well as an invitation to his forthcoming marriage. Every bit of goodness in me goes out to them.

Miss M. V. M.

A Courageous Step

Dear Papa David:

My husband operated an appliance and service business in a small northern town. His health was very bad, and the strain kept him continually exhausted and nervous, until finally it looked to



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him that life was a never ending nightmare of noise and hurry. However, we were making a very good living and didn't have the initiative to get into another type of business.

One afternoon I went into a drugstore to select a magazine for him. I casually picked up a mechanic's magazine, but just as the salesgirl reached for my money, something prompted me to change my choice and pick up another of the digest type.

That evening I had to go out for a few hours. When I returned my husband was wearing such an animated expression, and appeared so excited that I immediately knew something had happened. He handed me the magazine saying, "Here, I want you to read this article about farming in the Ozarks." I read it, and we discussed the idea for hours.

A month later we sold our business and our home, and purchased a small farm in a beautiful wooded area of the Ozarks. We left our old home in a blizzard and arrived to find spring weather, with birds singing and lovely jonquils golden with bloom.

We soon acquired a few cows, sheep, and chickens—enough to support our family of four. Now, instead of facing a ten hour day of noise, drudgery and nerve-racking business problems, my husband can do all his chores in about three hours daily, and has time to read, rest and enjoy his happy little family.

Mrs. P. H.

Children Are Teachers

Dear Papa David:

When my two children were small my husband took ill with an incurable disease and for the first six months of his illness it took all of our savings, even to our home, to have different tests, operations and treatment.

His illness was such that he could be up and around the house but I had four mouths to feed and I had to do it right at home for he needed constant care. I baked pies, cakes and cookies and made soft drinks that I could sell right at home. Most nights I would have to sit beside my husband's bed until almost daylight before he could fall asleep, he suffered so and my being with him gave him patience and courage to fight his pain.

After eighteen months of this nightmare he died, taking, as I thought, my heart with him. I was only thirty years old at the time and my boy was nine, my baby girl two. It was a hard uphill grind but I managed to give the children a fairly good education. Then I turned to welfare work and found my salvation.

At first it was only a job, but I figured by working in a Children's Home I would have salary and maintenance. The salary was very low but I did have a nice room and good food and I wasn't hindering my children any by being a burden to them. They didn't feel that way about it but I guess I am young for my years and I thought they may have a long time to keep me after I am eighty.

The children in the Home were not orphans but victims of broken homes. I learned to love each child for himself and they, thank God, loved me. It was then I really began to live and feel that life was not a burden but something beautiful that should be cherished.

What really brought me to my senses was one evening when I was in the little girls department. I had had a very trying day, was tired and ill. I had read the children a bedtime story

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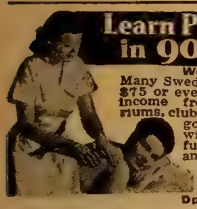
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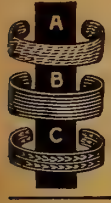


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and when we went to the dormitory I was almost in tears. Not wanting the children to see my weakness I told them to kneel down beside their beds for prayers instead of clustering around my knees as they usually did, and just repeat the Lord's Prayer. I was going to stand in the hall outside their door. As I was standing there with my eyes closed and my head bowed, tears running down my cheeks, I thought I felt a slight movement at my feet. Opening my eyes I was surprised to see that fifteen little girls had crept to my feet and were touching my dress or shoes, any place where they could put their hand, trying to comfort me. Do you think, Papa David, there could ever be any doubt in my mind that life could be beautiful?

When I had to resign on account of illness in my family, the children from all departments met in the big dining room and sang songs to me and presented me with a pair of inexpensive lamps which they purchased with their pennies. These are my most treasured possession.

Mrs. H. M.

Strangers Had Faith

Dear Papa David:

My mom died when I was eleven. I lived with Dad and Harvey until I was thirteen. I was taken to a home for delinquents until I was fifteen. I was put out in a private home to live. I went to school and stayed with that family four months then was sent to another family. There I met my future husband.

The people were old and very cranky. They wouldn't even allow us to talk to each other but we fell in love and ran away to be married with $15.00, all we had in the world. We went to Cincinnati but couldn't be married there. We went to Covington and got our marriage license; we had five cents after getting our license. We were not married and didn't know a soul. Through a chance meeting in the bus station we were sent to a justice of the peace in Covington. He married us, got me a job—house work—and sent us out to meet my employer. She had a wedding supper for us and brought us back to town. The Justice gave us money for a room for the night and food next day. He gave Chester references and money for carfare to hunt work. He was not successful but the Justice never gave us up as most would have. He paid our room rent and helped out on food for three months. When we tried to thank him, he only said, "Do the same for some other young couple next time you get the chance."

All of the constables were swell. One of them and his wife invited us to dinner and took us swimming and for long rides. We have never been able to repay any of their kindness to two homesick kids but God willing we will always try to help make life beautiful for others as these people did for us.

We now have our home, three lovely children and each other and we owe it all to the kind friends in Covington.

Mrs. B. H.

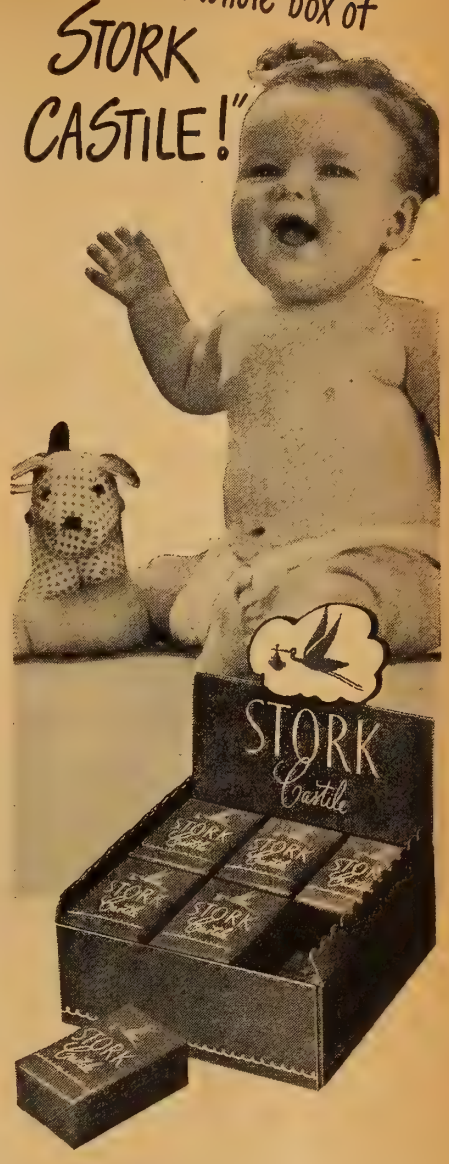
Helping Someone Else

Dear Papa David:

I had never been particularly interested in the drab little woman who came every week to do my cleaning. She was always pleasant and conversational and had told me her only son was in the service in the South Pacific.

One day when she came to clean I

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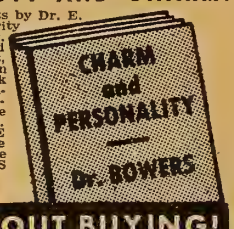
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could see she was excited about something and she told me that her son would be at home for Mother's Day. But the next week when she came, I knew that something was wrong, for her face was pale and drawn. When she started to work I asked, "When do you expect your son to arrive?" She hesitated for a moment. "He won't be coming home for Mother's Day," she said. "I had a letter telling me that his malaria was very bad. He will have to stay in the hospital in San Diego for months. So I won't get to see him." Her voice was brave, she straightened her shoulders and went on working.

After she had finished and left for her home I got to thinking. I had some unexpected money which I had been tempted to use to buy a new bedroom suite which I could easily get along without. So early the next morning I knocked at the door of the shabby apartment where she lived. "I want you to go to San Diego and spend Mother's Day with your son," I said. She as first refused to accept such a favor but I made her see what it meant to me to do a really unselfish thing for the first time in my life. It also taught me that only by helping someone else can life be beautiful.

Mrs. E. C. N.

Life Begins Again

Dear Papa David:

When war was declared on Germany by England I was living with my family in a large seaport city. We were bombed day and night. Our home was wrecked. I lost my job because a bomb hit the store, friends were killed, and finally the young pilot I had been married to for only a few weeks was killed on a bombing mission over Germany. I hated the world, there was no God, I said; I hadn't asked for the war, why should I lose everything I loved? For two years I nursed my grudges. I didn't want any new friends. I wanted to be left alone—if I stayed this way I couldn't lose anything else.

Then it happened. I was returning alone from a show, when a young American boy started to walk beside me and talk to me. I tried to ignore him, but he was so friendly and polite that I soon found myself telling him my name, and inviting him into my home to meet my family.

He became a regular visitor, and my family liked him very much. He was the first person I unburdened myself to, and how lovely it was to receive words of comfort, and to feel those friendly arms around me. Life took on a new meaning. He said he wanted me to come to America to be his wife.

Over two years had to pass before we met again, but the waiting, although filled with worry for his safety, was a happy time. We had our letters and our memories. Such wonderful letters he sent me, full of hope and courage.

I have been in your country six months. We were married three days after my arrival. Luck was with us and we found a little apartment, and furnished it, and one day we hope to have a family and home of our own.

What more could two people want?

G. J. B.

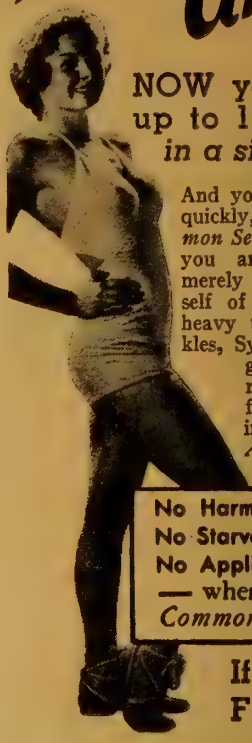
The Edge of Tragedy

Dear Papa David:

This is without a doubt the hardest letter I have ever had to write. Yet, I believe it should be written, for it may serve to set some youngster on the road to straight thinking.

I was an average girl of fifteen who

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came from a normal and happy home. Like too many people, however, material things meant much more to me than they should have.

My parents, at that time, were not doing too well. The things I thought so essential had to be denied me. After attending a school football game, a girl friend and I went through some stores to pass what was left of the afternoon. It suddenly occurred to us, that to have these things without paying for them would be a simple matter.

We shoplifted such items as stockings, kerchiefs and even went so far as to stuff a jumper apiece in a bag we were carrying. We had a considerable amount of goods when we were picked up outside a store by a detective.

We were sent to a detention home. The matron talked to each of us and we were not told what was to be done with us. Two days went by in slow agony. My mind was dazed and I was ashamed and humiliated by what I had done. Still there was no word of any kind, about our parents or our judgments. We were both trembling with fear and regret for what we had done.

When the lights went out in our small room, I fell to my knees on the floor beside my bed; and asked God's mercy and forgiveness for what I had done. I don't know how long I prayed, but into my heart came a lovely peace that I had never felt before, and I fell into a peaceful and blessed slumber.

I dreamed that I was home again; happy and contented. When I awoke I knew that the dream had been God's answers to my prayers. I knew that somehow, for some reason, I would be given another chance.

In a few hours I was asked into the matron's office. My parents sat there. Mother had been crying. Again, I felt such humiliation for what I had done that I could not speak, only hang my head. They talked about what I had done. I scarcely heard a word.

At last I was asked to tell them all, if it was worth the risk to let me go free again. For, the matron told me, if I ever repeated such an act and was caught it would be necessary to put me in a home permanently. I don't remember what my reply was, but they were convinced that I had learned my lesson. Since it had been my first offense, the matron was lenient. The girl who was with me was allowed to go free also.

I was never so happy to leave a place in my life as I was that home.

My own home seemed like heaven to me. It has never stopped symbolizing real happiness. Mother and dad were wonderful. Never a word of reproach for what I had done, and never a sign to show how greatly they had been hurt. It was then that I realized that happiness depends so much on loving and being loved. My values had been all wrong. My parents had shown me by their forgiving attitude that they had not neglected to give me anything that was really needed for happiness. Love, generosity and tolerance are all that can give it. The others are of no lasting value. They only deceive the very young.

My life now is complete. I am twenty-four years old and have a wonderful husband and two adorable little girls. My life would not be what it is, if justice had not snapped me into line. I hope that I can teach my children to be honest and forthright in all they say and do.

If this experience can help me do it, I am glad it happened.

B. C.

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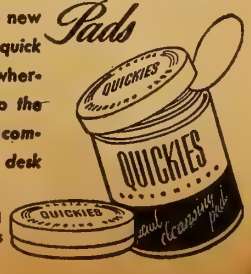
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QUICKIES Facial Cleansing Pads



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Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 4*)

retrenchment. Guy Lombardo, Dinah Shore, Fred Waring, Phil Spitalny are but a few unattached and there's a possibility others like Hildegarde will not be renewed. One of the more fortunate is Ginny Simms. She was repacted by her sponsor before the summer.

* * *

Disturbing rumors are circulating about the famed Lombardo clan with some whispering of an imminent breakup. Trouble was evidently caused by the alleged inequities of the profits, Leader Guy and brother Carmen have enjoyed more of the spotlight than brothers Victor and Leibert. Even sister Rose Marie has gotten more public acclaim than the last named brothers. Royal Canadian well wishers hope that the gossip is untrue.

* * *

One of the most popular American bands abroad is the one headed by Sam Donahue. While Sam was in England last year with his U. S. Navy jazzists, they did more than 200 B.B.C. broadcasts and rolled up plenty of fan mail. Donahue can be heard here over the ABC network.

* * *

Latest trick of the modern day swooner is to revive popular songs first introduced by the daddy of swooners, the late Russ Columbo. Most of the bobby sock baritones clicked with "Prisoner of Love." Now you'll be hearing them croon another Columbo click, "You Call It Madness."

* * *

Count Basie is celebrating his 10th anniversary as a bandleader. Benny Goodman discovered the dusky pianist a decade ago in the Reno Club, a Kansas City honky tonk. Since that time Basie has made remarkable progress. A month ago he and his band received $12,500 a week at the New York Roxy theater.

* * *

Famous singers and bandleaders who lend their names (at a profit) to west coast gambling casinos and resorts are making serious mistakes. One of our more famous swooners almost succumbed to this easy money but his radio sponsor clamped down. For any of them to do this would nullify all the good work done by many of them in the field of juvenile delinquency.

* * *

The most important new Fall show in our book will be the new Phil Harris-Alice Faye show scheduled for NBC. But Phil will need a bicycle to get from the Jack Benny show to his own. They follow each other.

* * *

There are now 300-odd recording companies with every singing Johnny-Come-Lately signing a disc contract.

* * *

Johnny Desmond will appear in the new movie based on the life of Glenn Miller. It will be called "In The Mood."

* * *

Perry Como having plenty of huddles with his sponsor to determine his radio plans for 1947. It is understood that Perry wants to broadcast permanently from Hollywood and on a half-hourly once-a-week basis.

* * *

Efforts to build a weekly radio show starring Bing Crosby's kids failed when the Groaner said no to all invites.

* * *

Radio orchestra leaders who double as movie studio maestros have to decide which work they prefer. The film moguls insist they cannot do both.

* * *

Victor records are grooming blonde, pretty Betty Rhodes as their disc threat to competitor Columbia's Dinah Shore. The attractive Californian is getting a very heavy promotion campaign.

* * *

One great singing personality who has contempt for radio and pictures is Ethel Merman. The veteran Broadway star is the toast of the town in the smash musical hit "Annie Get Your Gun" and frankly doesn't care if she never sees a mike or a camera.

* * *

Blond, six-feet-tall Charles Trenet made singing history at New York's Embassy Club. This engaging Parisian is spearheading a French invasion that includes singer Roger Dannes, whose singing is beginning to attract notice, and a possible visit by the incomparable Chevalier later this year.

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden's Favorites for the month:

EDDY HOWARD (Majestic) The smooth-voiced Chicagoan has a juke box winner in "She's Funny That Way" and "Rickety Rickshaw Man."

ALVINO REY (Capitol) "Sepulveda" is a Los Angeles artery and here's a fast paced musical tribute to it. "Bumble Boogie" is on the reverse.

FRANKIE CARLE (Columbia) Piano magic applied to "One More Tomorrow" and "I'm Gonna Make Believe." A pleasant platter.

VAUGHN MONROE (Victor) The he-man of the jukes spins two new tunes, "It's My Lazy Day" and "Who Told You That Lie," the last partly penned by Eddie Cantor.

GINNY SIMMS (ARA) Richly interprets Irving Berlin's latest "They Say It's Wonderful" and "What Could Be Sweeter."

MIGUELITO VALDES (Musicraft) It's Latin American with an authentic way. Rumba addicts will like "Babalu" and "Rumba Rhapsody."

KAY KYSER (Columbia) Takes a ride on "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time." The former tune is also splendidly chirped by the Sisters Dinning (Capitol.)

BETTY RHODES (Victor) Here's a blonde who sings as well as she looks. Listen to her make music with "What Has She Got" and "I'd Be Lost Without You."

WOODY HERMAN (Columbia) One of the top bands mixes sweet and swing with "Surrender," a torchy ballad, and the torrid "Good Earth."

PEGGY LEE (Capitol) The soothing, infectious stylist gets another platter winner with "Baby, You Can Count On Me" and "Linger In My Arms."

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featured in "The Last Crooked Mile"
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RADIO MIRROR

October
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PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL

Marilyn Maxwell

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"THE SHOW-OFF"

ORIGINATED BY Max Factor • Hollywood

"Sister...what that pumpkin could teach you!"



GIRL: Okay, Cupid. What could the pumpkin teach me? How to be a pie?

CUPID: How to be a Mantrap, my dateless darling. To smile. Don't you know what even the plainest girl can do if she's got a sparkling smile?

GIRL: Sure. *If* she's got a sparkling smile. But what happens to me, when I brush my teeth, is a smile full of *no* smile.

CUPID: And "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: So?

CUPID: Listen, my airy friend, that "pink" happens to be an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* Let him decide whether it's serious or whether it's simply a case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may very well recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Ipana. Massage. Dentist. So what's about the smile you were talking about?

CUPID: *Precisely* why I am here. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Let your dentist decide whether you need this famous dental routine—gentle massage with Ipana after you brush your teeth. Check on it, Cinderella... and start on a smile that'll have you "man-haunting" come Hallowe'en!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

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OCTOBER, 1946

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 26, NO. 5

Coming Next Month



Thanksgiving's coming, and with it a special holiday story. Built around CBS's Big Sister, it's as warm and inspiring as the season out of which it grows.

* * *

Notice the new kind of story on page 44 of this issue—the picture adaptation of a Front Page Farrell mystery? Next month we're doing the same thing with an exciting story from the files of the CBS network's Crime Doctor—a series of on-the-spot photographs to take you swiftly from the beginning of one of his fascinating tangles to its triumphant conclusion.

* * *

And in Living Portraits, NBC's Right to Happiness: Carolyn Kramer, in brilliant full color, and pages that open the door into her family life.

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ON THE COVER—Janet Waldo, radio actress. Color portrait by John Engstead; story on page 3. Picture story on Front Page Farrell was photographed at Primrose House, New York City.

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Frances Maly, Associate Art Director

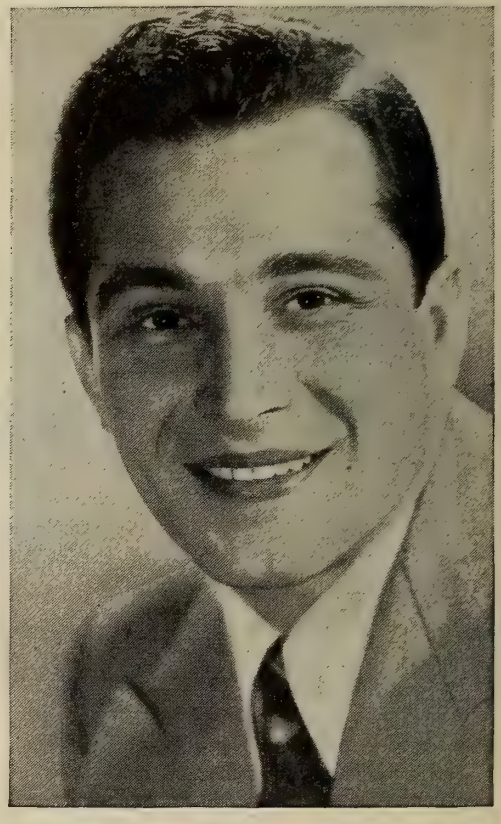
"What's cookin' at your house?" queries **PERRY COMO**

Star of NBC's Famous "Supper Club"



"Whatever's on your dinner menu, I bet it isn't grass soup, raw tree bark, or bread that's made with sawdust. That's what plenty of our friends around the world have had to call food these past few years.

"Lucky us! We don't have to starve ourselves to send food a-plenty to Europe and Asia. We can just eat a little less, waste a little less, grow a little more. And we'll enjoy what we do eat all the more, knowing our small 'sacrifice' has been the bread of life itself for some fellow human being."





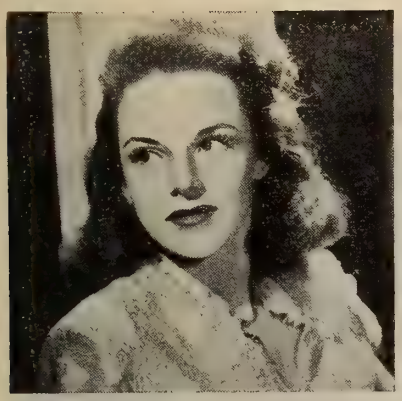
Fleer's is more and more the favorite gum of young Americans. Try it and you'll see why there's a trend to candy coated gum. Such refreshing freshness. Delicious peppermint flavor. Twelve snowy fleerlets in a handy package. Enjoy Fleer's today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

COVER GIRL



By ELEANOR HARRIS

WANT to meet the dizzy, daffy and delightful Corliss Archer of CBS' Meet Corliss Archer? Well, step up and meet her—but first erase two of those adjectives. For Corliss Archer in real life is Miss Janet Waldo; and Janet Waldo is only delightful. She's five feet three and 110 pounds, with lovely brown eyes and chestnut brown hair. All of this beauty is usually encased in bright peasant clothes or in dressmaker suits—and she has one foible by which you could place her anywhere: she never removes her grandmother's diamond engagement ring from her right hand. "It's my good luck piece," she explains.

Janet lives in a house much like the one imaginary Corliss herself lives in —a big, rangy, two-story house in Los Angeles. Under the same shingles live her mother, who was a coloratura soprano before she married, and her father, who is a retired railroad executive. Also present is her sister Elizabeth, a concert violinist—once she was a member of Leopold Stokowski's All-American Youth Orchestra; now whenever the Waldo family wants to see her of an evening, they get seats for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

Originally Janet and her talented family hailed from Grandview, Washington. There Janet was born on a fruit farm, and had a pet sheep, which ran with the dogs squawking "Baa" whenever they barked. She learned to swim (beautifully) in an irrigation ditch, learned to love mountain trails, snowstorms, and howling winds. "Some day," she says, "I'll write a book about my childhood."

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(Member of Macfadden Women's Group)

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Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

CUTE COSTUME, slave girl. And you go so well inside it.

But what good is your masquerade if underarm odor gives you away? Don't ever take chances with your charm. Put your trust in Mum.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing away *past* perspiration. But to *stay* sweet and nice to be near . . . to guard against the risk of *future* underarm odor . . . play safe—use Mum!

Mum

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

R M



Allen, Benny and Rochester, no musicians, sit in with the King Cole Trio and Maurice Rocco, good ones.

Jon Gart, MBS conductor, rehearses before a responsive audience.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



Frank Jr. and Nancy get early music training from Dad Sinatra, who's heard Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

ON GART

IF YOU'VE dialed The Carrington Playhouse, Saturday Night Revue and a flock of other Mutual network shows, the name of Jon Gart should be a familiar one. He is one of radio's busiest men of music despite the fact that he got into radio by accident.

Jon came over to this country from Poland with his father, who was scheduled for a concert tour. The elder Gart, a fine baritone, was determined to conquer America. Although his son had been studying at the Imperial Conservatory in Kiev he was still far from being a polished Polish pianist. Accompanying his famous father was strictly a happy holiday.

New York's traffic changed this. The third day in Gotham, Gart's father was struck down by a cab. Although he was not seriously injured, the tour had to be postponed. Jon had to get a job and he did, as pit maestro for the Loew theater chain. This was still the era of silent films and the young foreigner provided musical accompaniment for the muted screen stars.

After one year of this work, Gart was persuaded to try this new-fangled radio. He joined a now-forgotten radio station, WFBH. Gart still remembers those pioneer days vividly.

"We had only one room and no way of setting up. We had to do it while the show was on. Musically, those early programs must have been ridiculous. We tiptoed in while a singer or lecturer was on the air, put our instruments anywhere we could so long as we were quiet, and then took the air just like that. If our music was too loud or too low, an announcer came up to me while I was conducting, pecked at my sleeve, mouthed a stage whisper. Can you imagine that informality today?"

Don't tell Gart about outraged critical reaction when some venerated classic is jazzed up. He thinks he may have started it back in the crystal set era when he syncopated such choice items as "By The Waters of Minnetonka," and the love duet from "Samson."

In addition to his Mutual chores, Jon has contributed many a musical backdrop to Superman, Big Town, Ellery Queen, and the CBS Workshop series. He envies Hollywood musicians.

"An average picture runs some two hours. The scenarist can lead up to a tense scene for fifteen or twenty minutes and finally give the musicians their chance to heighten the tension or enhance the drama. A radio show takes thirty minutes. The musician has to get in his blows in ten or fifteen seconds. It's a tough job."

Jon likes to recall the days when he conducted a dance band in an obscure night club. There was a vocalist there who wanted none of the corny arrangements which girl singers of the day seemed to favor. She was independent and knew what she wanted.

"I've never forgotten that girl. Her name was and is Dinah Shore."

A modest, retiring person, Gart shies away from comedy shows. He's timid about reading lines with jokesters and still remembers a harrowing experience from his vaudeville days. The great pantomimist, Jimmy Savo, used to get a laugh by reaching down in the orchestra pit and snatching off leader Gart's tie. At one performance this failed to get a laugh. So the buffoon decided to work on the embarrassed musician's shirt, coat and pants. Midway through this early strip (*Continued on page 74*)

"Oh, she's a Blonde and can get away with it!"



MAYBE a blonde *can* get away with it for a little while . . . but a brunette—never! Those telltale flakes and scales show up all too plainly and people begin whispering "infectious dandruff" and draw away.

Look Out, Lady!

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff—flakes, scales, or itching—better start at once with the delightful treatment that has helped so many . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Make it a part of your regular hair washing routine.

Remember, infectious dandruff is nothing to fool with . . . and women as well as men can contract it.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Early and regular Listerine Antiseptic treatment may often head off the infection or relieve its severity. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic gives the scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. Right away it kills millions of "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale), the ugly little germ that many a noted dermatologist looks upon as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It's Easy . . . It's Delightful

There's no mess, no bother, no smell, no grease about the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's easy . . . it's delightful . . . and you simply have no idea how fresh, clean and exhilarated it makes your scalp feel. You will be delighted also, to see how quickly embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your regular shampoo. It pays.

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

The TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC — *Quick!*



Anne Shepherd, who acts in many a radio drama (MBS' Bulldog Drummond among them) starts with a lovely skin, does a make-up job that's precise, subtle—and lasting.

It's an Art—

IF your make-up assembly-line includes a powder foundation, lipsticks, powder, mascara, rouge, eyebrow and possibly an eyebrow pencil—all in shades that suit you to a "T" and if you use them consistently, adeptly, don't read further. The following is a short-short on make-up for the Timid and the Uninitiated. Or it's a refresher for any girl who hasn't had a pep-talk on make-up in the last six months.

The right make-up can make a new you of you. But it's doomed to semi-effectiveness unless you start with skin that's clean . . . free of old make-up. Every girl to her own method—soap and water and/or cream. If, till now, you've harbored any old-hat inhibitions about powder foundation, get rid of them now. Whether you use the cake type or a creamy liquid base, your skin takes on a clear, smooth glowing evenness that makes you look rested, happy, lovely. Foundation helps hide circles under eyes, blends in freckles if you don't happen to like them, gives a glow to sallow or muddy skin, tones down minor blemishes. Use only a shade that matches your skin or is a trifle darker.

The same is true in your choice of face powder. Too light a shade gives a ghostly, unnatural effect that is most unflattering. Dust powder onto the skin, don't scrub it in, squint, or push your face around when applying. Powder puffs should be kept clean, obviously. Sanitary reasons. But that's not all. A clean new puff powders better.

Most girls look fresher, sweeter if they wear a little rouge, but remember—a little. Where Nature puts the pink, so should you, unless your face needs make-up modeling. Applied in a soft triangle, rouge for the thin face should be blended toward the outer curve of the cheek but toward the *inner* curve for the face that's chubby.

Lucky you if you have nice ample eyebrows. They're a modern sign of beauty, so pluck only wayward hairs.

Eyeshadow is a party thing and on big occasions or small should be used sparingly and blended. For most girls eye-cream, lanolin, or vaseline spread lightly over the lids is enough—is all that's needed.

Unless your eyes are framed with dark lashes as long as daisy petals, you probably need mascara, for everyone's eyelashes are paler at the tips. Blondes and most redheads need mascara particularly, for light eyes can look lifeless without emphasis and the framing job that dark lashes give. Hoist your eyelid with one finger if you want to sweep mascara on the full length of your lashes. This helps you avoid, too, poking yourself in the eye with the brush. An only slightly dampened brush conveys more color but please don't try for beadwork on your lashes like an old-time vamp. Another taboo is wearing mascara on your lower lashes. It diminishes the size of your eyes amazingly. Like your hairline, and your eyebrows, the lower lashes should be brushed free of powder but that's all.

You'll never have a prettier mouth than when you apply your base coat of lipstick with a tiny fine brush. It's a make-up trick to master if you want your mouth to "stay put" and keep its firm outline in spite of hot coffee and "chicken in the rough." It may cost a dollar but a lipstick brush is an economy.

Spread your lips firmly over your teeth and start with the brush at the center of your upper lip. Do the outline, then fill. The first layer of lipstick should be dusted lightly with powder and blotted. Repeat the whole thing; your lovely mouth should last for hours and hours.

As time goes by, lips lose their roundness. When that times comes for you, don't imagine for a second that a load of vivid lipstick will make you look younger. Make-up for the older woman should be kept soft, ever so subtle to really look young and pretty. But no matter what your age, keep this in mind. Make-up can be like a perfume that you've worn often for a long time. You can become so accustomed to it that you're not aware that you're wearing any. That's when too many of us make the fatal mistake of using more than we need for a lovely effect.

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

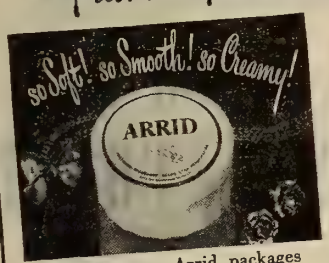
No other Deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION

AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

To protect your precious clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the new, improved Postwar Arrid! Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes. Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards your clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. You'll adore the new, improved Postwar Arrid!



Fashion Forecast for Winter Evenings



All Postwar Arrid packages have a star ★ above the price.

Shoulders completely bare . . . above a bodice which fits like the paper on the wall! The season's most important trend! With this kind of snug-fitting bodice you'll need the utmost protection against underarm perspiration. Use the new, smooth, creamy Arrid. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. *No other deodorant tested* stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. *More effective in stopping perspiration* than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. *Does not harm fabrics.* Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. *Soft, smooth, creamy* . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. *Awarded the Seal of Approval* of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

39¢ plus tax *Also 10¢ and 59¢*

ROMANTIC DRESS, of black silk brocade! Hip bustles, tied underneath, accentuate the tiny waistline and snug-fitting bodice with its graceful neckline. Underarm perspiration can easily ruin this type of dress. Rely on the new, more effective Arrid! Arrid gives utmost protection against perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes!

New Improved Postwar ARRID

SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: *Diana Barrymore • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen • Connee Boswell • Beatrice Lillie • Joan McCracken*

R M

Rita Daigle—
WALTER THORNTON
Pin-Up GIRL
uses Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT
for Beautiful Hair



Overnight

Lovelier Hair for You, too!

YOU don't have to *wait* week after week—try just *one* application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment *tonight*—and tomorrow you'll *see* the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance—the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get *all three* today—Glover's Original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S
with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

Free Trial Size



SEND COUPON for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St. Dept. 5510, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

R M



Latest addition to the husband-and-wife programs is the Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary combination, heard mornings on NBC.



Stuart Erwin and Florence Lake have telephone troubles galore on CBS's Phone Again, Finnegan.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

By DALE BANKS

COMMERCIAL radio is still branching out over the globe. Awhile back, we reported on the efforts being made to set up a commercial radio station in Europe. Now comes word that the first commercial broadcast station has been established in the Bermuda Islands—Station ZBM. ZBM has joined the Mutual network, bringing the number of Mutual stations up to the grand total of 323.

* * *

Television broadcasting is also expanding. The American Broadcasting Company is out in front of the field with, at the moment, five stations in its television line-up, having added station WBKB, in Chicago to its list of outlets. ABC regularly presents television shows over WABD, New York; WPTZ, Philadelphia; WRGB, Schenectady; and by coaxial cable to WTTG, Washington, D. C.

* * *

By the time you read this, veteran radio-ite Louella Parsons will be back on the ABC air at her regular time (9:15 P.M. EST), recovered from her recent illness, ready with first-run news fresh out of Hollywood.

* * *

Here's a note of warning to veterans. Many vets have had a nibble at radio and radio performing in an informal way during their days in the service and many of them have developed a yen to continue in this field. As a result, there has been a great increase in the demand for special training in the various phases of radio. The catch is that, as seems to be usual whenever a new demand arises, many so-called radio schools have sprung up all over the country, making particular appeals to ex-servicemen.

Veterans should check very carefully on the credentials of any schools they intend to attend, before plunking down their enrollment fees. Otherwise, they are liable to be rooked for their money and get little (*Continued on page* 10)

Angel... or Devil?

WHICH WAS SHE?

To the world, she was a charming, charitable woman . . . But to 8 men—her father, husbands, sons, lovers—she was a shameless and passionate she-devil!



HEDY LAMARR in the movie, *The Strange Woman*, a Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok and released through United Artists.

This MILLION-COPY Best-Seller

Yours-FOR A 3¢ STAMP

If You Join "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

THE *Strange Woman*

BEN AMES WILLIAMS' Sensational 700-Page Best-Seller
And Million-Dollar Hunt Stromberg-United Artists Production
Starring the Lovely, Exotic HEDY LAMARR!

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Caruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-like bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years! To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature, shameless and merciless! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton!"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who once boasted to his friend John Evered that he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met and usually found it, too! Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had saved her from a shipwreck—and then spent a winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—a character you'll long remember, now being immortalized on the screen by HEDY LAMARR!

MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOOK LEAGUE IS *FREE!*

It costs nothing to join "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." And every month you receive a best seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, John Steinbeck, or Ernest Hemingway—selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

IN ADDITION, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, a masterpiece by Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Dumas, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely and *uniformly* bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

You Do NOT Have to Take Every Monthly Selection

The best-seller selected each month sells at $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only $1.49!

You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six *of your own choice* during the year. Each month the Club's "Review" describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Mail coupon without money, and receive—for just that 3c stamp—**The Strange Woman.** You will ALSO receive, as your first selection, your choice of any one of these 3 best-sellers:

The Foxes of Harrow—650,000-copy best-seller of flaming passion in wicked Old New Orleans.

Before The Sun Goes Down—The amazing best-seller that won $145,000 in cash prizes!

The Black Rose—Magnificent romantic thriller of love and adventure—2 MILLION COPIES sold!

Send coupon without money—just enclose a 3c stamp. Read **The Strange Woman** for five days. If you are not then convinced that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," return the book; pay nothing. Otherwise, keep it—your 3c stamp will be considered full payment; your subscription will begin with the selection you choose in the coupon. Mail coupon NOW! **BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-10, Garden City, N. Y.**

Mail this Coupon to
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. MWG-10, Garden City, N.Y.

I enclose a 3c stamp. Please send me **The Strange Woman.** Within 5 days I may return it if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep it, and the 3c stamp will be considered full payment. Then I will continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections—at only $1.49, plus few cents postage. Also send me, as my first selection, the book I have checked below:

☐ **Foxes of Harrow** ☐ **Before the Sun Goes Down** ☐ **Black Rose**

For every two monthly selections I accept, I will receive free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new selection; only six of my own choice during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of other popular best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the regular Selection, I may choose it instead. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....Zone No. (if any).... STATE.....

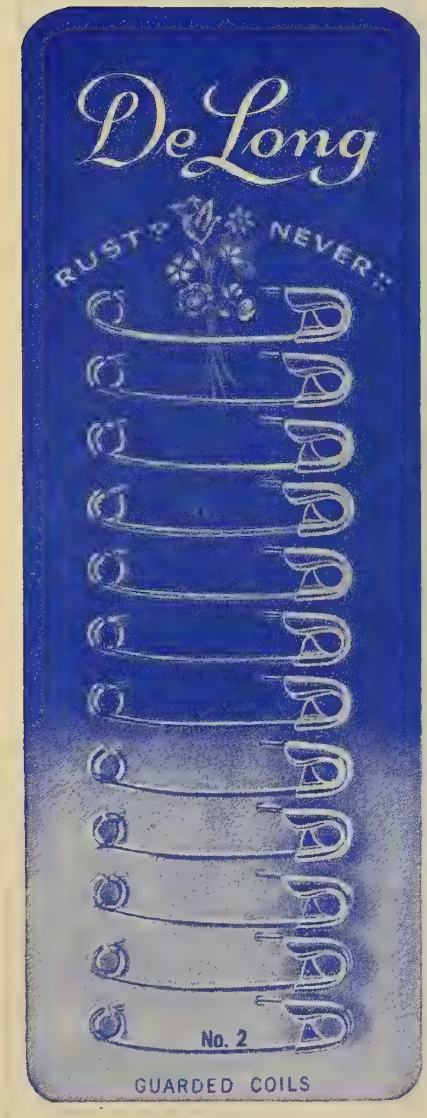
Occupation..... If under 21 age, please .....

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St. Toronto 2, Canada



DeLong

The Name You Know— The Quality Baby Deserves



All Brass . . Won't Rust
Guarded Coils . . Won't Catch

(*Continued from page* 8) or nothing in return for it. It's nasty, but it happens.

* * *

We liked Gabriel Heatter's story of the French Deputy—mainly because it contains the germ of an idea which might be put to excellent use in the halls of our own Congress on occasion. Heatter told about this French Deputy submitting a bill for five dollars for the repair of his umbrella. The deputy claimed that he was entitled to be reimbursed by the government, because his umbrella was broken in the service of his government. Simply, he had used it to fell a fellow member of the chamber, who had spoken for nine hours.

One way to break a filibuster?

* * *

Maybe you think a good way to get a watch is to go shopping for it, plunk down your money and carry it out of the store. Not so Tuffy Goff—Abner of the Lum 'n' Abner show. Tuffy has a very fine stop watch in a beautiful gold case—and he didn't buy it. Nor was it a present from an admirer.

Seems Tuffy was a spectator at Santa Anita, when a strange young man approached him for a loan of $60, and insisted on leaving his watch as security. Tuffy thought at first it was a dodge. But the young man looked honest—and the gold watch was obviously no phony, although Tuffy had no idea of the value of the watch. He decided to trust the young man and forked over the money. That young man never came back—which could have made Tuffy suspicious. But when Tuffy had the watch cleaned, he was told that it was a very valuable timepiece, worth many times the amount of the loan.

* * *

Bernardine Flynn is busy arranging for music lessons for her eight-year-old son, Anthony. The discovery that Tony had musical talent was quite accidental. Bernardine, who plays Sade on the Vic and Sade show, had to take Tony to a rehearsal with her one day and, while the cast was busy going over its lines, Tony wandered around the studio until he came across the electric organ. The kid sat himself down and tore off a few tunes that were definitely recognizable. It was when everyone complimented Bernardine on her son's talent that it came out her son had never been near an organ before much less studied it.

Another talented youngster is Geraldine Kay's small son. He takes piano lessons to develop his talent, and he's not too crazy about that aspect of the music. The other day, Gerry was surprised to hear him practicing his lessons when she opened the door. Thinking that a new era had set in, Gerry praised her son for his diligence and asked him how long he'd been at the piano. She got the startlingly honest answer, "Since I heard you coming in the front door." Gerry plays Mrs. Boyd on Those Websters.

* * *

Rita Ascot proves herself a fine actress on Tales of the Foreign Service. Her artistry as a cook, however, leaves much to be desired. But Rita tries and tries—sometimes with comic results. There's one recipe for a hamburger-rice dish, which is her husband's favorite and which Rita hasn't ever been able to make properly. It happens to be a recipe distributed by the Edison Home Service and Rita took to writing them letters, asking for advice and reporting her unsatisfactory results after each new attempt. Finally, Rita got a short note from the Service which read: "Our only other suggestion is that your husband learn to like the dish the way you make it."

* * *

Any day now, Alec Templeton will be introducing listeners to a new performer on his show. Back in July, Alec's wife gave him a talking Mynah bird and Alec's been training the little black creature to do imitations in the almost inimitable Templeton manner.

* * *

Genevieve Rowe, soprano on An Evening With Romberg, is happy to be able to sing under her own name again. Last year, when she was appearing regularly on two network shows, Genevieve was asked to use a pseudonym on one of them. She was both Irene Hill and Genevieve Rowe. "It's hard enough to try to build up a reputation under one name," Genevieve says. "But have you ever tried to carve two careers, at once?"

* * *

Much has been written about artists



With a citation commending her radio work in war and in peace, Kate Smith is welcomed by Dorothy Lewis as the one-thousandth member of radio's Association of Women Directors.



Linda Johnson is behind those terrified screams on CBS's Suspense.

who have risen to success in spite of afflictions, but little has been said about those who used those very afflictions and turned them into deciding factors for the big time. To anybody else, a wart on the larynx would have spelled doom to a singing career—but not Bing Crosby—it's given him that special whatzis that's been the envy as well as the model for dozens of would-be imitators. . . . Andy Devine's throat condition gave him a unique place among comedians. . . . That nasal twang so identified with Fred Allen is the result of a deviated septum. . . . Jackie Kelk's sinus is responsible for the peculiar intonation he's able to give in his character of Homer on the Aldrich Family . . . An accident in the Navy kept Danny O'Neil voiceless for months, but when his vocal chords mended, his tenor voice picked up an additional half octave. . . . Jane Froman's speech impediment made it necessary for her to speak slowly, and her measured cadences in song are the result. . . . Hildegarde had a Milwaukee accent which she couldn't lose, so she put it to use, played it up and it became the "Continental" accent which zoomed her to success. . . . Yvette has a speech defect—she can't pronounce her "R's" clearly, they roll. She capitalized on them and, with a build-up based on a French setting, has done very well.

* * *

Bob Dixon, emcee of CBS's Cinderella, Inc., is in the Navy, but it doesn't mean a thing in the way of sea duty. Bob has received a citation from Nebraska's Governor Griswold, making him nothing less than an "admiral" in the "Nebraska Navy." The rank carries with it nothing—because all the members are admirals. The Nebraska Navy bears a strong resemblance to the Swiss fleet.

* * *

Ordinarily, there's seldom a dull five seconds for sound effects men on a network dramatic show. It worked out just the opposite for soundman Harry

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ *Try it anyway*
- ☐ *Say your feet hurt*
- ☐ *'Fess up frankly*

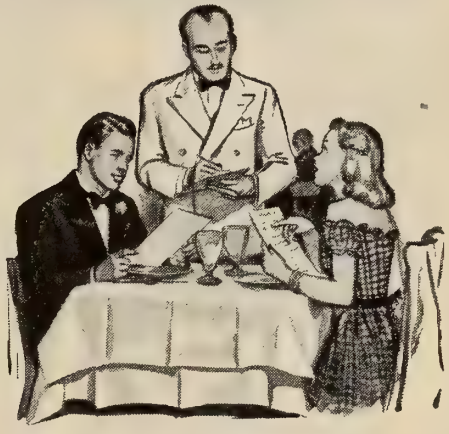
Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ *Take the cake*
- ☐ *Apply lemon juice*
- ☐ *Wear a dotted veil*

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (*makeup*, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

- ☐ *To the waiter*
- ☐ *To your escort*
- ☐ *Let your date choose your dinner*

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra* safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"I keep going and comfortable, too with Midol!"



"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol can help see her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree. One who has learned that by taking Midol, much of menstruation's functional pain is often avoided.

Midol tablets are offered *especially* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in these *three ways* bringing fast, needed relief from pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue."*

Try Midol next time—at first sign of "regular" pain—see how comfortably you go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
Write Dept. N-106, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Essman the other night on the Encore Theatre show. For 24 minutes, Harry relaxed in a comfortable chair beside a pair of old shoes resting on two large blocks of wood. Suddenly, Essman reached for the shoes, put them on, stood up and for exactly five seconds produced the sound of walking on wood. Then his night's work was over.

* * *

More about sound effects men. The manager of a New York department store was no little perturbed, recently, when Jim Goode, sound effects man on True Detective Mysteries, started breaking up china during a search for crockery that cracked up with the proper acoustic effect. Jim dropped a few samples on the floor to test the ring and placated the hastily-arrived manager with the biggest single order for china ever sold by the store—and all of it for breaking.

* * *

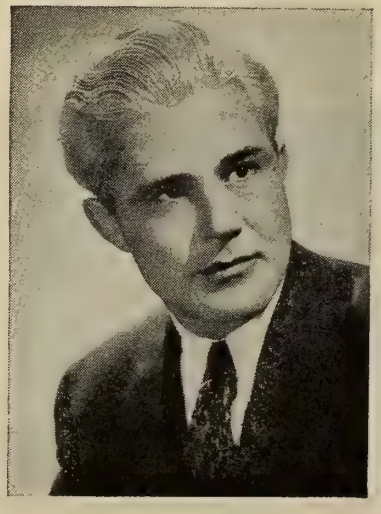
Eddy Duchin, pianist-emcee on Kraft Music Hall, has a peculiarity that tends to drive radio engineers slightly batty. He has an irresistible urge to sing while he plays the piano—which is all right unless there's a highly sensitive microphone picking up his singing. Since one recent broadcast, during which engineers aged ten years trying to tune out Duchin's voice, without killing his piano performance, too, engineers and Duchin have a gentlemen's contract. Duchin will not sing—except at rehearsals.

* * *

Puzzle . . . . Robert St. John is still trying to figure out how come he got two fan letters from Ireland a couple of weeks ago. St. John's daily Facts and Faces program isn't carried by any short wave stations, and New York local station WEAF is a full 3,000 miles from the Emerald Isle.

* * *

Radio business is in a dither. It's estimated that over ten million dollars worth of talent will be leaving the air-



Sydney Smith is the swashbuckling Richard Lawless over CBS.



Often a bridesmaid is Diane Courtney, singer on the NBC Honeymoon in New York show.

lanes this fall. That's quite a figure!

* * *

Quiz shows, we hear, are cutting out stunts which involve food until the present shortages are over. A pie in the face isn't funny, when there's no bread on the table. We have long wondered whether it was so darned funny—even when everything was plentiful.

* * *

Probably checking up on income tax—we can't think of any other reason for sitting down and figuring it out—but Ed Begley, busy actor about New York town, reports that during 1942-43 he appeared on more than a thousand radio shows, which he thinks might be some kind of a record.

* * *

Did you know that Stuart Erwin and Bud Collyer are related? Yep. Bud's sister is the former movie star, June Collyer and June is Stu's ever-loving wife.

* * *

Bob Novak, a producer-director of Mutual Network programs, is the only radio director who uses what looks absolutely like a musical conductor's technique to get the effects he wants. He weaves musical background, sound effects, narration and action into a smooth pattern, with a series of arm and hand gyrations that look for all the world like a symphony conductor extracting the last tender note from a passage marked *con amore*. But then, there's a strong note of *amore* in most of the shows he directs.

* * *

Lloyd Shaffer has been waiting for this chance for a long time. Seems the music biz is just as cut-throat as any other and sometimes you're on one side of the game and sometimes on the opposite. For years, Lloyd's been finding excellent musicians, training them and then having them lifted out of his band by rivals who had more to offer. Now he's getting his own back with a little fancy raiding of his own. There's a reason, of course. The Supper Club

program is broadcast five nights a week, with repeat broadcasts for the West Coast and long rehearsals. A man working in the Supper Club orchestra has a chance to pick up a nice piece of change. Besides, there's the added attraction of staying in New York and no one night stands, long bus hauls and general discomfort. Latest recruit to Shaffer's ranks is Bernie Previn, former trumpeter with Benny Goodman.

* * *

Joan Alexander, who plays Lois Lane on the Superman show, is really quite a girl. In radio, she has shuttled between roles of 80-year-old women to young ingenue leads. She's also appeared on Broadway in dramatic plays put on by the esteemed Theatre Guild,



Randy Stuart bought a new gabardine suit to celebrate her second season with the Jack Carson Show.

as well as frolicked in musical revues. She's busy as a citizen, too, being an active member of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, for whom she is always willing to go out on a speaking date—and her speeches are good and make good sense. Hollywood has crooked the finger at her some dozen times, but she's turned all offers down. She doesn't want to be separated from her husband, a New York businessman.

* * *

Stars are steeled to getting all kinds of mail from their fans, but James Melton is still chuckling over a missive from a gentleman in Philadelphia. The man suggested that Melton hire him for the job of signing Melton's name to his pictures. He went on to explain that he was quite a forger and could easily reproduce Melton's autograph after an hour's practice. Lest Melton think this was the offer of some mere amateur, the correspondent cited two prison



Wring a mop and still have white hands? Yes, it's possible!

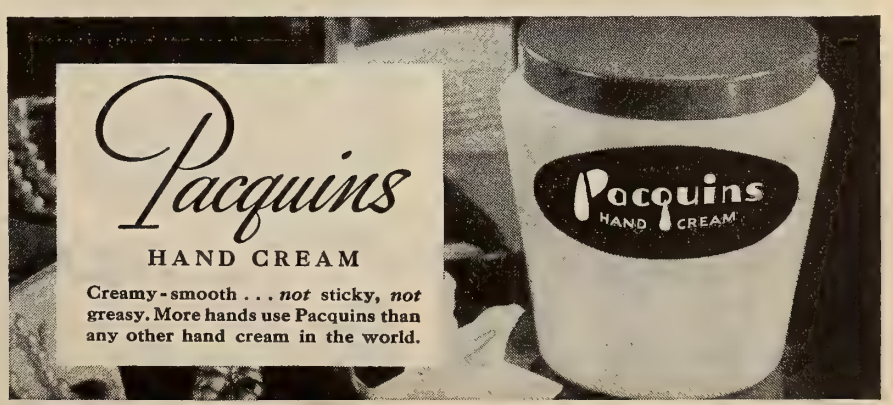
Of course, housework is hard on your hands... but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins... this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother... Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!





Doctors and Nurses use this extra-rich cream!

Pacquins was originally formulated for Doctors and Nurses. They have to scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. To keep hands soft and smooth... they *need* a cream that's super-rich in skin-softening ingredients. And that's just what Pacquins is! Use Pacquins yourself... See if your hands don't look soft and lovely!



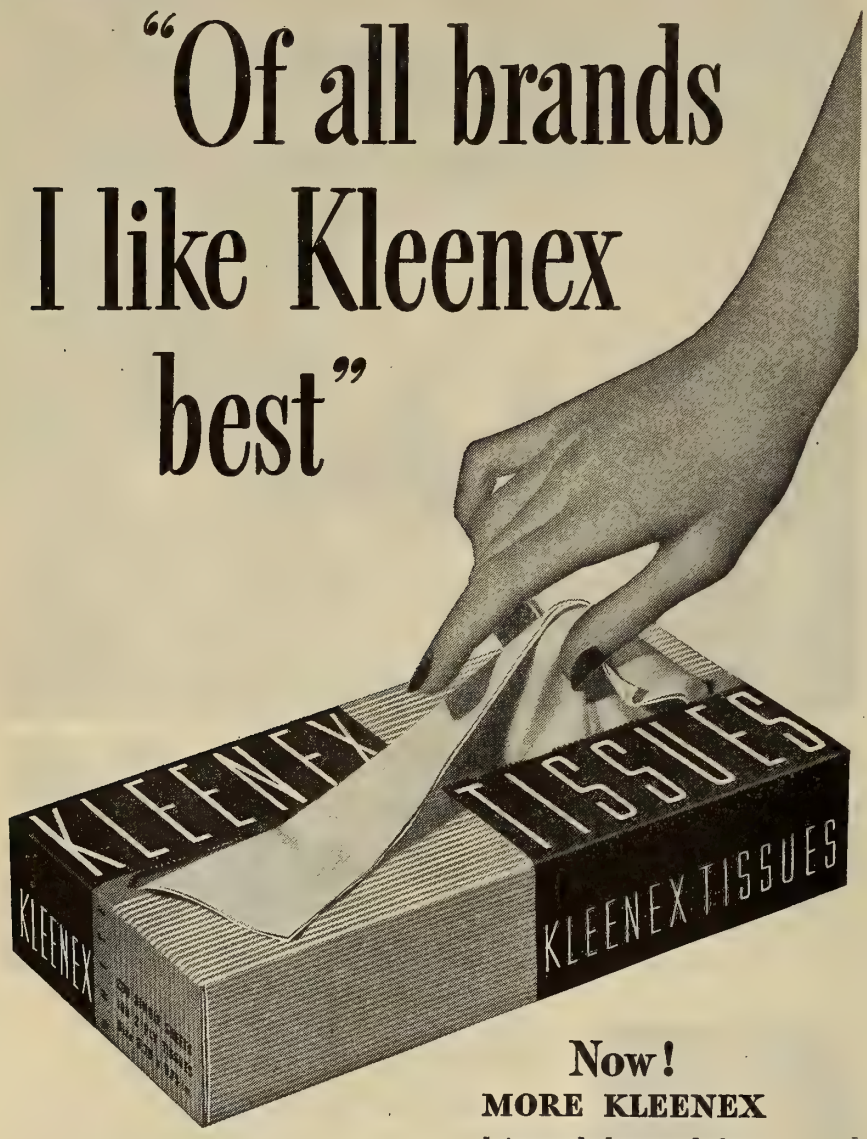
AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

R M



7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

"Of all brands I like Kleenex best"



Now!
MORE KLEENEX
being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others *can't be* "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes, only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

There's only one Kleenex*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

terms he served for forgery—as reference.

* * *

So impressed were members of Fellowship House in Philadelphia, when Kate Smith spoke before them on the need for tolerance—international, racial and religious tolerance—that they bestowed on Kate the title "Miss America." Asserting that Kate exemplifies the principles intrinsic in that title, the organization said further that there would be only one "Miss America" to them for all time—Kate Smith.

* * *

Odd bits that turn up on unrehearsed shows. . . . the information about one of the ex-GI's who appeared on the Honeymoon in New York show. Marine Cpl. Hugh Lowery of Fairplay, Md., used to shear sheep while he was an undergraduate at the University of Maryland—so what did the Marines assign him to when he went into the service? To barbership duty!

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . . Richard Widmark, heard on Mr. and Mrs. North and Mystery Theatre, will desert radio for awhile. He's playing the male lead in the road company of "Dream Girl," which reaches Chicago September 2. . . .Radio's Crime Doctor branching out. A new mag, "Max Marcin's Crime Doctor Magazine," is hitting the stands this September. Each issue will contain a fiction version of one of the Crime Doctor broadcasts, as well as stories by top-flight mystery writers. . . . Henry J. Taylor, commentator and economist for Mutual, has written a book which is just out. Called "Men and Power". . . . Hildegarde is also authoring a book of memoirs . . . . Robert Merrill of the thrilling voice has been invited to sing at the famous Milan Opera. He hopes he can make it, but too many commitments stand in the way at the moment . . . . Paul Lavalle is hoping to be able to get enough musicians together who are willing to leave the country to make a tour of the world.



Mother and Father Barbour of One Man's Family—Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe.

Bill Hahn, Knight of the Breakfast Table, is heard every morning at 8:15 on WNAC-Yankee network.



Introducing

BILL HAHN

UP in New England they call Bill Hahn the "Knight of the Breakfast Table," because in his chats over the coffee cups he's such a friendly host on Breakfast with Bill.

Born in Rockford, Illinois, twenty-two years ago, Bill first came east to study at Harvard University where he majored in American history and literature. After having lived in Boston for the past six years, he is almost as New England as Main Street.

Bill got his start in radio by selling bonds in his home town with a group known all over Illinois as Commandos of the Home Front. He was such a good salesman that WROK asked him to do special-events shows for them on war bond selling.

With his recent election to the Advisory Board of IBS he now ranks with radio leaders such as David Sarnoff, of RCA Victor, and Nathan Strauss, of Station WMCA, New York, who also serve on the board.

His friendly, sincere manner and homey philosophy between records on the Breakfast with Bill show have won for him thousands of loyal fans from Maine to Connecticut. Highlight of his morning program is the "Thought for the Day" for which he gives away a dollar bill for the most clever saying sent in by a lucky listener.

New Englanders like the variety of tunes, including novelty arrangements, old-timers, popular ballads and semi-classical numbers, which he serves them on Breakfast with Bill. They also learn the weather, time, historic happenings of the day.

Mrs. Hahn is the former Betty Berry. She is a bride of a year and met her husband at WNAC, Yankee's key station, when she, too, was a disc jockey, building record shows for Yankee's ET department. She is one wife who really understands her husband's business and Bill says that she is his severest and best critic.

GRAND EATING FRUIT PIE!



made with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots

Looks good! You bet it does! It's real, too. No fancy painting this! No-siree! It's a real *portrait* of a pie, photographed just after the whipped cream finish went on!

And it's as good as it looks. A pie you can really get excited about!

SUNSWEET Peaches and Apricots are always in season...and always *full-ripe* with the fine rich flavor that only *full-ripe* fruit can have. You can't dry green fruit or half-ripe fruit to SUNSWEET quality. It has to be *full-ripe*. That's why SUNSWEET Peaches and Apricots make such fine-tasting pie. And that's why you should always look for the name SUNSWEET on the package.



They're rich in vitamins and valuable minerals, too. *"Tenderized"* for quick-cooking. Sealed in *foil* for perfect protection. Packed and guaranteed by the *growers* themselves.

Your grocer has 'em or can get 'em for you.

HOW TO MAKE IT

Rinse and drain 2½ cups SUNSWEET *"Tenderized"* Peaches or Apricots. Add 3 cups water, bring to a boil, and continue boiling about 20 minutes. Add 1¼ cups granulated sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon and bring to a boil again. Add 4 tablespoons cornstarch moistened in ½ cup of cold water and cook and stir about 5 minutes. Pour into baked pastry shell; cool. Decorate with whipped cream and additional cooked, sweetened SUNSWEET *"Tenderized"* Peaches or Apricots. Serves 6 to 8.

● For free illustrated recipe book, address SUNSWEET, Box K, San Jose 5, California.

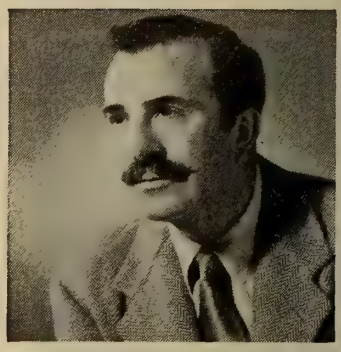
SUNSWEET

"Tenderized" PEACHES | *"Tenderized"* APRICOTS | *"Tenderized"* PRUNES | *Pure Natural* PRUNE JUICE

R M



It was Fred Allen's birthday, so the cast of Allen's Alley sent him a cake, complete with their pictures. Portland helps cut it.



Murray Forbes, of Today's Children and Ma Perkins, has published a first novel.



Eleanor McAdoo is chairman of CBS's daily Women's Club.



Lovely Lesley Woods plays Ann William, girl reporter, on CBS's Crime Photographer.

More gossip and stuff . . . . Dennis Day has signed a contract to record exclusively for RCA Victor Records . . . . Burl Ives, after his success in "Smoky," looks like a permanent fixture in Hollywood. 20th Century-Fox has signed him for the lead in "The Hollywood Story" and right now he's busy on a Disney film, "How Dear to My Heart" . . . . Beatrice Kay will be back on Broadway this fall in a musical based on life on the Barbary Coast . . . . Sponsors are dickering with model mogul Harry Conover for his half-hour show idea called Adventure in Beauty . . . . Wonder what radio's really going to be like in the near future? Things going off the air and other things coming on—looks like lots of changes are going to be made. Well, we'll hear. A couple of new ones—but not so new that they haven't had time to find out whether they're good or bad —are on Mutual, the place where a whole lot of good shows start. They're Juvenile Jury, on which a collection of thoughtful youngsters answer their contemporaries' problems, and Jonathan Trimble, Esquire, which mirthfully turns the pages back to the 'teens of this century. There are some other good ones, but these two particularly rate your listen-in.

* * *

The French Touch reigned in New York's swank Embassy night club, where the ropes held back eager cash customers swathed in furs and jewels and expensive suitings, and all acting like bobby sockers crashing the Paramount when a Sinatra or Como is appearing "in person." The magnet for this sophisticated adulation is no new American-made microphone threat to these box office baritones. He's a six-foot, blond, blue-eyed Parisian named Charles Trenet. And unless expert show business prognosticators are wrong, "Le Fou Chantant" (The Singing Fool) is going to be in our midst a long, long time.

Radio and picture offers for Trenet are pouring in but his importers, the veteran talent agents, William Morris, are calmly and patiently weighing them before determining just when, where, or how millions of Americans can meet up with the French star. One possibility is that the 31-year-old ex-poet will be on the air next Fall with Joan Davis.

Trenet has a magic, continental touch. He is a stylist who one minute can sing as romantically as Sinatra and then crush his funny-looking felt hat and become a Gallic facsimile of Danny Kaye. A composer and lyricist in his own right, Charles relies on his original material.

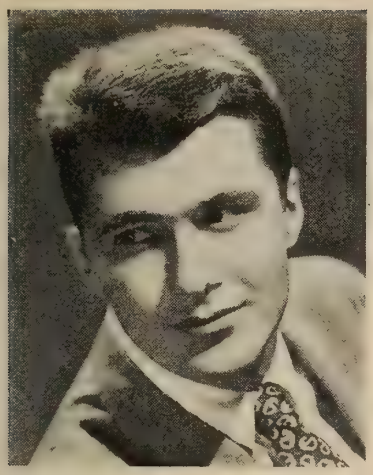
Trenet was born in Narbonne, a small city in southwest France. He made his professional debut in a Parisian Music Hall in 1935 and was an overnight sensation.

By 1937 he was one of France's reigning stars of stage, screen and radio. When France went to war in 1939, Trenet enlisted in the Air Corps and was an airman until his country's fall. His time during the occupation was spent in avoiding the Boche and entertaining prisoners-of-war. When the Allies liberated his country he was put to work singing for our fighting men in Belgium and at Paris' famed Club Etoile.

When he isn't singing, Charles is busy learning English, and learning highly useful American show business techniques.

Another import is young Roger Dannes, also a Parisian. He was just starting to make the grade in his home city when war broke out. He was captured early in the war and spent some dark days in a Nazi prison camp. He bided his time brushing up on English (a language he learned in a British school) and praying for his release and eventual trip to America. Dannes is not as experienced as Trenet of whom he speaks almost reverently. "Oh, he," he said, "is a big star, a very big star."

And just to add to the French singing "invasion" the daddy of them all, the incomparable Maurice Chevalier, is expected here soon, straw hat and all. Chevalier is almost sixty but those who saw him recently in Paris insist he has lost none of his vitality. After the liberation of France many were suspicious of his political leanings but he was subsequently cleared.



Introducing

LARRY CARR

LARRY CARR, the young Texan baritone who has just achieved stardom on his own coast-to-coast show, Songs by Larry Carr (CBS, Monday through Friday, 6:30 PM, EDST), has been a long time getting there. About twenty years, in fact. The long climb to stardom started when Larry was twelve—a climb during which he has been singing steadily on the radio, except for an eighteen-month hiatus in the Army—where, of course, he sang, too.

In 1938, Larry went to Hollywood, where he played at all the top flight night clubs.

In 1943, the Army beckoned. Larry was sent touring for eighteen months with the "Hey, Rookie!" show, a tour which took him through North Africa, Sicily and the CBI Theater. In Naples, his number almost came up. When enemy planes appeared and started dropping their deathly "eggs," Larry ducked under a truck. The attack over, Larry crawled out to discover that he had been hiding under a truckload of TNT.

Larry had a rather lost feeling when he was discharged from the service in February of 1946 and landed in New York City. He had no job prospects and, if some friends hadn't taken him into their house, he wouldn't even have had a home. He did have lots of ambition, but not much direction, at the moment.

Then, when he least expected it, Larry got his big break. At a party, Larry was asked by the host to sing, which he was only too happy to do. It so happened that there was a CBS executive at the party. That did it. Larry impressed the executive so well that the next step was a program of his own—coast-to-coast. Immediately after that, Larry won an assignment at the "Blue Angel," one of New York's swanky night spots.

Larry Carr's distinctive and intimate style of singing has won him much admiration from people like Frank Sinatra and Charles Trenet—and from many fans on the distaff side. Nevertheless—and quite inexplicably—Larry is still single. His hobbies are painting—all that's left of his years of art school training—collecting records and, secretly, composing.

FRANCES GIFFORD, STARRING IN M-G-M'S "LITTLE MR. JIM"

Creamy enchantment

Woodbury *Rachel* Powder



FRANCES GIFFORD... A cream u honey complexion makes—a honey of a gal! Give *your* skin this tempting sweet tone . . . with Woodbury RACHEL Powder. Exciting and *color-full* . . . for it's Film-Finish blended, exclusive with Woodbury! As perfect on your skin as in the box. More bewitching than the powder you're wearing—just compare! Woodbury's velvet veil clings *color-fresh* . . . covers tiny flaws. Eight Star shades.

Glow! Pat on WOODBURY Creampuff POWDER BASE. Perfect blend with *any* powder shade.

Woodbury *new film-finish* Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP

... all 3 for $1.

1. Big $1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick . . . *your just-right shade*
3. Matching rouge . . . *right for you*

FREE... 8 POWDER SHADES!... MAKE-UP CHART!

Try all eight . . . find your most exciting shade! Make-up chart shows *your own* skin type . . . and the powder shade that flatters it . . . selected for you by Hollywood experts! Mail coupon to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 332 Valley St. Cincinnati 22, Ohio

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Key to Romance



No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Shimmering, lustrous hair, whether dark or fair, always strikes a responsive masculine chord. And to be sure that *your* hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. "Hair that is satin-smooth and alive with all its natural lustre is one beauty asset I'll treasure for keeps," says lovely Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jean Lord. "Here are my favorite hair styles. Try them at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate one after your next Drene Shampoo." No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE RIGHT NUMBER is Jean's day-time "do"... her bright Drene-lovely hair arranged in this simple center-part with shining-smooth turned up roll. "Never let dandruff spoil the sleek beauty of your hair," warns Jean. See how Drene removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.



JUST THE RIGHT NOTE to draw admiring glances... charming Jean Lord's Drene-lovely hair gleams in upswept flattery. Because Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals up to 33 percent more lustre! "And," says Jean, "It's easy to keep shining curls and rolls in place when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action."

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action





Another Milestone—

EDITING a magazine makes the years fly swiftly by. Thirteen of them have flown by since the first issue of Radio Mirror went on sale—thirteen of what have been very pleasant, lucky years for us, spiced with the rewarding results of hard work.

Those thirteen years have seen myriad changes in their swift passage. There have been changes in our method of printing, in the way the magazine is designed, in the content itself. Important changes, many of them. But none so important, we are sure, as the change which comes with this, the October, 1946 issue. For this month, Radio Mirror brings you, for the first time, *pictures of your radio favorites in full, natural color!* Not only for the first time in Radio Mirror, but for the first time in any magazine, anywhere, devoted to radio.

These are pictures which are full of the excitement of vibrant color—the next thing to seeing these radio favorites of yours in person. Not only are these illustrations presented to you in color, but you'll see your radio friends just as they are in the programs which you hear on the air—pictures taken as they go about their daily lives, in their homes, their offices, with their children.

In this issue of Radio Mirror, for instance, you'll find Joan Davis, of When a Girl Marries, on page 31. Turn to pages 34 and 35 and there are Sunday and Lord Henry Brinthrope along with a living portrait gallery of your other friends of Our Gal Sunday. And on page 38 you'll find radio's beloved Ma Perkins, shown in her own home in Rushville Center. Next month there'll be more of these pictures in the matchless reality of full color—next month, and every month hereafter.

As you've followed Radio Mirror's progress the past few months, you've doubtless become acquainted with many new features, designed to give you, with every issue, an increasingly interesting, exciting magazine . . . Life Can Be Beautiful, Between the Bookends, new picture stories, "how they live" stories, to mention just a few. And now, as Radio Mirror's thirteenth birthday present to you, we give you the best of all—the glory, the aliveness, of color.

The Editors

Gene and Joe

Gene Autry could see that young Joe knew a lot about horses.

But he didn't know much about something more important—himself

By GENE AUTRY

I GOT to thinking about love stories the other day. You read them in magazines and books, you see them in the movies, you hear them on the radio. Now I don't know too much about June moons and soft talk and orange blossoms. But, I thought, there are other kinds of love besides the kind that you usually think of in connection with June moons and soft talk. There is the love between a man and his son. There is the love of a man for his horse. There is the love you feel for good companions—for the people you work with and talk to, day after way.

That's the kind of love story I want to tell you about today. There aren't any June moons in this story, but there are a man and his son and a horse. And I don't think I'll ever forget either the man, or his son, or the horse.

It all started one day just after we'd finished playing an afternoon rodeo show near St. Louis, Missouri. It was a pretty hot day and I'd gone to my quarters to take my boots off and get cleaned up before supper. I had one boot off and was working on the other one when Shorty, one of the wranglers, stuck his head in the door.

"Hey, Gene," he said, "there's a kid out here wants to see you."

"A kid?" I asked. "What kid?"

"I don't know. Just a kid. Says he wants to talk to you."

"Well, I'm not so darned important that I have to avoid people who want to talk to me, even kids. So I told Shorty to send him in. And that was my first glimpse of Joe Smith.

He wasn't much to look at. He was about fourteen or fifteen, I figured, but small for his age. His hair was brownish, his eyes were blue, his nose was sort of snubbed at the end, and he had freckles that started up on his forehead and kept going down to his chin. His clothes looked

Gene Autry, whom you see on his own horse in the picture opposite, stars in a variety program every Sunday at 7 to 7:30 P.M. EST, on the Columbia network.

pretty worn and shabby, but I noticed that he kept his chin up and his shoulders back, and when he spoke, he looked me right in the eyes.

"Mr. Autry," he said, and I knew right away that he wasn't from Missouri, but from some place back East, "I'd like a job with your outfit."

I wasn't surprised at that. Lots of youngsters would like to have a job with a rodeo show. "Well, I'll tell you, son," I said, "I've got all the cowboys I need right now. And besides, you're kind of young to be looking for a job in a rodeo, aren't you?"

"I'm old enough," he said shortly. "And I didn't want a job as a cowboy, although I don't think it would take me long to catch onto the work. I'd like a job around the stables, looking after the horses. I'm pretty handy with horses."

I didn't need another stable hand, either, but I was beginning to be kind of interested in this youngster who looked me right in the eye and asked for a job as though there were no doubt in his mind that I'd give it to him.

"What do you know about horses?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I noticed for one thing that you're not using the best horse on your string. He's just standing there in the stable and I don't think (*Continued on page* 54)

Wooster tried everything he knew to make his son like and trust him.





♡ *Corliss expected the Last Bohemian to revolutionize her life – but not that the shock would be felt as far as her attic!*

Archer, POET LAUREATE

In this new Corliss Archer story written especially for Radio Mirror, the visiting poet is welcomed by Corliss (Janet Waldo) and her mother (Irene Tedrow), observed by Mr. Archer (Fred Shields) and just endured by young Dexter (Sam Edwards, on the floor) who can't see another man taking up Corliss' time. Meet Corliss Archer is a CBS program, Sundays, 9 P.M., EST.

THE two girls and the boy sauntering away from the school grounds were in no particular hurry. The sun was pleasantly relaxing, lessons were over for the day—and who knew what troublesome task their mothers might think up for them when they reached home?

". . . and then Betty said her mother said she could have that simply drooly red dress in Swanton's window. The one you liked so much, Corliss. And then Betty said it was much too sophisticated for you. She said you were the healthy type—the cat!" Mildred was loyal.

"Nuts! All you girls think about is clothes!" Dexter snorted.

"And then I told her— Corliss! You haven't heard a word I've said!" Mildred turned indignantly on the girl in the middle. But, since Corliss continued walking, her eyes staring into space, Mildred found herself talking to the back of her curly hair, spreading fan-wise over her shoulders.

"She hasn't heard anything *I've* said for two days!" Dexter complained. "What's the matter with you, anyway, Corliss Archer? The way you've been going around dreamy-eyed lately! You aren't worried about me getting hurt in football practice, are you? Are you?" His voice rose, hopefully.

"Clothes. Football." Corliss sighed deeply and scornfully. "*'When I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days in this dark world and wide—'* Milton," she added in sweet and tolerant explanation to their astonished faces. "Yes, I suppose I am dreamy-eyed—all poets are dreamy-eyed. It's the psyche at work."

"Poets!"

"Psyche!" This last from Dexter who followed it with a groan. "Here we go again! Gee, Corliss—are you going into this poetry spin again? And what's this psyche business?"

"Psyche is—well, psyche is—you know, the thing that's—it's—it's the real me. That's what it is, my real innermost self." Seeing the blankness of their eyes, she hurried on. "Let me explain. All my life I've been looking for the way—I mean, the medium—in which to express myself. What I really thought about and how I felt about life and love and—"

"Huh. Any time you want to express yourself to me about life and love, you don't need to make up verses about June and moon and croon," said Dexter, plaintively.

But Mildred was more enthusiastic. "Oh, Corliss—I think it's wonderful! Maybe you can get to be poet laureate of our class this year and Mrs. Thackeray will publish your poem in the year book, instead of Betty's."

"I don't know." From being skeptical, Dexter had progressed to suspicion. He had found, often to his sorrow, that Corliss' ideas had a way of bouncing back and hitting you in the face. "What started you being a poet, this time? You don't know any poets . . . the nearest thing we have to poetry in this town is that stuff old Mrs. Blane sends in to the Herald-Chronicle about her peonies."

"Mrs. Blane!—how can you call her

a poet? How can you mention her name in the same breath with a man like Byron Warwick?"

Dexter wasn't conscious that anyone had mentioned Byron Warwick in any breath, but practice told him he was getting to the bottom of things. "I never heard of Byron Warwick and what's he got to do with your behaving like a walking zombie?"

"Byron is just the most famous poet in the world, I guess!" Corliss defended enthusiastically, if not quite accurately. "He's the Last of the Bohemians—that's what the biography I read of him said. He spent his early years on the Left Bank in Paris where he was in love with a model and sat around in cafes sipping aperitifs! And he's so romantic-looking—" she pulled a much-creased and worn newspaper clipping out of her pocket and showed it to them.

Dexter and Mildred saw a young man with flowing black locks and soft shirt open at the throat, the better to show off the slim neck and classic profile, a meerschaum pipe clenched in white teeth. The eyes gazed soulfully into space. Quite unreasonably, perhaps, Dexter hated the portrait on sight.

"You're right," Mildred breathed, "he is dreamy-eyed!"

"As soon as I saw his picture, I knew I had found a kindred spirit," Corliss informed them. She sighed again.

"How's he going to know about your being a kindred spirit, with him on the Left Bank in Paris and you on the North side of Hayworth Street?"

"Because—" Corliss interrupted dramatically, "—because he's coming here! The Women's Reading Club has invited him to be a guest speaker next week at their Wednesday evening meeting!"

"Oh—!" Dexter groaned miserably. "Why couldn't that old Reading Club stick to *Forever Amber*? Why do they have to go out of their way to make trouble in my life?"

Possibly if Mr. Archer had known what Dexter did, he would have condemned the Reading Club just as vehemently that evening at dinner table but all he knew was that Corliss was acting very strangely. He had learned to anticipate shocks from his daughter but at least he had the right to expect her to talk English.

"Corliss, this is the third time I've spoken to you. Will you pass the pickles, please?"

She turned unseeing eyes upon him. "Angel?"

"Corliss! Can't you answer me? . . I'm asking for the pickles! Can't you talk?" A tinge of purple mounted in Mr. Archer's cheeks.

"Oh," sighing. "Sorry, Daddy—"



They said it was an opium den, a smuggler's cave. Even Mrs. Archer looked worried.

would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that come up in me—'"

"That *arise* in me, dear," her mother said, gently. "Isn't that Tennyson?"

"Yes . . . one of the Immortals." She caught sight of her father's face and hurriedly passed the pickle dish. "Forgive me, Angel. I'm so distrait. Poetry is running through my head and I can't seem to think about anything else. Art is a selfish taskmaster, you know."

MR. ARCHER sank back in his chair. "Corliss, are you turning poet again? If you are, just remember that I'm not going to have you running barefoot around in the dewy grass for inspiration, the way you did last time. All the inspiration you got out of that was a temperature and a sneezy nose and I got the doctor's bill."

"I was just a child then," Corliss replied, indignantly. "I should think you would take more interest in my desire for the better things of life. I may be poet laureate of our class this year—even if Mrs. Thackeray says I can't scan." She lapsed into silence. Her eyes grew dreamy again. Her lips moved silently.

"What are you doing now?" Mr. Archer asked suspiciously.

"I'm creating. Listen!—*Tho' some have said I cannot scan—I know I can! I know I can!* There—what do you think of that?"

From her place at the table Mrs. Archer leaned over and patted her husband's hand, comfortingly. "Personally, I don't think we have a thing to worry about. Anyway, I have something really important to discuss with you, Harry. We will be having a house guest next Wednesday and I want you to be polite to him. I know how you feel, but it's my turn to entertain the visiting lecturer for the Women's Reading Club this month, and it will only be for one day and night."

Mr. Archer's sour expression *might* have come from the pickle he was eating.

"Who's the social lion this time?"

"A Mr. Byron Warwick."

"Byron Warwick!" With a crash Corliss was out of the clouds. "Byron—oh, no. It couldn't be! Mother, do you mean to sit there so calmly and tell me Byron Warwick's going to be here, in the (*Continued on page* 86)



Here, thought Corliss, is a truly inspired being, a representative of the artistic psyche. Byron Warwick would teach her how they lived on the Left Bank.

The Great Gildersleeve SETTLES a



NBC's Great Gildersleeve (played by Harold Peary), with the doubtful aid of Leroy (Walter Tetley) weathers a crisis created especially for Radio Mirror. For more adventures, tune in Wednesdays, 8:30 P. M. EST.

MONUMENTAL PROBLEM

THE warm late-September night was an insidious, tempting invitation to sit on the front porch, rocking gently and considering the way of the universe, but Gildersleeve nobly ignored all such pleasant distractions. He bent over the desk in the living room, pen in hand, sheets of paper spread before him, frowning darkly. Leroy, his nephew, who was seated on the other side of the room near the radio, kept one anxious eye on Gildersleeve, the other on the clock. In a scant ten minutes it would be time for Zeke Muldoon, Gang Smasher, his favorite radio program, and if Unc hadn't finished by then he would miss it. He had already tried to turn on the radio once, only to be asked sternly how he thought his uncle was going to concentrate with all that racket going on?

Leroy wished fervently that someone—anyone—other than J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve had been asked to deliver the principal address at the annual Founders' Day banquet. For a week now Unc had worn a portentous air of abstraction, broken at times by periods when he would murmur soundlessly to himself, purse his lips, shake his head, and go off into another gloomy silence. And Leroy noticed that the paper on the desk was as clean as it had been last night and the night before. So far, Unc hadn't written a word of his speech.

Gildersleeve cleared his throat. "Leroy," he inquired, "did you learn anything in school about the fellow that first settled this town—what's-his-name—Homer Quink?"

"Sure," Leroy said. "Lots."

"Well, what sort of a man was he? I mean, did he ever make any speeches?"

"Nope. Had a farm and ran a blacksmith shop."

Gildersleeve sighed and said testily he'd known that much himself. Somehow, Homer Quink didn't seem to be an inspiring peg upon which to hang a Founders' Day address. The truth was that Gildy, seldom at a loss for words, was suffering from stage-fright. When the committee had first asked him to deliver the speech he had been overcome with pride. But the importance of the occasion made every idea that entered his head sound trifling. Rising to his feet, resplendent in his dinner jacket, to speak to the assembled nobility of the town, he felt he needed a subject so thrilling, so meaningful, that it would bring them all cheering to their feet at the end of his talk. What such a subject would be, he hadn't the foggiest notion.

He passed a weary hand over his brow and Leroy, noting the gesture, said shrewdly, "Don't you think you ought to knock off for tonight, Unc? You can't work when you're tired."

"Perhaps you're right, my boy," Gildersleeve agreed, and began to put his unsullied white paper away. Leroy reached out eagerly for the radio switch, and at that moment there was a knock on the front door, accompanied by a familiar voice calling, "Gildy? Are you in?"

"Aw!" Leroy muttered, as his uncle stood up and went into the hall, crying, "Right here, Judge. Come in, come in!" Judge Horace Hooker was a nice old guy, Leroy thought sadly, but he always stuck around talking for hours, and he would consent to sit on the porch only on the hottest summer nights. For the hundredth time, Leroy vowed to have a radio of his own, up in his room, where he could listen without distraction.

Judge Hooker came in and lowered his thin frame into the most comfortable chair in the room. "Well, Gildy," he said, "how's the speech coming?" (*Con't. on p.* 62)

Judge Hooker (Earle Ross) was no help!



All of a sudden it was up to Gildy to settle the big war memorial fight—and he didn't see how he could do it without losing every friend he had.

New poems and old to enjoy now, and to add to your poetry bookshelf



Between the

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, on ABC.

PLACES REMEMBER

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

Places remember all that once occurred
Within their shadow—every joy-blown hour,
Each love-won midnight, every casual word,
The stormy interval, the bitter flower.
Events, like vibrant chords of music, grow
Dim with the years; yet always they remain,
Held by the past, forever doomed to flow
Where first rang out the splendor of their strain.

For us attuned to listen, comes a time
When tragedy, or wonder, or delight
Breaks through the silence in a singing chime
Or in the crashing thunder tones of might—
And in that instant we become a part
Of all a place holds to its secret heart.

—Esther Baldwin York

QUERY

Perhaps it is not you I love
But one who lies behind your smile,
Wise as a witch, calm as a dove
And innocent of guile.

Perhaps it is not you I kiss
But one I have not seen at all
Who lurks behind the artifice
By which you draw me at your call.

If I be utterly undone,
Is it by love, or love's disguise,
Can it be you I love, or one
Who hides behind your laughing eyes?

—Sydney King Russell



NOT *SO* DUMB

"Study, Rose, as Mollie does . . ."
The family did beseech 'er
Till Mollie won the scholarship
And Rosie won the teacher!

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
  Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
  Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
  I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
  Ah, she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
  A traveler came by,
Silently, invisibly:
  He took her with a sigh.

—William Blake

From "THANATOPSIS"

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant



GRANDMOTHER AND WEBSTER

Grandmother had at the tip of her tongue
Phrases that she had combined.
And I understood each time she spoke
The thought that she had in mind.

One thing on which she would always insist
Was my sticking to something I started.
She would assign the task to be done
And I would begin half-hearted.

Then grandmother, noting my restless stance,
And knowing the juvenile,
Would say as her needles clicked neatly away,
"Just situate for a while!"

And now as I go about my days
I thank both the stars and fate
That grandmother fashioned the fitting phrase
That taught me to "situate"!

—Jessie Farnham

for pleasant rediscovery later

Bookends



APOLOGY TO A SPIDER

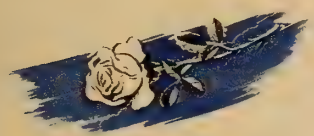
I know I'm a vandal, a housebreaker, thief;
I have ruined your domicile,
Caused you this grief.

But please do believe I'm sincere when I say
I have reason a-plenty for acting this way:
Company's coming today—

My mother-in-law! Her middle name's formal;
But after she's gone,
We can get back to normal;

Once more our respective pursuits we'll begin
My dear Mrs. Spider . . .
I'll sit, while you spin.

—Clara Dawson



I FLUNG A ROSE TO YOU

I flung a rose to you—
My one red rose—
Swiftly I flung it, eager, reckless, blind,
My life's red rose—
You caught and kissed it
And were only kind.

You might have trampled it,
My one red rose,
Blest it with death, as men humanely kill
A foolish, hapless thing,
You might have crushed it
And been kinder still.

—Mary White Slater

LET ME LAUGH

O Lord, let me laugh at myself
For the blunders I make every day,
And not keep my woes on the shelf
To make a tear-jerking display;
Let me not be too deeply concerned
With any mistake I have made
Except for the lesson I've learned
From Life in the primary grade.
Help me look at my neighbor and smile
When he does a silly thing, too,
For it's certain that after a while
I'll look like a moron to you.
Lord, keep me a *regular* guy
Who's able and willing to see
That there's no one so expert as I
At making a monkey of me!

—Cecile Bonham

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti



THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl, she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Denny finds a Father

Joan Davis learns that sometimes it's wiser not to mind your own business in this new When A Girl Marries story

I THINK it's natural to want to help people when they're in trouble. My husband, Harry, says though that there's a very fine line between helping people and just plain meddling in their affairs. He says people can usually straighten things out for themselves and will like you better if you leave them alone. Being a lawyer, I suppose he ought to know! But I don't always see eye to eye with him on that. When things go wrong for people, I have the feeling that it's up to me to help out as much as I can. Harry says it's going to get me into trouble some day, but I'll probably continue to reach out what I'll always think is a helping hand, even if it gets slapped once in a while! And I'll think of little Denny Benton when I try to make up my mind whether or not to reach out that hand. He'll always be a sort of symbol to me, I guess.

Denny was visiting us for a couple of weeks some months ago. There had been an epidemic of whooping cough in his nursery school, and his mother was at her wits' end wondering what to do with Denny while the school was closed down. Sue supported herself and her son by working in Stanwood's largest department store, and having Denny home unexpectedly for a few weeks was a big problem for her. It meant having to hire someone to stay home and look after him, which would have been a drain on her fairly lean pocketbook. Anyway, when I found out about it, I phoned her and invited Denny to stay with us on the farm in Beechwood while his school was closed. He and my son, Sammy, like each other and he would be no trouble for us. So Denny came along to the farm to visit.

Sammy and Denny and I were down by the creek watching some of the village boys fishing when we first saw the soldier. He was leaning against a tree near the edge of the stream, chuckling at the excitement of the boys as first one and then another pulled in a gleaming flopping fish.

The two children edged over toward him and he spoke to them casually. "Look at that big one in the shadow over there," he said, "he must be the grand-daddy of them all."

Sammy and Denny looked. "He *is* a big one," acknowledged Denny with awe. "Oh, look—he's going to take a bite at the worm on that hook. He did it! He did it! He swallowed the whole thing! Look at him try to get away!" He was dancing up and down in his excitement, and the soldier looked at him and grinned.

He had a nice grin. It showed clear white teeth and brought out the laugh wrinkles around his eyes. He was not as young as the majority of soldiers you see nowadays. He must have been in his early thirties. His face was tan and rugged. His hair was light brown, what I could see of it beneath his overseas cap, but his eyebrows were jet black, like Denny's.

He was offering the children some popcorn now out of a bag he held in his left hand. Sammy helped himself and thanked the soldier politely and then Denny plunged his hand into the bag, not waiting for a second invitation. I saw his eyes get big as they fastened on the soldier's hand. The tip of the soldier's little finger was missing. With the forthrightness of childhood, Denny asked him about it.



Joan Davis lives on a farm in Beechwood with her lawyer husband, Harry, their small son Sammy, and a very new little daughter, Hope. When a Girl Marries is heard Monday through Friday at 5 P.M. EST, over NBC. The part of Joan Davis is played by radio actress Mary Jane Higby

"Gee," he said, his eyes on that little finger, "did that happen to you in the war?"

I suppressed a gasp, having read a lot of those articles in the magazines about being careful not to ask veterans about their experiences or wounds. But the soldier took it in his stride as a natural question. Thoughtfully, he lifted the finger and looked at it.

"Well," he said slowly, "yes and no. I got it while I was overseas. I'd like to be able to brag about it and say it got shot off by a German bullet or sliced off by a German bayonet. But the honest truth is that I was doing K.P. one day . . ."

"What's K.P.?" interrupted Denny.

"That's Kitchen Police. It means working in the Army kitchen."

"Oh," said Denny, "and what happened?"

"So I was doing K.P.—peeling potatoes—and I was kind of sore about it because I figured I was too important a guy to be peeling potatoes, and I got careless. The first thing I knew, I'd sliced my finger."

"Did you cut it right off?" asked Denny breathlessly.

"No, it was just a little cut. I didn't even bother to put a bandage on it. The trouble was, it got infected later on, and then the Doc had to go to work on it so the infection wouldn't spread. It just goes to show you that you have to take care of yourself, even with little things like cuts." He looked down at Denny seriously. "You haven't got any cuts you're neglecting, have you?"

Denny spread out both his small hands and inspected them carefully. "No, I guess I haven't today," he said with relief.

"That's good," said the soldier, "but if you do get one, you be sure to wash it good and clean and put a bandage on. Then it'll be safe."

"I'll remember about that," said Denny earnestly and shoved both hands, with a funny little important air, deep into his coat pockets. This soldier was treating him like an equal—talking to him man to man—and Denny enjoyed it. It made him strut a little. It pleased me, too. Usually when grownups talk to children, it's in a sickening kind of baby talk. Or they ignore them completely and say things like—"What a pretty little boy," or "Has he learned to read yet? He looks quite bright." Denny had suffered under his share of such insults, I knew, and it was



Denny was happier than ever with Lefty, who treated him as an equal.

only natural that he should blossom under the kind of adult treatment the soldier had been giving him. Too bad more grownups couldn't be like that, I thought.

He must have felt my eyes on him, because he turned slightly and looked squarely at me and smiled.

"You don't mind my talking to the children, do you?" he asked. "It's always more fun when you have someone to talk to."

I smiled back. "Not at all," I told him. Of course he was a complete stranger, but on the other hand the fishing hole was certainly public enough and in our little town we aren't too cautious about being friendly with people—strangers or not. Besides, the soldier seemed harmless and impersonally interested in the children, and there could be no doubt that he was lonesome. So many people in this world, I thought, are just plain lonesome!

Denny must have been thinking pretty much the same thing, because he suddenly piped up, "He's nice, Aunt Joan—he's real nice." He looked up at the soldier and smiled and the soldier winked back at him. They had already become good friends. So (*Continued on page* 78)



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He must have felt my eyes on him, because he turned slightly and looked squarely at me and smiled.

"You don't mind my talking to the children, do you?" he asked. "It's always more fun when you have someone to talk to."

I smiled back. "Not at all," I told him. Of course he was a complete stranger, but on the other hand the fishing hole was certainly public enough and in our little town we aren't too cautious about being friendly with people—strangers or not. Besides, the soldier seemed harmless and impersonally interested in the children, and there could be no doubt that he was lonesome. So many people in this world, I thought, are just plain lonesome!

Denny must have been thinking pretty much the same thing, because he suddenly piped up, "He's nice, Aunt Joan—he's real nice." He looked up at the soldier and smiled and the soldier winked back at him. They had already become good friends. So (*Continued on page 78*)

Denny was happier than ever with Lefty, who treated him as an equal.



In Living Portraits

OUR GAL SUNDAY

CBS's story of a woman who believes that you must work for happiness

OUR GAL SUNDAY was named by the two old miners who found her—a little baby—on the doorstep of their cabin in Silver Creek, Colorado, years ago. Sunday's charm and loveliness captivated LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE, and they were married. As Lady Brinthrope, Sunday's courage and faith have been put to the test many times, for her circumstances now are far different from the conditions under which she was brought up. Lord Henry, a tided Englishman, is everything any woman could wish for in a husband. The years have proved that he and Sunday belong together in spite of the differences in their birth and upbringing, and for him the sun seems to rise and set on his beloved young wife.

(Vivian Smolen and Karl Swenson)

Produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Our Gal Sunday is heard every Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M., EST, over Columbia.





LILI FLORENZE is guided—and spoiled—by her mother, the COUNTESS FLORENZE, from whom she inherits her sulky, temperamental beauty. Arrogant and demanding, the Countess is a formidable personality, who has plainly shown that she will not allow anything or anybody to interfere with her plans for Lili. Nothing must stand in their way! (Lili is Inge Adams; the Countess is Ara Gerald)



LONNIE, who is doing some of the family shopping at the small country store owned by SUSIE ROBINSON and her husband, is the adopted oldest child of Henry and Sunday Brinthrope. The mutual affection that exists between Lonnie and the rest of the family is as strong as though he had been born into it. Lonnie is a constant joy to his foster-parents. (Venezuela Jones is Susie: Alastair Kyle is Lonnie)



IRENE and PETER GALWAY, a neighboring couple, have a warm and sturdy friendship with the family at Black Swan Hall. The comforting words and understanding aid of the Brinthropes have helped Irene and Peter over many rough spots, and in return Sunday and Henry know that if ever they are in need of help, the Galways would be ready at once to offer it. (Fran Carlon, Joseph Curtin)

PEARL TAGGART and SAINT-JOHN HARRIS are two young people Sunday worries about a great deal. "Sinjun" is an artist, attractive, as unpredictable as one of the arrows he uses in his favorite sport, archery. Pearl, a girl from Sunday's old home town, is a trial to Sunday because of her strange conviction that her magnificent hair will get her everything she wants. (Anne Shepherd, John Raby)



STEVE LANSING, a friend of Sunday's guardian Jackie from Silver Creek, is the sweetheart from whom Pearl Taggart ran away. But Steve has Sunday's encouragement, because she understands that, while he is not the most sophisticated of men, he is capable of making Pearl happy. Now Sunday is endeavoring to get the confused, wilful Pearl to realize this truth for herself, and to find contentment. (John McQuade)



The TIME Between

Ma Perkins was absolutely sure that Connie and Quent were still in love. The trouble was that they, themselves, didn't know it!

WHEN Connie Myles came to me asking for a room, I couldn't possibly refuse her. The housing shortage had struck Rushville Center, just as it had other towns and cities all over the United States. Besides, she was a pretty, appealing little thing—and independent!

She had lived in Rushville Center before the war, and had taken a course in beauty culture. But when the war broke out, Connie had gone out to the West Coast to work in a defense plant. Now she was back, working once again in one of the local beauty parlors—working very hard, and saving her money, because, she said, she wanted to buy a beauty shop of her own. She was a normal enough girl, it seemed to me—ordinarily happy, but not very much interested in men, or in clothes. She only wanted to save money for that beauty shop. It was all she cared about.

And then, almost overnight, Connie changed into a social butterfly. It was a long time before I connected the change in Connie with Quentin Jonas' homecoming, but I finally did. Quent was Rushville Center's orphan. Everybody in town still remembers the Jonas' divorce—a quarrel between two stubborn young people, each too proud to take the first step toward making up. Both parents remarried later, and Quent, when he was a child, divided his time between the two homes. The whole town was sorry for him, and the whole town took him to its heart.

This spring, when Quent came home from the Army, Shuffle Shober brought him over to my house the very first evening. And there he met Connie, whom he had known before, of course—as young folks in towns like ours always know one another. It seemed to me that that meeting between them held a lot of constraint, too many things unspoken. But I felt it was none of my business, and let it pass. It was right after that that Connie began to go out with the town boys—not with Quent, but with practically everyone else. Some of them certainly not the nicest boys in town, either. I was worried about her—real worried.

Then one late afternoon I came home from the lumber yard and heard Quent and Connie quarreling in my living room. My head whirling, trembling with shock and dismay, I heard Connie cry out, "I'm not proud that I was ever married to you, Quent Jonas—and I wouldn't be again. I can take care of myself and my own; I don't need your help and I won't stand for your interference!"

Connie—*married!* To Quent Jonas! I heard Quent slam out, and then Connie turned and saw me in the doorway—realized that I had heard. Her eyes filled with tears, pleading with me not to tell anyone, she began to tell me the story. (*Continued on page* 68)

Ma Perkins, **in this original Radio Mirror story, thought she knew, now, how to make Connie understand. (Ma Perkins played by Virginia Payne. Heard Monday through Friday, 1:15 P.M. EST, on CBS; 3:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.)**



Come and Visit

When George and Gracie are at home being part of the Burns family, they're the kind of people you'd love to have next door

YOU can't tell from the outside of houses what manner of people live in them. Take the formal white house in which George Burns and Gracie Allen live. With Sandra, twelve, and Ronnie, eleven. With Suzy too—the chic-est little toy French poodle you ever saw.

It stands on one of the best streets in Beverly Hills, the Burns' house, with French windows on either side of the big front door that is approached by a brick walk bordered with rose trees. It's a house of great charm and beauty but it's also conventionally elegant and so doesn't remotely suggest George or Gracie.

This isn't too strange. The Burnses had nothing to do with this house until the day they chanced upon it, in the very neighborhood they had agreed upon, and promptly bought it.

It was Gracie's intention to preserve the feeling of formality which the house suggests by her furnishings. And in the living room, to the right of the front door and the hallway with its beautiful circular stairway, she has remained true to this purpose. It's done in soft colors and mirrors, with pastel velvets and brocades, with petit point, with crystal and china lamps, with chairs that sit on little curved legs, with inlaid tables—with a French decor, really.

The grand piano stands in this room beside one of the damask-hung French windows which overlooks the formal lawn and the rose-bordered walk. And if you chanced to visit the Burnses, as we did, before Sandra and Ronnie were to play in a piano recital, you'd trail into this room with George and Gracie and Suzy, who follows Gracie everywhere, to hear them play Chopin.

"Now, this is a good opportunity for you children to come on just the way you will at the recital," Gracie said in an Allenish rush.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," she announced, "the next two numbers on our program will be played by Miss Sandra Burns and Master Ronnie



"Come again!" say George and Gracie, Ronnie (who's eleven) and Sandra (who's twelve) as we end the first visit in Radio Mirror's new series, which will take you into the homes and families of some of your favorite radio personalities. Burns and Allen are heard Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST, on NBC.

BURNS and ALLEN





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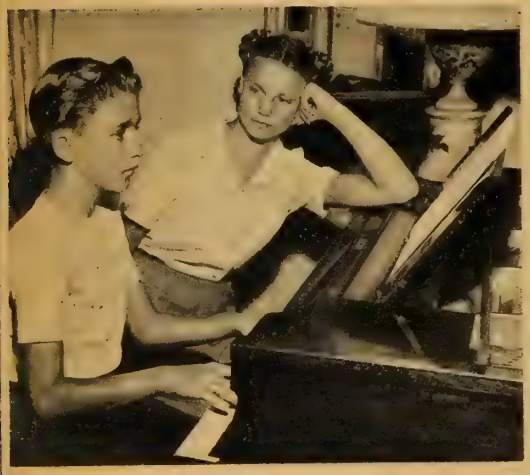
Burns. . . ." And everybody bowed

Both Sandra and Ronnie play with the crescendos and the loud pedal effects as well as the rare emotional quality of virtuosos. They well deserved the enthusiastic applause in which George led.

"I want you to get there early mama," Sandra said, "so you can sit in the front row." Ronnie's eyes made it clear he wanted this too.

"Let's go back to the other room," George suggested. "The only time we ever come in here is to hear the kids play. . . ." The kids dashed ahead and George stepped up beside Gracie. "Look," he said, sotto voce very fast, "you'll-have-to-cancel-out-on-that-luncheon-Gracie-or-you'll-be-late-to-that-recital-and-they're-both-counting-on-you-up-front-like-they-said." Gracie's eyes got twice as big and twice as blue as they always are. "But of course George!" she told him.

Leaving the living room, you realize that Gracie's plan to keep the house elegant and dignified throughout was short-lived. (*Continued on page* 76





Breakfast isn't official till Variety—and chic little Suzy—arrive in bed.



It's instinct with the Burnses not to be satisfied with anything amateurish. Even when the young ones dance for fun, they put on as good a performance as they know how.





Favorite household gathering-places: the kitchen, where the good food comes from, and the dining-table, where it's eaten by candle-light while everyone's views are aired and everyone's activities come in for discussion.



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FRONT PAGE



David and Sally do a beautiful job in a dangerous situation

DAVID FARRELL, a crusading New York Eagle reporter, and his wife, Sally, often find themselves involved more deeply than they intend to be in some of the stories that David covers for his paper. The scene of this adventure is a beauty shop, to which David is sent by his paper because the shop's proprietor, Lizette, had been shot at the night before. (Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Front Page Farrell is heard every weekday at 5 P.M. EST, on CBS. David is played by Staats Cotsworth, Sally by Florence Williams, Sherry by Athena Lorde, Nick by Peter Capell, Lizette by Eleanor Sherman.)

1. Lizette is calm about the attempt on her life, which makes David suspicious. He questions customers who had appointments the day before, finds them unaccountably afraid. Sherry, a dancer, was at the shop at midnight.



4. David pays a late visit to the shop as Nick leaves. He sees the machine; Lizette explains that she likes music.



5. At home, David and Sally read that Sherry's engagement to a wealthy man has been broken. And what about Lizette's other customers who seemed strangely afraid? Smacks of blackmail.

FARRELL



2. David and Sally talk to Sherry, who says she was at the shop to have her hair done for her midnight show. Sally later tells David that Sherry has lied; her hair has not been washed and dressed recently.



3. Lizette and Nick, her assistant, play records Lizette has made of customer's conversations. They have cleverly inserted lines to make customer's originally innocent remarks about her husband appear to refer to a fascinating new sweetheart.



6. Sally, posing as a wealthy customer, goes to Lizette's, overhears Lizette threatening another customer but can't make out with what. She tells David; he suggests that she go back the next afternoon.



7. Lizette, while working on Sally's hair, asks all sorts of personal questions, such as does she love her husband?



8. Lizette leaves Sally under dryer. David comes in, posing as electrician. He finds recording device, asks Sally if she'd told Lizette anything that could be used to blackmail her. She says no—nothing dangerous.



9. Machine has been playing all the while. David blurs out his and Sally's conversation by replaying record and muffling their words with the sound of the dryer. Lizette enters, is furious because machine is on, snatches it up and carries it away. Now David and Sally are sure that the record means something.

12. The next day in a teashop across from Lizette's, David gives Sally some fake jewels which she is to offer in return for the record, which he wants as evidence. At Lizette's Sally is led to a booth away from the others.



13. Sally forgets to answer to her assumed name of Marshall, and Nick and Lizette go through her purse, find out who she is and where David is by threatening her with acid.



10. David comes to the shop after hours to chat with Lizette—and to place a bit of paper in the lock as they leave, so that he and Sally can come back later. He takes Lizette home, gets Sally, and they return to shop.



11. In the shop David and Sally play the record Lizette made of her conversation with Sally, find that the record has been so changed that Sally's confidences about how happy she is with her husband now become complaints, with talk about the new man she has met. They know that Lizette will try to blackmail her.



14. Lizette goes to the teashop, demands that David sign a statement saying that any accusations he may make against her are false—or Sally will be burned with acid. David signs.



15. David goes back to the shop with Lizette to get Sally, wrenches acid away from Nick, throws it on the statement he has just signed, destroying it completely. He snatches up the record, calls the police. . . . Another case is solved.



Life CAN BE

THE proof of the philosophy that *Life Can Be Beautiful* is all around us—every one of us, every day. Each of us must find it, teach it to himself, learn it well. A conversation I overheard once between two friends made this more meaningful than ever. One was complaining that she had never had much real happiness. The other replied thoughtfully, "I remember a time when I too thought that way. But when I was twenty-two, I learned to think differently. It was when my first baby died. Life was black and useless. And then, after a while, I began to understand that I was still alive, and that while you are alive your life is your own, to do the best you can with. Because nobody can bring happiness and hand it to you. If you do not make your own life as beautiful, as useful as it is in you to do, somebody else, friend or stranger, must watch your misery. If it is one who loves you, he must bear your burden as well as his own.

"And we have no right to ask that of another."



For Their Loved One's Sake

To the writer of this letter RADIO MIRROR has sent one hundred dollars.

Dear Papa David:

Twenty-three years ago my husband was in an accident that left him with a broken back, fractured skull, and crushed ribs. He was thirty-six and I was thirty-four. We had one son, age fourteen. We did not know which way to turn. Son and I went to hospital day after day for two months. Instead of getting better we saw my husband was slowly dying.

The doctor told me he might live six months, not longer; I said I would take him home. He said to leave him where he was; he would be better off, that I did not know anything about taking care of him. I said it was a good

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Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard



BEAUTIFUL

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I bought a hospital bed and fixed his room cheerful and nice. Next day I called an ambulance, called the doctor, told him I was taking my husband home, and would he please call soon. He said he would. And as soon as doctor came and saw him he said he was looking better already. From then on he began to improve. His back and legs were covered with bed sores. Doctor said I would never heal them. I said I would, and I did, but it took me one year to do it. I never let him get another one. His position had to be changed every fifteen to twenty minutes, day and night, when he was awake. Only God knows what we went through. Our son had to have rest and sleep to keep up his school work. I hired a practical nurse to help me during the school term. One day our son rushed in all out of breath, said, "Oh mom, you won't have to do any more of that hard lifting. I am having a rack made for Dad's bed, and he can shift his position himself." I said, "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Oh mom, I heard of a man in same condition as Dad. I went to see him, to see if I could learn anything that would help us to take better care of Dad. He had a rack over his bed like I am having made for Dad."

Next day the rack was delivered. It was so simple we were all surprised that we did not think of it ourselves. But I think it saved my life, and Daddy's. In our eyes there never was such a wonderful son.

As our son grew (*Continued on page* **96**)

Revealed in this month's best letter is the story of love and fortitude that kept a family together

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Around the Clock



Waffles needn't be confined to breakfast. Trimmed up as we've suggested, they make elegant additions to your luncheon and dinner menus, and new-tasting desserts.

ONE way to help keep food costs lower and mealtime enjoyment higher is to serve waffles. They are already a round-the-clock favorite, you know, just as delicious for a lunch or supper main course, or for dessert as they are for breakfast, and here are recipes which will make every member of the family a waffle enthusiast.

Sour Milk Waffles

2 cups flour
¾ tsp. soda
1 tsp. double-acting baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1½ cups sour milk
2 egg yolks, beaten
4 tbls. melted shortening
2 egg whites, beaten

Sift flour, measure, add soda, baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine beaten egg yolks and sour milk and blend with flour. Add shortening and mix until smooth. Beat egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks, then quickly fold into batter. Bake in hot waffle iron.

Ham Waffles

2 cups flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
3 egg yolks, beaten
1¼ cups milk
5 tbls. melted shortening
3 egg whites, beaten
1 cup fine-cut cooked ham

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine beaten egg yolks and milk and blend with flour. Add shortening and mix until smooth. Stir in ham, then quickly fold in beaten egg whites. Boiled or baked ham may be used, or in place of ham canned luncheon meat, or other diced cooked meat may be substituted, or grated cheese.

Raisin Waffles

Use any of the waffle recipes given, adding 1 cup chopped raisins.

For a main dish, serve waffles with any desired a la king or other creamed mixture—a very good method for making a cup or so of leftover meat or fish go a long way.

There is almost no end to the variety of toppers you can serve with waffles. Jam or jelly of your own making is good for either a breakfast or a dessert waffle, and here are suggestions for other waffle accompaniments: seasoned strawberries or other small berries, fresh sliced peaches, pears, bananas or oranges.

For additional variation, bake or broil any of these, seasoned with sugar and cinnamon.

By

KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard over the Columbia network at 8:30 EST.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfrew Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		9:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	National Radio Pulpit
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Tone Tapestries
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Eternal Light
		11:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Today's Concert
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
		12:30	ABC:	String Orchestra
		1:00	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	People's Platform
		1:15	NBC:	America United
	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
		1:15	MBS:	Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Singing Sweethearts
		1:45	MBS:	Bert Howell
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Private Showing
7:00		2:00	ABC:	Warriors of Peace
		2:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
11:15		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:30	ABC:	Bill Cunningham, news
		2:45	MBS:	What the Veteran Wants to Know
		3:00	MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	CBS Symphony Orchestra
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
12:15		3:15	ABC:	Cadets' Quartet
		3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
		3:45	ABC:	Samuel Pettingill
		4:00	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The National Hour
7:30	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Stump the Authors
		4:00	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller
		4:30	NBC:	Lucky Stars
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
12:30		4:30	ABC:	Right Down Your Alley
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
1:00		5:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		5:00	MBS:	Under Arrest
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Abbott Mysteries
2:30		5:30	CBS:	Johnny's Front Porch
1:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet
2:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Phil Davis
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
		6:30	ABC:	Eugenie Baird
		6:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
		6:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		7:00	MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
9:00		7:00	CBS:	Gene Autry
		7:30	MBS:	Star Show
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
4:00		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
		8:00	CBS:	Richard Lawless
		8:30	MBS:	Special Investigator
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
5:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parson's Show
8:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
5:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
		9:45	ABC:	Policewoman, drama
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
6:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Mystery Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Don Ameche Variety Show
		10:00	MBS:	Mystery Is My Hobby
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Serenade for Strings
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



NEVER BE DISCOURAGED . . .

Persistence and patience are virtues worth having, as Lucy Ferri, young actress on CBS's Road to Life show can testify. Lucy needed her patience, and needed it and needed it.

Lucy Ferri was born in New York, and practically ever since she can remember she was bent on becoming an actress. She didn't get very much encouragement at home, or later, at school. This lack of encouragement rather forced her in on herself, so that her ambition became a secret one.

After Lucy was graduated from White Plains High School, she took a stand on what she wanted to do. She insisted so strongly that her parents had to give her a chance to try her luck in the theater. Again, Lucy found that she needed her patience, because she came up against that age-old bugaboo of all aspirants to the stage—"What experience have you had?"

No one has ever found a real solution for this problem. Some young folks hire themselves out as apprentices in little theaters for practically no pay. Others go to dramatic schools which provide them with a showcase for their talents. Others just knock at doors and try and try until they get one tiny little break. Lucy belonged to this latter type, but, though she tried and tried, no director looked at her and decided that he had found a great talent.

Discouragement is just a little worse than lack of encouragement. Lucy finally decided that she'd have to postpone her ambition for another while and find some way to make a living. She settled down to take a secretarial course in a business school, then shrewdly got herself a job as a secretary in an advertising agency which handled radio accounts. She wanted to be somehow connected with the entertainment business.

The radio department of the agency, naturally, held regular auditions for potential talent. The auditions were usually run by calling actors in pairs so that one actor could feed lines to the other.

Sometimes, however, one of the actors would fail to show up for an audition. In that case, one of the office employees, who was familiar with the script and wasn't too busy at the moment, was called on to fill in. Lucy got her chance that way, several dozen times, in fact. All of which was fun, but it seemed to Lucy that again her patience would have to be called upon. And then one day a radio director who is well known for his ability to spot talent, listened and said, "You know, that girl's good!"

And Lucy Ferri quickly abandoned her steno pad and typewriter and stepped before the microphone to take up the career toward which she had been heading so patiently all her life. And she is good.

Monday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
11:30		10:45	ABC:	Club Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	This Is Your Country
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Naval Academy Band
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:45		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual's Melody Hour
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:15	CBS:	Woman's Club
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:15	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:15	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC:	Ed Sullivan's Pipeline
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Fighting Senator
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Case Book of Gregory Hood
9:00		9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Benny Goodman
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
6:55		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Tommy Dorsey's Play Shop
		10:00	ABC:	Question for America
		10:15	MBS:	Jon Gart Trio
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

Tuesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00	MBS:	News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15	CBS:	Patti Clayton
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Margaret Whiting, Jerry Gray, Tune Toppers
		8:00	MBS:	Nick Carter
		8:15	ABC:	The O'Neills
7:30		8:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theater of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Ted Malone
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos 'n' Andy
				Brown Dots Quartet
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
10:45	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee & Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
R		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer
7:15		10:00	ABC:	Concert Time
M 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Open Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
		11:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science



MEAN MAN . . .

Maurice Copeland is fast becoming known as "The Meanest Man in Radio." Since the day two and a half years ago, when Maurie took on the role of Banker Pendleton in NBC's and CBS's Ma Perkins show, he has almost automatically been assigned to play every other mean character in most of the shows originating in Chicago.

Copeland portrays Dr. Glazer in Mutual's Captain Midnight, Dwight Lamont in NBC's The Guiding Light, Dr. Wilton in NBC's Women in White, and numerous black characters in Mutual's Freedom of Opportunity and CBS's The Whistler. Not only do directors think of him first as the logical person to play a villain, but many radio fans have come to believe that this must be his real character.

Recently at a radio party in the Windy City, an autograph hunter grabbed back her book from Maurie, when she found out he was "Pendleton," saying, "I think you're the meanest man I ever heard of and I don't want your name in my book!" That rather amused Maurie. But, when his six-year-old son asked him, "Daddy, why aren't you ever nice to your wives on the radio?" he began to wonder whether he shouldn't write a public statement explaining that he's really a home-loving man with a charming wife and two children.

As a matter of fact, Maurie is very much of a homebody and his hobby is landscape gardening, a hobby which he indulges to his heart's content on the grounds around his lovely home in Winnetka, Ill.

Maurie does portray one pleasant character among the dozens of roles he appears in regularly. He is Don on the Mutual Answer Man show. That's more or less to keep his hand in, because Maurice Copeland wasn't always a heavy. In a long history in the theater, he played many sympathetic parts and leads.

Maurie was born in Rector, Arkansas, 34 years ago. When he was still an infant, his family moved to Tuscumbia, Alabama, where Maurie grew up and attended school. After he was graduated from Deshler High School in his home town, he went off to Memphis, Tenn., to work as a grocery clerk, while he studied drama on the side. He was serious about this acting business, so serious, in fact, that his work won him a scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. After four years of acting, directing and producing plays at the California training school of the theater, Maurie was graduated with the highest honors ever given in that school.

The next step, logically, was Broadway. But love has a way of upsetting logic. Maurie, on his way to tackle the producers of New York for a job, stopped off in Chicago to visit a girl he'd met a few months before. He never got any further East. He married the girl and started his career in radio. That was in 1938 and he has been one of the most sought after "heavies" in Chicago ever since.

Wednesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folk
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
10:10	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Married For Life
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Marine Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confession
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hou
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Haw
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' For Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethencourt
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Lanny Ross Show
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Quee
7:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Battle of the Commentato
		7:30	NBC:	Carolyn Gilbert
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson
		8:15	ABC:	Listen to La Guardia
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Beatrice Kay
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Frankie Carle's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	CBS:	Bob Crosby
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Sports Review
		10:00	MBS:	Endorsed by Dorsey
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	David Rose Orchestra
		10:30	MBS:	Author Meets Critics
		10:30	ABC:	Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15	CBS:	This is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folk
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
1:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
3:30	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
		3:00	CBS:	You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	ABC:	Our Singing Land
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
4:00	5:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
		6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:20	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dennis Day
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Burns and Allen
		8:30	MBS:	Vic and Sade
		8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. in Peace and War
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
		9:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	By Popular Demand
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eve Arden
		10:00	MBS:	California Melodies
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:30	ABC:	Ralph Norman's Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		10:30	MBS:	Blue Barron's Orchestra
		10:30	CBS:	Phone Again Finnegan



LADY BE BEAUTIFUL—LIKE THIS! . . .

There are many ways to become a stylist and fashion expert, the most usual one being, of course, going to a fashion school and learning design. But that wasn't the way Rita La Roy—the guest expert on Mutual's charm clinic, Lady Be Beautiful (Fridays, Mutual Network, 3:30 P.M. EST)—got to be one of the smartest women in Hollywood.

It all goes back to Rita's childhood—as what doesn't in whose life? Rita was raised on a ranch in the West and raised without a mother. Life was rough on the ranch, in more ways than one. And Rita was frequently called on to do chores, just as though she were one of the ranch hands. Rita was driven to finding some way to brighten her life. The first step was studying the mail order catalogues and dreaming over this fluffy dress and that swishy one, pictured in the sharp, flat colors of the catalogues. The next step was ordering materials and making copies of the dresses, always adding a touch of her own to the patterns she made herself. Rita says that she actually learned about style by the trial-and-error method, because it still gives her the shudders to remember one or two of the "numbers" she turned out in those days. But she was determined to have some personal beauty in her life—and she did learn from every one of her mistakes.

There came the day when Rita was taken from the ranch and placed in an orphanage. The times that followed often made her long for the ranch again. She ran away, thumbed her way to the nearest city and got a job as a salesgirl in a department store.

Rita La Roy, as you will remember from having seen her in the movies—(always playing slinky villainesses) is lovely to look at and delightful to watch as she moves. She progressed very rapidly from the sales job to being a fashion model, naturally, all the time picking up more and more understanding of style. It was not much of a step from there to a contract in the movies.

Acting was fine, but Rita's first interest was fashions and glamor. In 1939, she originated the idea of the Hollywood Beauty and Fashion Clinic, which was introduced before more than 10,000 women at the International Exposition at Treasure Island. It was designed to give on-the-spot advice on fashion and beauty to women of all types and ages. That feature of the Exposition became the greatest favorite of women, who crowded the pavilion and refused to leave until all their hundreds of questions had been answered. It was after the success of this idea of hers that Rita was made the Hollywood Fashion Director for CBS.

The first impression Rita La Roy makes is one of great sophistication. Talking to her, however, you soon find that she is basically simple and direct, without affectation or artificiality. She makes a splendid weekend guest, being one of those people who offers to wash the dishes after dinner—and means it!

Friday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	This is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
12:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	The Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller Sings
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:30	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tune to Remember
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:40	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
5:45		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Waitin' for Clayton
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Songs by Larry Carr
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Baby Snooks
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Passport to Romance
		8:00	ABC:	The Adventures of Sam Spade
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Adventures of the Thin Man
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Alan Young
		8:30	MBS:	Voice in the Night
		8:30	ABC:	This is Your F.B.I.
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
		9:30	CBS:	Durante and Moore
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Spotlight on America
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Mercury Summer Theater
		10:30	MBS:	Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

Saturday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	NBC String Trio
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC:	Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Albert Warner
		10:00	NBC:	Percolator Party
		10:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30	ABC:	Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	String Ensemble
		11:15	MBS:	Vacation Symphonies
9:45		11:30	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:30	CBS:	Billie Burke Show
		11:30	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS:	Fun With Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Smiling Ed McConnell
		12:30	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
6:30	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Checkerboard Jamboree
		1:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		2:00	ABC:	Chicago Serenade
4:30	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:15	MBS:	Johnny Pineapple's Orchestra
		2:30	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:30	NBC:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	Palmer House Concert Orchestra
		2:30	ABC:	Hill Toppers
		2:45	NBC:	Stories by Olmstead
		2:45	ABC:	Melodies to Remember
		3:00	MBS:	George Sterney's Orchestra
		3:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
11:00		3:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
		3:00	NBC:	Saturday Showcase
11:30		3:30	ABC:	Roundup Time
		3:30	MBS:	George Barry's Orchestra
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		4:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
		4:15	MBS:	Herb Field's Orchestra
		4:30	MBS:	George Barry's Orchestra
		4:45	MBS:	Opportunity U. S. A.
1:00		5:00	ABC:	Saturday Concert
		5:00	NBC:	No Happy Ending
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
		5:30	MBS:	George Town's Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:15	ABC:	Jimmy Blair
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	American Portrait
		6:15	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS:	Los Angeles Symphonic Band
		6:30	CBS:	American Portrait
2:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00	ABC:	It's Your Business
		7:15	ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Curtain Time, drama
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS:	I Was a Convict
		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
		8:00	ABC:	Dark Venture
		8:00	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	MBS:	Juvenile Jury
		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30		9:30	ABC:	Berkshire Festival
R 6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
M		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Old Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

Outlaw Boy

(*Continued from page 21*)

you've ever used him. I think I know why, too. And I think I could do something about it."

Then I *was* interested. He was talking about Lone Eagle, the prettiest piece of horseflesh I've ever owned, and just about the meanest. . .

Somewhere, way back in his family tree, there probably was an outlaw—a horse that couldn't endure restraint—that refused to bow to man's will. And Lone Eagle must have been a throw-back to that ancient ancestor. It showed in his eyes. It showed in his laid-back ears when anyone came near him. It showed in the vicious baring of his teeth, and the murderous lashing out of his hooves. He was a bad actor, and I should have gotten rid of him a long time ago. But every time I'd decide to sell him, I'd go take another look, and I'd change my mind.

"What would you do about Lone Eagle?" I asked.

He twisted his hat in his hands. "I don't like to brag about things before they're done, Mr. Autry. But I'd like a chance to try a couple of things. I think that horse is unhappy. That's his main trouble. Why don't you just let me hang around for a couple of weeks and see what I can do?"

Aside from the fact that I would have grabbed at any chance to make a good horse out of Lone Eagle, there was something about this boy that appealed to me. Almost involuntarily I heard myself saying, "All right, son, if you want to try it, it's okay with me. I'll give you the regular stable boy wages, and you can bunk in with Shorty."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Autry," he said. "There's just one thing—it's kind of a personal thing—would you mind not calling me 'son'? Call me Joe. Joe Smith."

I blinked a little at that. This was certainly an odd youngster. But then, everybody has peculiarities—young or old. "Okay, Joe," I said. "And now, beat it. I've got to get washed up. I'll see you around."

AS it happened, I didn't see him around for a couple of days. I was busy with one thing and another, and it wasn't until two days later that I asked Shorty how he was getting along.

"Oh, him," said Shorty. "You mean Joe. He's sleepin' in the stables. Got himself a pallet and a couple of horse-blankets, and stays down there all the time."

"How's he getting along with Lone Eagle?"

"Well, you know—it's a funny thing about that horse. He seems to like the kid. Joe stands in front of the stall and talks to him—just like you'd talk to a person. And he's got a harmonica that he plays. The darn horse listens to the talk and the music like one of them bobby-soxers listenin' to Frank Sinatra. He eats out of the kid's hand, too. I never thought I'd live to see the day!"

"Well, that's fine," I said, and went on with my work. A few days later, Shorty cornered me after dinner.

"Say, Boss," he began, "maybe I'm tellin' tales outa school, but I think you oughta know about this. You know that new kid—that Joe Smith?"

"Yeah."

"Well, he's put Lone Eagle into the big box stall. He put him in there so there'd be room in there for Daisy, too."

"Daisy?" I asked.

"Yeah, that little gray donkey that belongs to Lopez. Lone Eagle likes him."

I reached for my hat. "This," I said, "I've got to see."

We walked over to the corral and into the stables. Sure enough, over by the box stall, there was Joe, leaning against the front of the stall with his hands full of apples, neatly cut into quarters. I motioned Shorty to be quiet, and we just stood there for a while and watched. Joe was talking to Lone Eagle in low tones, and the horse was listening to him with his ears pricked forward. Every once in a while, Joe would give him a piece of apple and keep on talking. Then I noticed a little gray nose poking over the stall door next to Lone Eagle and edging toward Joe and the apples. Lone Eagle was reaching for another one when the little gray nose pushed him aside and got the apple first. Joe laughed and patted the nose. "Atta-boy, Daisy," he said softly, "Don't let him make a pig of himself."

I MUST have chuckled at that, because suddenly Lone Eagle's head went up and his ears twisted back. And Joe whirled around.

"Oh—hi, Mr. Autry," he said, and turned back to the stall again. "Take it easy, boy," he whispered to Lone Eagle, "everything's all right. Nothing to worry about. It's just Mr. Autry and he's not going to hurt you."

"Pretty fond of each other, aren't they?" I said to Joe.

"Oh, yes," he told me eagerly. "I noticed first thing that they were friends. Daisy used to wander in here and Lone Eagle always nickered at him and they'd kind of talk to each other. So I thought I'd try putting them in together. It's calmed Lone Eagle down a lot."

"It has, at that," I agreed. And then "How soon do you think it'll be before you can ride him?"

Joe's eyes widened. "Who—Lone Eagle?" he gasped. I nodded. "Oh gee, Mr. Autry, not for a long time yet. That's one of the things that's been bothering Lone Eagle—people trying to make him do things he doesn't want to. He thinks people want to be mean to him. He's got to get used to just being liked first."

"You're quite a psychologist, aren't you, Joe?" I teased.

He flushed a little and his eyes dropped. "I must seem like an awful smart-aleck to you, Mr. Autry. You've had so much more experience with horses than I have. But I kind of feel as though I know just how Lone Eagle thinks. I put myself in his place and try to figure out how I'd react to things. And generally it works out. If people don't like you or don't want you around, you're not apt to like them either. So I thought the only way to make Lone Eagle like me was to like him a lot, first."

I felt a lump gathering in my throat as Joe talked. He sounded as though he'd had a lot of experience with wanting to be liked. He was crediting Lone Eagle with all the loneliness and craving for affection that a fifteen year old boy can feel.

I patted him on the shoulder. "You keep right on (*Continued on page 5*

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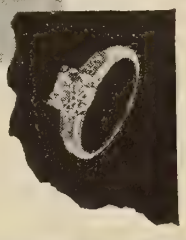
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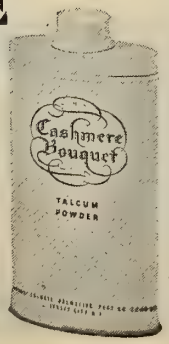


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(*Continued from page* 54) liking him, Joe," I said. "And I hope it won't be too long before he catches on."

"I sure hope so, too, Mr. Autry. He's a wonderful horse."

"He's sure a funny kid," mused Shorty later. "But he's darned good with the horses. The other night when that snake crawled into Whitey's stall and scared the daylights out of her, Joe was the only one who could get in with her and throw the snake out. He had her quieted down again in about five minutes. Just talked to her. And every one of them horses likes to listen to him playin' on that harmonica of his. Like a bunch of humans at a band concert."

"Well, it's probably like he said," I told Shorty. "He likes them, so they like him, and vice versa. I guess he hasn't had many people liking him."

"No. Prob'ly not. He's a nice kid, but he's pretty stand-offish and shy with the boys. Like he's scared of 'em or somethin'."

"There's something odd about him, all right. Well, we'll likely find out all about it one of these days."

I FOUND out about it a lot quicker than I expected to. A state trooper dropped in one day, a week or so later, looking for a fifteen-year-old boy named Bobby Wooster. The boy's description, according to the trooper, was: "Height, 5′ 6″; Weight, 140 lbs.; Brown hair; Blue eyes; Freckles." He was also supposed to be very fond of horses. The trooper had been canvassing rodeos and horse shows. I thought of Joe immediately, of course, and asked the trooper what the boy was wanted for.

"Shucks," said the trooper, "this isn't a criminal case. It's a Missing Persons Bureau job. The kid ran away from some boarding school back east and his father's looking for him. Well, if you hear anything about him, or if he shows up here, let me know, will you?"

I said I would, and the trooper got into his car and drove off toward town. I sat there for a while and thought about it. Then I got up and walked down to the stables. Joe was in Lone Eagle's stall, currying him, while Lone Eagle and Daisy munched peacefully at the manger. I walked in to where I could see Joe plainly and then called sharply, "Hey, Bobby!"

Joe started as though he'd been shot, his hand poised in mid-air. He turned to stare at me, and in his face was a look of mingled fear and despair. "Oh," he said slowly. "So you found out about me?"

"Sure," I said. "Partly, anyway. But I don't see why you have to get so upset about it. Why don't we just talk it over? It can't be as bad as you think it is."

Joe—or perhaps I'd better call him Bobby from now on—put the curry comb away and vaulted out of the stall. We went over to a pile of feed sacks and sat down.

"Now, why don't you tell me the whole story?" I suggested.

"Well," he said, groping for words, "there isn't really much to tell, after all. I don't get along with my father, and I never seem to be able to do the things he wants me to, and I hate the schools I have to go to, so I just ran away and came out west. You're not going to send me back, are you, Mr. Autry?"

"We'll figure that one out later," I promised. "Now tell me—why don't you and your father get along?"

There was a long silence and then he blurted out, "My father just doesn't like me, Mr. Autry. And how can you like somebody who doesn't like you?"

"What makes you think he doesn't like you?"

"Well, he doesn't want me living with him—at least he sends me away to school all the time. And he never wants me to do what I want to do. He wants me to be an engineer. Well, I don't like engineering. All I like is horses. I'm no good at Math, and you have to be good at Math to be an engineer."

I nodded.

"But I *am* good with animals," he went on. "I don't have to kid myself about that—I *know* it. And they're the only things I like, so it seems like just plain foolishness for me to try to learn some other kind of business. I'd like to go to a Veterinary College and learn everything about all kinds of animals, but Father says I have to go to Engineering School. That's what made me decide to run away. I'm glad I did."

"Look, Bobby," I said, "tell me a little about your father."

"He works in the office of one of those big trucking companies in New York. He's a bookkeeper. He likes Math—I guess that's why he thought I ought to like it, because he does. It's a funny thing—he was born out in Nevada, but he could never make a go of things out west, so he went east. And now he's a bookkeeper!"

"What about your mother?" I asked.

"I never knew her. She died when I was born."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "That makes it tough. But we've still got to decide what to do about you."

Bobby's face whitened. "Please, Mr. Autry—*please* don't make me go back east. I'll work twice as hard here. I'll work for nothing. But I don't think I could stand it if I had to go to Engineering School!"

"But, Bobby," I tried to reason with him, "your father has to know where you are. Think how worried he must be about you."

"He doesn't care a rap about me," he insisted.

"He cared enough to get in touch with the Missing Persons Bureau and get them started combing the country for you. There was a trooper out here just half an hour ago looking for you."

Bobby's jaw dropped. "Honest, Mr. Autry? They're *looking* for me? State troopers?"

HE WAS impressed. "Gee," he said, "I didn't think he'd ever do a thing like that. But just the same, Mr. Autry, I sure hope you won't think it's your duty to send me back."

"I'm not thinking so much about *my* duty as I am about yours," I assured him. Then I had an inspiration. "Bobby, I've got to go to New York next week to see about a radio show. Why don't you give me your dad's address, and I'll look him up and talk things over with him. You're still a minor, you know, and you'll pretty much have to do what he tells you to, but maybe I can explain things so that he'll see them your way."

"Gee, that'd be dandy, Mr. Autry," he said, rather doubtfully. But I saw he didn't think it would work.

I was in New York on Monday of the following week. And after I'd finished my radio business, I went one evening to the address Bobby had given me. John Wooster wasn't as hard to talk to as I'd been afraid he would be. He was a tired man with heavy worry lines etched into his face, and he was pathetically grateful for news.

I took a deep breath and plunged in. "Something's likely to happen to Bob if you don't do something about it pretty quick, Mr. Wooster."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You want him to go to Engineering School." Mr. Wooster nodded.

"Maybe you don't realize it, but Bobby's interests and abilities lie in an entirely different direction."

"You mean that crazy idea he's got about being a veterinarian?"

"That's what I mean, but I don't think it's a crazy idea. He's what we call a 'natural' when it comes to animals. People like that are few and far between. Don't you care what *he* wants, Mr. Wooster?"

A puzzled look came over his face. "Of course I do. But he's only fifteen years old. How can he know what he wants to do for the rest of his life? I figured that engineering would make a good solid career for him. Something I never had. I want his life to be safe and sure. I don't want him ever to have to wonder where his next meal is coming from. Maybe I haven't been a very good father, Mr. Autry. But it wasn't because I didn't want to be. I did the best I could. I don't know much about kids, so I sent him to the very best schools I could afford—and to some I couldn't afford."

"In other words, you gave him just about everything except the one thing he wanted and needed."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Autry."

"The one thing Bobby has always wanted, Mr. Wooster, was a father who cared about him."

WE MUST have talked for two hours after that, and I found myself liking Bobby's father more and more. He wanted so desperately to do what was right, but most of the time he just fumbled in the dark. Finally, on an impulse on both our parts, we decided that he should come out west with me when I went back. He had almost a month's leave due him from his job and a bit of money saved up. Money, he explained, that he had planned to use for Bobby's Engineering School.

I felt pretty pleased with myself when I went to bed that night. A whole month with my rodeo show ought to get Bobby and his father off to a pretty good start. They'd get a chance to know each other for a change, and settle a few of their differences.

Of course, like so many other things, it didn't work out exactly as I'd planned. As a matter of fact, I began to be afraid that it wouldn't ever work out. John Wooster had come out west with me—nominally as my guest. But he said he'd rather be working at something while he was there, and I agreed that it was all right with me if it made him feel any better. So as far as everyone else was concerned he was taken on as a general handy man for the rodeo. The men all liked him, and he fitted right in. But Bobby couldn't accept the situation. He was convinced that I'd double-crossed him and was on his father's side.

Wooster was heart-broken. He tried everything he knew to make Bobby like him. He talked to him about Lone Eagle. He brought him presents from town. He tried to treat him like a grown-up. But none of it did any good. Bobby was convinced it was all just an act to lure him into Engineering School.

Then it came time for us to move on farther west. It was about a three day trip, and we were using big trucks and vans to transport the horses and cattle.



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The second day out we started having trouble with my car. One of the boys who handled mechanical work for us estimated it would take three or four hours to get it fixed up. He said if we could find a place to stop for the rest of the day he could get the job done and also do some greasing on the trucks. So we started looking for a good place to stop and found it about an hour later. It was an abandoned farm next to an old overgrown logging road that seemed to cut right through the mountains. It was fifty miles from the nearest town by the main road, and probably ten miles by that old trail.

We were all unpacked by noon, and had fixed up the farm's old corral for the animals, figuring that a day's rest would do them a lot of good. Bobby, as usual, was sticking close to the horses, especially Lone Eagle; and his father, also as usual, was sort of hovering around the edges, trying to get a glimpse of Bobby.

It got too much for me, finally, and I went over to where Bobby was adjusting Lone Eagle's blanket.

"Listen, kid," I said, "why don't you give your dad a break?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, but he knew well enough what I meant.

"I MEAN that he's trying to be nice to you, and all you're doing is giving him the cold shoulder. Why don't you meet him half way? It's what you always wanted, wasn't it—to have your father be interested in you?"

"Awww—" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "he doesn't mean any of that stuff. It's just a gag to get me to go back east again."

I got a little annoyed then. "Sometimes kids like you give me a pain in the neck. You think you know so much. You listen to me for a minute. Do you remember telling me that Lone Eagle had to be liked before *he* could like anybody? And that it would take a long time to convince him that you liked him? Well, did you ever stop to think that your dad is trying to get you to like him—by liking *you* first? And you're acting just as suspicious and sulky as Lone Eagle did at first. Only worse. Because Lone Eagle finally did catch on. I sometimes wonder if you ever will."

An hour or so later I wandered over by the corral and found the boys all sitting around in a circle, talking cowpony talk. John Wooster was there, and then I blinked. Sitting next to him, chatting away nice as you please, was Bobby. *Hmmmm,* I thought, *evidently what I said to him made some impression.* I went over and sat down near them. Bobby looked at me and I could see that his eyes were shining. Evidently all he had needed was to have his father explained to him in terms that he could understand.

Wooster's eyes were shining, too. He looked as excited as a schoolgirl at her first dance. I had an idea what it must mean to him to have his son sitting there at his side, and I guess maybe my own eyes were shining, too.

The talk drifted to broncho busting, and Wooster was telling about some of his experiences back in Nevada as a boy. Bobby listened to him in open-mouthed wonder, and his father must have felt the admiration and interest in his son's eyes, because his talk got more and more excited. He began to brag a little about how good he used to be. The other boys teased him some about how that was in the old days and he probably couldn't do half of those

things now. He fell for it. Goaded by the boys' good-natured taunts and his own desire to be a hero in Bobby's eyes, he suddenly offered to show everybody that he could ride any bronc in the outfit right then and there.

Well, we didn't have any man-killing horses in our outfit. Lone Eagle had been probably the meanest horse I owned, and under Bobby's care even he had lost most of his viciousness. But we did have some half-wild ponies and one or two experienced exhibition buckers. They might have been considered dangerous, but we were so used to them that we no longer thought much of it. So, although I started to interfere, I changed my mind. After all, Wooster was a grown man and this evidently was important to him. The boys looked at me questioningly, but I just shrugged my shoulders. One of them whooped and ran to the pen where the broncs were. "You're on, Wooster," he shouted. "We'll give you a try at old Red Eye."

It started out all right. They got Red Eye roped and led out with a bandage over his eyes, and saddled him. Then Wooster got into the saddle and they jerked the bandage off. Red Eye was an old hand at this, and the struggle began. He went through his simplest maneuvers first—stiff-legged leaps into the air, landing with a jar that must have shaken Wooster to his teeth. Then as the little man clung desperately to his saddle, Red Eye went into more subtle bucks—twists and jerks and two-legged antics. Probably Wooster could have stayed with him—if he'd spent all his life doing nothing else. But it had been a long time since the older man had even ridden a horse, let alone tackled one of the wisest broncs in the rodeo business. He was game enough, but it was an uneven fight. The sweat was pouring from his forehead and there was a desperate twist to his lips. I glanced at Bobby and saw that his hands were clenched and his eyes frightened.

I WAS just about to call a halt to the thing, even if it would disgrace Wooster in his own and his son's estimation, when it happened. Red Eye had worked his way over toward the corral fence and then started his specialty—a sort of see-saw prancing that was deadly in its precision and force. Wooster took it for about thirty seconds and then his hands loosened from the reins and he pitched out of the saddle. Ordinarily, that wouldn't have been too bad—it's not such a long fall from a pony's back, even though the fall amounts more nearly to a push. But Wooster fell between Red Eye and the corral fence, and his sudden removal from the saddle threw Red Eye just enough off balance so that he stumbled and lurched against Wooster—jamming him against the fence.

Bobby was the first to reach his father. When the rest of us got there, he was wiping the dust off Wooster's unconscious face with a grimy handkerchief, and helpless tears were streaming from his eyes. We straightened the man out flat on the ground and found, thankfully, that his heart was still beating. How many internal injuries he had, we couldn't tell.

I tried to think quickly. We had to get a doctor right away, but my car was in no shape to travel—with half its insides strewn beside it on the ground as Sam tinkered with the engine. And the vans all had governors on them so that they wouldn't go over



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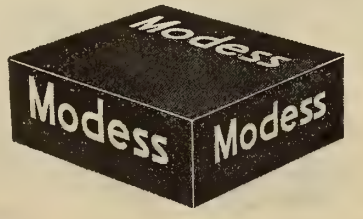
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forty miles an hour. But it was the best we could do.

"One of you had better take a van and drive to Allerton," I said. "It's fifty miles away, but it's the nearest place there's a doctor. He's probably got a car of his own. Tell him to get out here as fast as he can. It'll be quicker than bringing him in the truck."

Shorty spoke up then. "You know, Gene, a good fast horse could probably make it over the mountain in a lot less time than it would take the truck. It's only about ten miles through that gorge where the old logging road goes. A car couldn't get through it, but a horse could."

I considered that. It was a chance. But on the other hand, we knew about the main road, and we didn't know about the old logging road. There might be all kinds of obstacles in the way after all these years of disuse. I figured the truck on the main road might be a trifle slower, but it would be safer.

Bobby had disappeared while I was making up my mind, and I was so busy getting the van out and directing one of the boys about driving it, that I didn't notice what the boy was up to. Then there was a slight commotion in the corral and I looked around. Looked around and stared. Bobby had a bridle and a saddle on Lone Eagle and had led him to the center of the corral. He had heard Shorty's suggestion about the logging road and had decided to act on it. Maybe I should have stopped him right then, but I couldn't help feeling a quick rush of admiration for the kid. I knew that this was the most decisive situation he had ever faced. He had just found his father—the real man that his father was—and now he was in danger of losing him. He felt that he alone could save him.

So I didn't try to interfere. Besides, I thought quickly, even if he doesn't make it as quickly as Shorty had predicted, the truck would still be on its way by the road. "Okay, Bobby," I shouted. "Go ahead and try it."

Bobby talked to the horse in a low voice for a minute or two and laid his head against its satiny nose. Then he vaulted into the saddle. We held our breaths, and I admit that my heart was pounding. Lone Eagle snorted wildly and his eyes rolled as he reared up on his hind legs. We could hear Bobby's voice as he cried, "Now's the time, boy,

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now or never. Show 'em you can do it!"

When Lone Eagle started, it wasn't for the open gate. Bobby put him right to the fence rail. Lone Eagle gathered his hind legs under him and sailed over it—his ears pointed forward now, not twisted back.

"Attaboy!" yelled Bobby, and every cowboy in that camp yelled with him. Then we watched in silence as the boy and the horse thundered across the yard toward the gorge through the hills.

Lone Eagle had done it—and so had Bobby. Between them, they'd helped each other grow up.

Well, Bobby did get there first. He made lightning-quick work of getting hold of a doctor, explained, and the doctor arrived in exactly two hours from the time Lone Eagle took the corral fence. Wooster had come out of his coma by that time, and the doctor examined him. There weren't any serious internal injuries, but there were four broken ribs and a rather bad case of shock. The doc taped up his ribs and gave him a sedative, and we all breathed sighs of relief.

The truck arrived an hour later, with Bobby and Lone Eagle in the back. When it drew up, Bobby hopped out and ran over to us. "Is he all right?" he demanded. We told him his father was asleep but he'd be all right.

"No more rodeo stuff for quite a while, though," I told him. "It'll be a couple of months before he'll get over that tossing." To myself I added the words "—if not longer," but there was no use saying that to the kid. First of all, he'd had just about enough for the time being. Second, I knew, as I looked at his serious face, that he was pretty well aware, himself, just how close his dad had come to going out.

"THAT'S all right," said Bobby, and his face had an adult look that hadn't been there before. "I'll be taking him back east pretty soon." Then he turned and went back to the truck. They let the ramp down for Lone Eagle, and Bobby led him out. The horse looked hot and tired, but he nuzzled Bobby's shoulder as they came toward us.

"I think he'll be all right from now on, Mr. Autry," Bobby said proudly as he stopped in front of me. "See, he's not afraid any more."

I put out my hand and patted Lone Eagle's neck. He didn't flinch or draw back. He just snorted tiredly through his nose and looked hopefully toward the corral.

He wasn't an outlaw any more. He was now what I'd always hoped he would be some day—the best cow pony I'd ever laid eyes on.

"You've done a good job, son," I said slowly and deliberately, "an all-around good job."

His eyes glistened, and I knew he was just as aware of that word "son" as I was. "Thanks, Mr. Autry," he said, and led Lone Eagle away to the corral.

We were on our way again the next day, but Bobby and his father left us a week later for New York. It was all settled before they left—Bobby was to go to Veterinary College in the fall, but he was going to enter a college right on Long Island so that he could spend all his weekends with his father. And the next summer they planned to put in as many weeks out here with my outfit as they could spare.

"Maybe, Mr. Autry," said Bobby with just a trace of a grin lighting up his freckles, "we can get in some more practice on Psychology!"



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The Great Gildersleeve Settles a Monumental Problem

(*Continued from page* 27)

Gildy drummed his fingers against his knees. "Well—" he said. "To tell the truth, Judge, I don't seem to be able to get a start on it. Been so busy, with one thing and another—"

"It occurred to me," the Judge said, "this town ought to erect itself a memorial to the boys who fought in the war. Been a whole year now since hostilities ceased, and we haven't done anything about it. A good granite monument in the square would look mighty nice—don't you agree with me, Gildy?"

"I certainly do!" Gildy nodded his head solemnly.

"So I thought, when's a better time to start the ball rolling than at the Founders' Day banquet? Folks'll be in a generous mood, all full up with civic pride, and they'll all be there in one place, so we could decide on the kind of monument we wanted, and appoint a committee to get prices." The Judge leaned back. "How's that for an idea?"

GILDY struck one hand into the palm of the other. "By golly, Judge," he exulted, "it's perfect! That's one speech I can really get my heart and soul into. Why, you're right—it's a shame and a disgrace that nothing's been done yet to honor those boys who fought to save our homes!"

"Exactly," the Judge agreed. "And you better make a note of that phrase to use in your speech, Gildy—it's a good one. Now, look—once people decide to put up a memorial, they're going to start arguing about what it should be, and we don't want that to happen. So I think in your speech you ought to stress the need for a nice, dignified monument in the Square."

Before Judge Hooker departed, he had produced a pencil and drawn a sketch of the kind of monument he had in mind—a granite column, very plain, with an inscription around the base.

The following day, however, Gildy found that not everyone in town was in such perfect agreement. Dropping into Floyd Munson's barber shop for a shave, Gildy was startled to hear Floyd observe:

"Commissioner, you're an important man in this town. How about doin' something about this war memorial deal some of the folks're cookin' up?"

Gildy stiffened in the friendly barber's chair. "War memorial deal?"

"Mean you haven't heard about it?" Floyd applied lather with expert swoops of his brush. "Well, there's a movement on foot to collect money for one. That's a good thing; I'm all in favor of it. But some parties—I ain't sayin' who, just certain parties around town—want to knock together some kind of a stone monument and stick it up in the Square. Now, I'm asking you, Commissioner—what good's a hunk of stone? Who's goin' to get any fun out of *it?*"

"Why—I don't know, Floyd," he said. "But it'd be pretty."

"Pretty!" Floyd snorted. "Might be and might not. Point is, we don't need any monument, and what we do need in this town is a park, with tennis courts and swings for the kids and maybe a swimmin' pool. Way it is now, there's

nothin' for young folks to do but go to the movies or sit around some bar or drug store drinkin'. *You* ought to know that, Commissioner, with a niece and nephew of your own."

"Um—yes, of course." Now that he thought of it, Gildy did remember that Margie and Leroy had often complained over the lack of tennis courts and such. "Cost a good deal of money," he said cautiously.

"Sure it would, and that's what's eating Judge Hoo—I mean, the parties that want just a plain old monument. They got wind o' the way people were talkin' up a memorial, and they begun advocatin' a monument right away, figurin' it was the cheapest and least likely to raise taxes. But what good's a thing if you can't *use* it?"

FLOYD sounded aggrieved; in fact, Gildersleeve had seldom heard him speak so vehemently on any subject. He squinted at Floyd's razor, being wielded in wide, angry sweeps, and decided that this was no time to irritate him further.

"Well," he said carefully, "I'm certainly glad to get your point of view, Floyd, and I'll look into the matter . . . Better give me a massage, too."

Judge Hooker dropped in again that night, and Gildy cautiously brought up the matter of a recreation park. He'd heard, he said, that some people favored a park instead of a monument.

The Judge bristled. "And where," he asked, "did you hear all this?"

"Well . . . several places," Gildy exaggerated.

"Any place in particular?" The Judge assumed his courtroom manner.

"Floyd Munson mentioned it," Gildy admitted, and the Judge snorted.

"Thought so! He's been going around telling everyone he knows the town needs a recreation park. I'm surprised you were taken in by it, Throckmorton. Didn't you remember that Floyd's cousin Neeley Herkimer owns the bottling works?"

"Ah? That so?" asked Gildersleeve, wading knee-deep in confusion. "I mean, yes of course I know it, but what's it got to do with Floyd thinking a recreation park would be good?"

"People get mighty thirsty playing tennis and swimming, don't they?" the Judge inquired. "Ever see a swimming pool or public tennis court that didn't have a soft-drink stand close to it?"

"Oh," Gildersleeve said. "Oh, I see. But just the same—" He struggled with the rights and wrongs of the situation. "I mean, just because one man is interested in getting a park for a selfish reason—that doesn't mean the town oughtn't to *have* a park, does it? I mean, a park would still be a good thing for the youngsters."

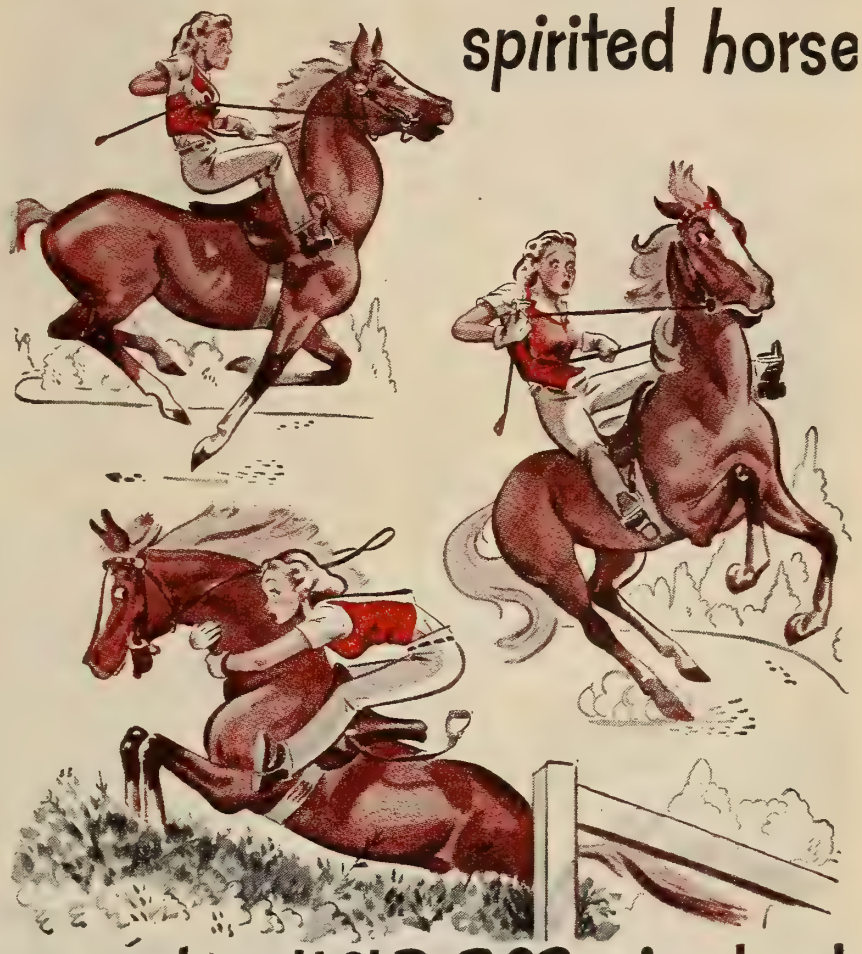
"Out of the question," Judge Hooker said firmly. "And you ought to know it as well as I do. A park'd cost thousands of dollars—town would have to float a bond issue—and there's the cost of maintenance—gardeners, caretakers, water, lawn-mowing machines . . . Tax rate'd go up by leaps and bounds. Property-owners'd go broke paying the bills, non-property-owners'd get all the benefits and it wouldn't cost 'em a cent. Out of the question."

Judge Hooker, Gildy saw, disapproved of a park just as strongly as Floyd Munson approved of one.

The question was, whose side was he, J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve, on?

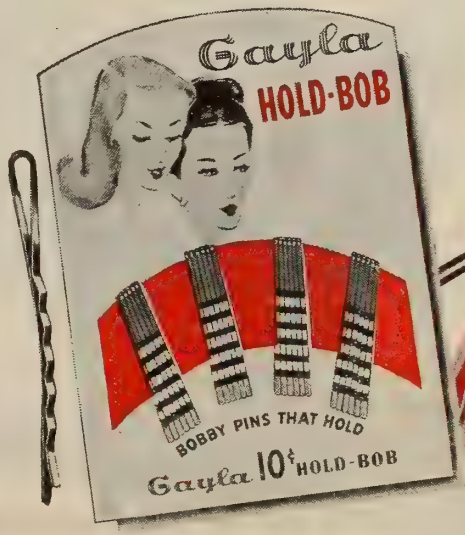
It kept him from sleeping that night, and in the morning he was irritable to Margie and Leroy, and even to Birdie,

Rita rode off on a spirited horse



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pearl among cooks and housekeepers. Afterwards he was sorry, gave Margie and Leroy each a dollar, and apologized humbly to a weeping Birdie.

After a troubled day, he went next door and called upon Mrs. Leila Ransome. She was the most soothing person he knew. Her pink-and-white complexion, her soft voice that reeked of magnolias and moonlight, were like balm to his soul. But tonight she failed.

"Leila," he complained, taking long sips at the tall glass of lemonade she made for him, "I need your advice."

Leila fluttered her eyelashes. "Now Throckmorton," she said, "what possible advice could poor little me give to you? Why, I declare, sometimes it seems that you know everything!"

"Well, I don't know the answer to this one. You know, I'm supposed to give the address at the Founders' Day banquet Saturday night . . ."

"Yes, I do know, and I'm so terribly proud of you!"

Automatically, Gildersleeve sat straighter in his chair. "Oh, well—" he said modestly. "Anyway, I thought I'd talk it over with you." He told her about Judge Hooker's visit, about Floyd Munson's advocacy of a recreation park. "The worst of it is," he finished, "I can see ways they're *both* right."

Leila had been gazing off into the middle distance. Now, very gravely, she shook her head.

"No, Throckmorton," she said. "They are *not* both right. Neither is right. What this town needs far, far more than either a monument or a park is a lovely model theater. Why, I remember when I first came here from down south, how disappointed I was to find that there was no auditorium—except the one at the high school, of course, and it doesn't count, it's so bare and ugly, and the stage is so small." She leaned forward, impulsively putting her small hand on his arm. "Why, Throckmorton, just think! Think of what a wonderful thing a little theater would be here! A place where we could all get together and put on beautiful plays."

Her words conjured up a charming picture in Gildersleeve's mind. He saw her on the stage—as Juliet, perhaps, while he was Romeo. Lights, applause, the smell of grease-paint . . . and Leila in his arms. Nearly every play had some kissing, didn't it?

Reluctantly, he came back to reality.

"I don't know, Leila," he fretted. "*Another* idea for the memorial—that makes three. And I don't expect either the Judge and his crowd or the Munson bunch would go for it."

"Well, you must do as you think best," Leila remarked a trifle stiffly. "I wouldn't dream of interfering. Because of course I realize I'm only a woman, and a comparative newcomer in town . . ."

Gildersleeve had finished his lemonade, and he was hoping she would offer him another. But she didn't, and after a while he went back home, uneasily aware that Leila was not pleased.

It was still early, and he decided to walk down to the drug store and talk his problem over with Mr. Peavey, its proprietor. Peavey was a level-headed sort of person, and he always looked at both sides of a question.

Peavey gave the matter careful consideration. Nodding in time to Gildersleeve's words, he caressed his chin with his hand and listened.

". . . and Judge Hooker thinks a monument would be just the thing," Gildersleeve said.

"Excellent. Very appropriate and tasteful," said Mr. Peavey.

"But Floyd Munson and some others want a park with tennis courts and playground equipment . . ."

"Fine thing for the town. Youngsters need someplace to play. Keeps 'em healthy."

"And Leila Ransome suggests that a model theater where we could have local talent shows and musical recitals would be better than either a park or a monument."

"Charming woman, Mrs. Ransome. Always felt we needed a theater for home-town plays around here. Fine idea, just fine." Peavey sounded really enthusiastic.

"Then you'd say that a theater was the best bet?" Gildy asked, and Peavey drew back from the counter where he had been leaning.

"Well now, I wouldn't say that, exactly," he replied. "Not the *best*—no. Some folks mightn't want to see shows—might like to play tennis better."

"You'd favor the park?"

"No-o-o," Peavey said on a rising inflection. "Not necessarily. Some folks don't play tennis, you know, or go swimming. Might be they'd just like to look at a monument. Takes all kinds to make a world, like the fellow said."

Gildersleeve drew a deep breath. "Look—suppose I were to ask you which you'd favor, personally—just you, yourself—what would you say?"

Peavey thought it over. After a silence he shook his head. "Don't believe I can answer that question, Mr. Gildersleeve. Too many angles to it, and besides this store keeps me so busy I never get a chance to see shows or play tennis anyway, and if there was

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a monument on the Square I couldn't see it from here. Whatever the rest of you people decide'll be all right with me—but thanks for asking, just the same."

"A fat lot of good asking *you* did me!" muttered Gildersleeve wrathfully, and banged out of the store.

The day had one more tribulation for him. When he returned home he found Margie in the living room, looking severe.

"Unkie," she demanded, "where in the world have you been? You've had a visitor."

"I have?" Gildersleeve sat down wearily. "Who?"

"Mrs. Pettibone. She waited until after nine o'clock, but you didn't show up, so she's going to see you in your office. Somehow she heard that you were going to talk about the new war memorial at the banquet Saturday night, and she thinks you ought to recommend a new public library. The one we have is a disgrace, she says—and Unkie, she's absolutely right. Have you ever been in there? They haven't got a novel newer than *The Sheik,* and—"

Gildersleeve clutched his head in both hands. "Don't *you* start, Margie," he begged. "I warn you, I can't stand any more. Monuments, parks, theaters, and now a library! By this time tomorrow somebody will be pestering me to say we ought to build a stadium!"

"Now you're cookin' with gas, Unc! A football stadium—that's what we *really* need!"

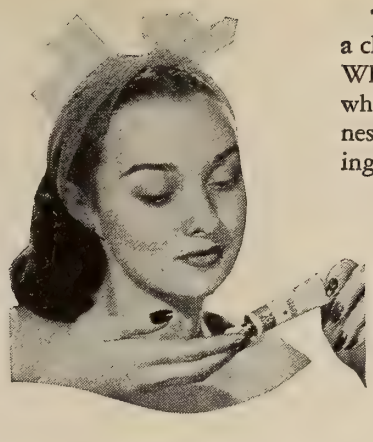
GILDERSLEEVE whirled. Unheard, Leroy had come in and was standing in the archway between living room and hall. Uttering the cry of a wounded banshee, Gildersleeve brushed past his nephew and sought the peace of his own room upstairs.

At five-thirty on Saturday afternoon, Gildersleeve had not yet written his speech. Worse still, he had no idea what he was going to say. Mrs. Pettibone had, as promised, called on him at his office, and had presented the case for a new library in full detail. Floyd Munson had returned to the subject of the park when Gildy went in to get a shave, and had been so eloquent that for the past two days Gildy had been forced to shave himself. Judge Hooker had drawn up and brought around to exhibit another sketch of a monument. Leila Ransome, apparently knowing that her theater had no partisans except herself, was indulging in a fit of ladylike sulks.

A wild notion crossed his head as he started to change from business clothes into his dinner-jacket. He could send word to the banquet hall that he was sick! Nobody would expect a sick man to appear—particularly tonight, when it looked as if it might rain. And actually, he didn't feel too good. He was pretty sure he had a fever.

He was standing, indecisive, in the middle of the bedroom when the doorbell rang and Birdie called up the stairs, "Mistah Gil'sleeve! Miss Eve Goodwin's here—say she goin' to the banquet an' wondered if you-all wanted to walk 'long with her."

Gildersleeve jumped. Eve Goodwin—cool, crisp Eve, the best teacher the high school had ever had, and an expert at telling when pupils were really ill and when they weren't. If he sent down word that he was sick she'd be up here—and know perfectly well the minute she set eyes on him that he was healthy as a mule.



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"I'm just dressing," he called down. "Ask Miss Goodwin if she'll wait."

There was no escape now. Gloomily, he put on his clothes. He surveyed himself in the mirror, getting no satisfaction from a reflection which ordinarily he would have thought distinguished. Neither did he get any pleasure from the sight of Eve smiling up at him as he came downstairs.

"What are you going to talk about?" she asked as they walked down the street. "The new war memorial?"

"Guess so," Gildy grunted. "But I don't know what to say." For a moment he had an impulse to confide in Eve and ask for her advice, but he put it aside.

"Whatever you say," Eve said calmly, "I'm sure it will be very interesting."

THE dining room of Summerfield House was crowded with the most prominent citizens of town, all in their best clothes and raising a polite buzz of conversation. Judge Hooker, in an antiquated set of tails, bustled up to them, crying, "Ah, Gildy! We've been waiting for you. And Miss Goodwin! Do those kids at school know how lucky they are to get a chance to look at you every day?" He winked and prodded Gildy with a jovial elbow. It looked as though Judge Hooker believed the monument was in the bag.

The banquet began. Fruit cocktails. Fried chicken with mashed potatoes and green peas. Waldorf salad. Apple pie a la mode and coffee.

"You're very quiet tonight, Throckmorton," Eve said beside him. "Are you thinking about your speech?"

"Yump," he said.

Judge Hooker was toastmaster. He introduced Gwendolyn Quink, descendant of the founder, who played a cornet solo, and Mrs. Pettibone, who sang "By the Waters of Minnetonka" and looked meaningfully at Gildy before she sat down. Then, with a flourish, he introduced "a man everyone here knows and loves for his warm heart, ready laugh, and keen judgment—Water Commissioner J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve!"

There was applause.

Gildy stood up. A funny story he'd heard the day before came into his head, and he told it. Everyone laughed, so he told another. This was greeted with more laughter, but during it he caught Judge Hooker's eye, and the Judge frowned and gave his head a tiny shake, as if to signal that this was no time for too much levity. "But to turn to more serious matters," Gildy said hastily, and stopped.

They were all waiting.

"I want to talk to you tonight about an important—uh—thing," he said. "Many good people of our town, following in the immortal footsteps of the founder, Homer Quink, whose every thought was for the good of the community he—er—fathered, have come to me in the last few days urging a memorial for the brave boys who left us to fight in the war. It was suggested that I take this opportunity to—ah—start the ball rolling, so to speak . . ."

He heard his voice going on and on and on, stringing one word out after another. Somebody coughed, and somebody else followed suit, and Judge Hooker stared at him glumly.

". . . so let's all get together and contribute to a fund for a beautiful war memorial," he said desperately, "something that will be a lasting inspiration to ourselves and our children. It can be a stone monument, as some of you have suggested—or a park—or a theater or a new library building—I don't think it matters much *what* we finally decide to build, as long as we build something fine and permanent."

A rustle ran around the hall, and people could be seen to sit straighter in their chairs, ready to jump to their feet and begin talking as soon as Gildy had sat down. They'd be at each other's throats in another five minutes, he thought, and it would be all his fault.

He felt a gentle tug on his coat-tail, on the side where Eve was sitting. "Throckmorton!" Her whisper was low.

Under cover of taking a drink of water, he bent down toward her.

"I've been wondering," Eve whispered—"has anybody thought to ask the war veterans what *they'd* like to have for a memorial?"

"Huh?" said Gildy. His jaw dropped. "Why—no! And—" A glad light came into his eyes. "Of course!" he said.

It was the real J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve who straightened up then and faced his audience—a man unafraid, sure of himself, a noble crusader. "It doesn't matter what we decide on for our war memorial," he said loudly. "Just one thing does matter. It's got to be something that is approved of by the boys it's supposed to honor. There's no sense in the rest of us, who stayed safe at home throughout the war, making up our minds what we want. Who cares what we want? It's not a memorial to us—it's a memorial to every man who left this town and served in the Army or Navy, the Coast Guard or Marines—those that came back and those that never will come back. And by golly, we've got no right to be even thinking about how we'll spend the fund until we've consulted them. Now, what I think we ought to do is ask the different veterans' groups in this community to appoint a joint committee to sound out sentiment among their members, and report back in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, the rest of us will start raising the fund. And just to get things started, I hereby pledge a contribution of one hundred dollars to the War Memorial Fund!"

EVEN Judge Hooker, Mrs. Pettibone, and Floyd Munson—all looking a bit abashed—joined in the storm of applause that burst out and rose to a roar as Gildy sat down.

An hour later, Gildy and Eve walked home together. The stars were out, and there was a faint smell of woodsmoke in the air. It was a perfect night, a peaceful time in which to remember the congratulations, the pledges rolling in, the spirit of goodwill which had brought the Founders' Day banquet to a beneficent close.

Gildy took Eve's hand and tucked it through his arm.

"I was so proud of you, Throckmorton," Eve murmured. "The way you handled the situation—the tact and finesse you showed— No one else in town could have done it so well. I just know the fund is going to be immense—and best of all, there will be no hard feelings over the way it is spent. There *can't* be, after tonight."

Gildy sighed. At the moment, he felt humble. Maybe tomorrow he would begin to believe that consulting the veterans had been all his own idea, but tonight he knew better.

"Eve," he said with heartfelt gratitude, "all I know is that next time I get myself into a spot like that, I'm going to make sure beforehand you're around to get me out."

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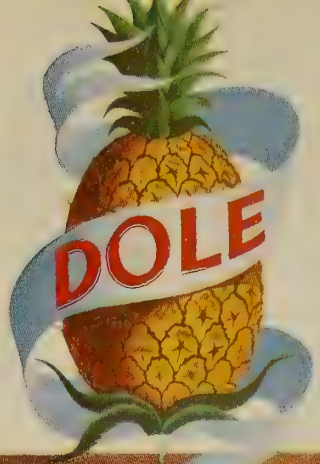
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PINEAPPLESAUCE CAKE

Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar; beat in 2 egg yolks, 1 drop almond extract, ¼ tsp. each vanilla and lemon extract. Stir ¼ tsp. soda into ⅔ cup Dole Crushed Pineapple and add to mixture. Stir in 1¾ cups flour sifted with 1½ tsps. baking powder. Add ¼ tsp. salt to 2 egg whites, beat stiff, fold in. Bake in greased 8" x 8" x 2" pan about 40 minutes.



DOLE RECIPE 46 5

PACIFIC COCKTAIL

Arrange chilled, slightly salted tomato wedges, Dole Pineapple Chunks, and cubes of cucumber in cocktail glasses. Pour a little of the pineapple syrup over all, garnish with perky sprigs of mint or watercress, and serve very cold as a refreshing and appetizing first course. The same combination can be served with French Dressing in crisp lettuce cups.





The Time Between

(*Continued from page 39*)

She pressed her lips together, shook her hair back defiantly. "We were married," she said when she was calmer, "almost three years ago, when I was working in Los Angeles and Quent was stationed at San Pedro, a few miles down the coast. We didn't tell anyone back here about it because with my aunt dead and Quent's parents separated, we didn't feel that we had anyone really close. We just had each other. That was the big thing—to belong so completely, to know that there was somebody to trust and love you, and be altogether on your side—" A bitter smile curved her lips briefly, and was gone. "I had a nice apartment in Los Angeles, one I'd shared with a girl friend before I was married, and Quent managed to get a pass almost every weekend. We were very happy, until one week he came in on a Friday instead of a Saturday, quite late at night, and found me kissing a soldier in the patio." She looked at me sidewise. "Aren't you shocked?"

"No," I said. "I assume that there must have been good reason for it."

SHE nodded vehemently. "I thought there was—but Quent didn't. What had happened was that one of the girls I worked with had taken sick earlier in the week. She was new in town, without friends, and her husband, a soldier, was expecting to be shipped out any day. She'd been living in a miserable little room, and I moved her into my apartment, and was so busy taking care of her that I didn't have time to write to Quent. On Friday night she went to the hospital—she was to be operated on in the morning. I went with her and her husband, and he took me home afterward. I took him in and made him coffee and sandwiches, and promised I'd go to see Jean at the hospital every day and then let her stay with me until she was well. The poor boy had been nearly crazy. He was sure he wouldn't get to see her again before he left, and when I said I'd look after her, he was so grateful he cried. I was so sorry for him I felt like crying, too, and when he kissed me goodbye—well, it was a real kiss. That's all Quent saw. He didn't see that at that moment I was the only person in the world Tom could depend upon; he didn't see that I kissed Tom back because—well, I was so terribly sorry for him, and lots of times you feel sort of tender toward someone you're sorry for."

I nodded. "Anyway," she went on, "Quent marched up to us, and there'd have been a fight if I hadn't made Tom leave. He was late, and I thought he'd gone through enough that day. Then I tried to explain to Quent, and he wouldn't listen. He said finally that he understood, and he said 'Forget it'—and that's what made me furious. *Forget it*—as if he were *forgiving me!* And it was he who'd been wrong; he who owed me an apology. I told him that if he didn't have any more faith in me than he'd just shown, I'd rather forget our marriage, and he said that was all right with him. He walked out then, and went back to San Pedro."

I waited. Surely there was more. Even a very young girl, even a proud, high-strung girl like Connie, wouldn't be foolish enough to let her marriage be

ruined for so little reason, unpleasant though it was. But Connie said nothing, and I asked finally, "Was that all?"

She shrugged. "Just about. Oh, he came to see me again—but nothing was ever right between us after that. I suppose Quent had started to pay attention to the talk of other men at the base—talk of unfaithful wives and all that sort of thing. He'd look around the apartment suspiciously, and he'd say little things—and finally I couldn't stand it any more. Quent signed the papers permitting me to divorce him—and I didn't even know when he was shipped out. Sometime while the divorce was in process—I didn't care. All I cared was that he left before he found out about Robbie."

My heart turned to stone within me. I didn't have to ask who Robbie was. Her voice when she spoke his name, the look on her face, were enough to tell me. "He was born a few months after the divorce," said Connie. "I never intended that Quent should know about him. That's why I came back here—to live cheaply, to save every cent so that I could some day buy a shop in California."

I stared at her, too stunned to think. That she had been married was shock enough—and yet, I could understand it, had almost expected something of the sort. But that she'd been divorced over a misunderstanding that a few calm words could have cleared away, that she had borne Quent's son, intended to rear him alone—I couldn't grasp it. Connie herself seemed a child to me—a child who was sitting here as calmly disposing of her own life, and a man's, and a little boy's, as if she were playing with dolls!

"Where is Robbie now?" I asked.

"With my cousins in California. That's why Quent came to see me. I mean—one of his old buddies from San Pedro, who knew both of us but who'd been out of touch with Quent for a couple of years and didn't know about the divorce, went to see my cousins . . . and he found out about Robbie, and told Quent. Quent came here this afternoon to ask me to re-marry him—for Robbie's sake!"

I was so relieved that Quent knew about his son that I missed the bitterness with which she said "for Robbie's sake!" All I could think was that Quent knew, and he could straighten things out. Undoubtedly, his had been the fault in the beginning, but I had faith in the Quent who had come to the house this spring, faith in the firm, self-confident look of him. Quent would make things right for Connie and him.

Because they still loved each other. There wasn't a doubt in my mind but that Connie still loved Quent. She wouldn't be fighting him so hard if she didn't, and there were the tears she'd shed into her pillow at night, and the quick about-face in her way of living after he'd come back to town. I was as sure that he still loved her, remembering now how he'd looked when he'd seen her that night here at the house, and how he'd hung around, watching the door after she'd gone out, and his coming straight to her after he'd learned about Robbie. . . .

Connie's lip curled scornfully. "As if I'd go back to him! I was alone when Robbie was born, and I've taken care of him every minute of his life so far. If Quent thinks he can step in now—"

"But, Connie, do you think he meant it that way? Don't you think he means it for Robbie's best interests—"

She laughed harshly. "That's what *he* said, at first. But when I refused, and he knew I meant it, the truth came out. He wants Robbie, and he says if he can't share him with me, he'll—he'll have him taken away from me."

I felt sick. Suddenly, the whole frightening picture fell into place—the picture of Connie warped by hurt and bitterness, refusing to believe anything good of Quent, the picture of Connie tearing her life down around her out of her own blindness and rebellion. Because Quent could take Robbie away from her—and Connie herself had made it possible. I knew Rushville Center, knew that it liked Quent. And Connie—well, her behavior lately would not be in her favor if it came to a contest.

I tried to keep my voice steady as I said, "I'm sure he wouldn't do that, Connie. He would have to go to court, and there'd be trouble and unpleasantness—"

Her chin lifted, and her eyes glowed with a dark fire, as if she would welcome trouble. "He'd better not try! I'll fight him with everything I've got. I'll show him—"

I had to stop her. She was working herself into a real fury. "Connie," I said carefully, "don't you feel at all sorry for Quent?"

She looked at me blankly. "Feel *sorry* for him!"

"Yes. A father has a right to know his child, and you're taking a great deal upon yourself—"

She stood up, walked a few steps angrily. "Robbie is *my* child—and Quent gave up any right he had over me, or anything that's mine, when he

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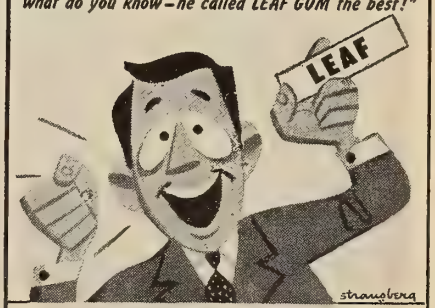
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treated me as he did. Maybe women used to have to stand for a man's treating them any old way they pleased —but they don't any more. I'm free and self-supporting, and I can care for Robbie as well as Quent can—"

There it was again. Connie waved her independence like a flag. I bit my tongue, made myself say reasonably, "Have you ever stopped to think what may have made Quent act and talk as he did? I don't think he behaved very well—but then, he'd never had a very good example set for him. He's a fine boy, and everyone here likes him—but did it ever occur to you that his home background may have given him a feeling of insecurity that could make him flare up at the slightest hint of danger to the home he shared with you? He knows how divorce can affect a child, Connie. That's why he must be sincere in wanting to—"

I'd gone rattling on—and I should have known from the first sentence that there was no use trying to talk to Connie that day. She stared at me, her eyes widening, darkening, and then she cried out in a breaking voice, "Oh, you —you're on *his* side!" And she ran from the room, up the stairs.

I CROSSED to my chair by the fireplace, picked up my knitting with shaking fingers. Dinner was forgotten; I had to do something with my hands. It was too bad, I told myself angrily, that one could live to be as old as I was, and yet not learn to hold one's tongue. I should have waited until she was calmer, until she had had a chance to think and was no longer under the strain of Quent's visit. Next time, I'd be more careful. . . .

But there weren't any next times. I simply could not talk to Connie after that—not about anything that mattered. She was friendly; she was pleasant—and, yes, she began to stay at home once in a while—but I could not reach her. I could not, of course, talk to her when Fay was with us, and when we were alone, she was on guard every minute against a mention of Robbie or Quent. Most alarming of all was the fact that Quent neither telephoned nor called at the house again, as I'd hoped—expected—he would. The days slipped by without a word from him, and each day his silence seemed steadily more ominous.

It was Shuffle who inadvertently told me that my fears were well grounded, the day he came to drive me and my contributions to the charity bazaar at the church. "Do you suppose the Jonas boy is having trouble, Ma?" he asked me. "I saw him go into George Ferguson's office this morning—"

I skipped a breath. George Ferguson is Rushville Center's foremost lawyer. "Seen him up there two-three times," Shuffle went on. "It must be something urgent, because I know Ferguson's busy right now."

"Maybe," I suggested, "it has something to do with the veterans' benefits—"

But I knew it hadn't. All I could think of was Connie's face when she spoke of Robbie, Connie crying at night. If I could only find a way to make her listen. . . .

Well, as always . . . God works in mysterious ways. And I think God must have a sense of humor, too. There's no other way of explaining what struck me that afternoon at the bazaar. I was looking at a nice old pewter pitcher, when I heard Mrs. Joe Elton's voice across the room. She was lifting something out of a suitbox, laughing. "It's



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my first party outfit," she was saying to the women around her. "I saved it for years, but now that we're moving, I just had to get rid of it. But can you imagine ever wearing anything like that—" There were exclamations, screams of laughter from the women. I took a good look at the dress Mary Elton was holding up before her, and crossed over to her. "I'll buy it, Mary," I said. . . .

Everything worked perfectly. Fay went out after supper that evening, and Connie and I were left alone. Connie didn't go straight upstairs, either, as she usually did. Instead, she sat down on the couch, began aimlessly to turn the dial of the radio. I carried the box I'd brought from the bazaar into the living room, began to open it. Connie watched me idly. "What is that, Ma?"

"A dress I bought at the bazaar. Would you like to model it for me?"

She looked puzzled as I lifted the folds of pale-colored georgette from the box, but her eyes were alight with interest. She really was a child, I thought; any sort of dress-up game appealed to her.

WHILE she was upstairs changing, I went into Fay's room, searched through her dressing table until I found an old lipstick, grainy with age, but of the proper garish shade. I took rouge, too, and a comb, and the whitest powder I could find, carried them back to the living room. Connie came downstairs, fingering the panels of the short, straight skirt, the huge rose that rode jauntily on one hip-bone. "How in the world did you come to buy this—"

I couldn't help smiling. "Wait," I said, "you're not complete." She stood while I combed her hair straight back, slick against her head, in the best imitation I could manage of a boyish bob. I added spit curls at cheekbone and forehead, made a pursy little cupid's bow of Connie's nice, generous mouth, applied two high bright spots of rouge and a generous dusting of white powder. Then I turned her to the mirror. "Too bad," I said. "Your eyebrows ought to be a hairline . . . but if you'll put your hand on your hip and throw your hips forward and cave your chest in a bit, you'll achieve the flapper swagger. I *think* that's what it was called—"

Connie laughed in spite of herself. "Ma, really! Women never dressed like this! Why, the waist is down on my hips! And my knees—"

"Oh, yes, they did," I assured her, "just about the time you were born. And if you want to know, that's about the way you look to me in your everyday clothes."

She swung around, staring at me. There was a suspicion in her eyes, but I wasn't afraid. I had her interest now; she would listen. "You see," I said, "things were all mixed up after the last war, just as they are now. There was a great deal of talk about the emancipation of women, and women did a lot of silly things to prove how emancipated they were. They shaved the backs of their necks and cultivated a flat-chested look, and tried to look and act as much like men as possible. And the crimes that were committed in the name of freedom and independence—! Why, Quent's parents would be together today if Evelyn Jonas hadn't thought it was smart to prove she could get along without Quent's father. I notice she married again, soon enough, after she found out that Will Jonas wasn't coming back to her."

Connie moved restlessly, lifted the

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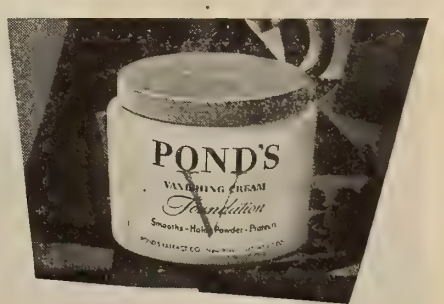
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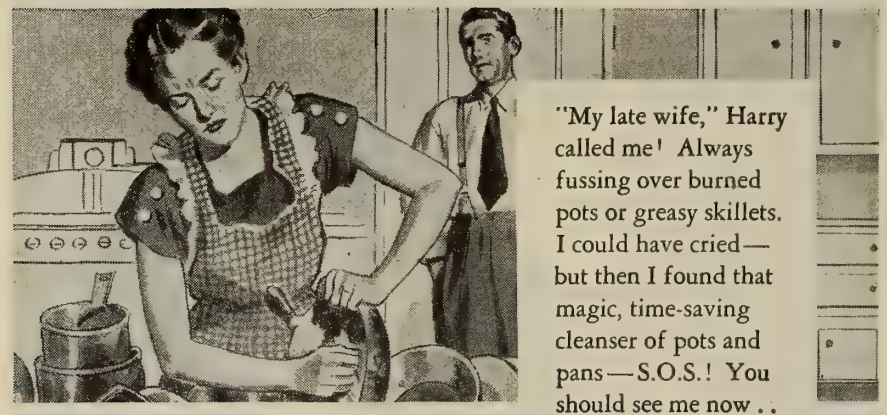
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prickly georgette away from her shoulders. It was a hot night for May, and even though the doors and windows stood open, the room was warm.

"All of it," I went on, "grew out of the fact that during the war a lot of women who'd never before worked outside their homes had jobs—men's jobs, many of them. The same kind they had in this war. They had pay checks for the first time, and they thought that their pay checks made them independent."

Her head went up. "Well, why shouldn't they? If they could take care of themselves—"

"Taking care of themselves didn't seem to make them happy, in the long run," I said softly. "Are you happy, Connie—all alone?"

She stared at me without answering. Then she said, "Besides, it *isn't* the same. I worked before the war."

"At Miss Florence's. The difference between what she paid you and your war plant salary was probably as great as the difference between no pay at all and a weekly salary twenty-five years ago. You couldn't have paid for your baby all by yourself, and paid for its care, on what you made at Miss Florence's. You'd have had to turn to Quent."

SHE shut her lips in a firm, tight line. "Never!"

"Then what would you have done?"

Her eyes avoided mine. "I—I'd have managed some way." But she didn't sound convincing—or convinced.

"The sad part of it," I went on, "is that money was—and is—a false issue, Connie. Why, women have always earned their way in this world, even if their services weren't measured in cash. A light washing fifty years ago, for instance, meant carrying wood and water, and heating the water in kettlefuls on a slow wood range, or even over an open fire, sometimes, and the irons were great, twenty-pound things . . . you think that wasn't a man-sized job? The fact that women have lately started to work more outside their own homes doesn't alter the real facts much. Money doesn't make a woman independent of her man—don't you ever believe that for a minute, Connie. It may give her a roof over her head, but it doesn't give her a home. It can buy an awful lot of things, but it can't buy love and companionship. Money can't give a girl a partner in life—a person to share things with, to talk things over with. It can't take the place of a father to a little boy—"

Connie's face went whiter than the powder. "Better no father at all than a bad one, Ma—" But it was an unfair argument to apply to Quent, and she knew it. She amended, "Anyway, we'd be fighting all the time. That's no decent home life."

"Of course you'll fight," I told her, "unless you grow up and have sense enough not to. A child fights with everyone. You and Quent have both behaved very badly, and you're being criminally childish in not admitting it. You—" I stopped a moment, sure that I had heard a step on the porch. But apparently Connie hadn't heard, and I started to go on. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something that Connie didn't see—a shadow on the open door. And I knew, somehow, as well as I knew my own name, who it was. Quent.

My heart began to beat a sight faster than a woman my age likes it to, and when I spoke again I had to force myself to go on, to sound natural, knowing that in a way I was betraying Connie.

But there were things that ought to be said—things that both of them ought to hear.

"You need Quent, Connie," I said. "You wouldn't be lying awake nights, crying, if you didn't. And Quent needs you. He's foolish not to admit it, and not to admit he's wrong—"

"I tried to, Ma—I tried to admit it. I tried to tell her." Quent stepped into the room.

Connie gave a little scream, and her hands went up, as if to hide the breaking-up of her face. For a moment she was as still as stone, and then she made a little darting movement, like a frightened animal that wants to run away. But Quent caught her, held her firmly by the wrist.

"I tried to tell her, Ma," he repeated. He was saying it to me, but it was Connie his eyes were on—as if he hadn't seen her in a long, long time, as if he might never see her again. Hungry and pleading and prideful, all at once. "I tried, but I guess I used the wrong words or something, because she wouldn't believe me."

Connie found her tongue then. "How could I?" she flared. "You—you *threatened* me. You said you'd take Robbie!"

I COULD see the little muscles at the corners of his mouth twitching and all of a sudden I was desperately sorry for him. Sorrier, even, than I was for Connie. He'd tried, only what he'd tried had been all wrong, poor Quent!

"I was wrong about that, too," he told her, and the pleading had come into his voice, too, now. "I realized that, after I started to talk to Lawyer Ferguson about it. I—I could never have gone through with a thing like that, Connie. It was just—just words, all of them trying to make things better, and all of them always making things worse!"

He drew her closer, looked down into her face—into her eyes, and what was behind them. And his voice was very gentle. "Connie—did you really cry? Did you—" And then he seemed to notice, for the first time, the get-up I'd put on her. "Connie, *for Pete's sake, what have you got on?*"

I thought for a minute she'd flare up again. I could almost hear her saying, *Quent Jonas, don't you yell at me!* But she didn't, after all. Bless her heart, she giggled like a little girl. And then they were both laughing—together.

"Ma got the dress at the rummage sale today," Connie explained, "and she—asked me to put it on because—"

"For a joke?" Quent finished for her. "Gosh, Ma, did girls really—"

But Connie interrupted. "No, not for a joke, Quent. I—I'd like to tell you about it sometime. Not now." Her laughter was all gone, and her eyes, as she looked up at him, had grown suddenly gentle.

He nodded, as if he understood, and patted her shoulder. "Well, anyway, go wash your face and change your clothes, Connie—you can't go anywhere looking like that."

Although she knew the answer by then, she asked him, "Where am I going, Quent?"

He grinned. "Watch your grammar, darling—it's *we*. *We* are going—home."

I guess they forgot all about me, then. They forgot about the whole world, holding each other tight like that, after such a long time, and saying all the sweet, half-finished little things that people in love always say to each other. But I didn't mind. I just slipped off to the kitchen and made myself a good cup of tea. I needed it.

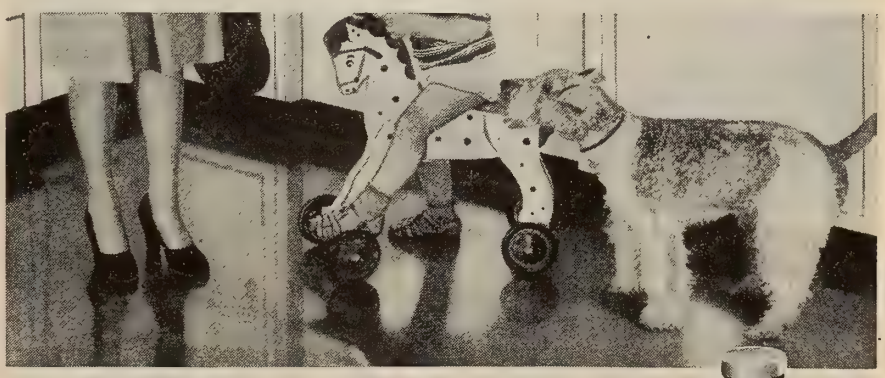
New Help for Linoleums – a Wax that's "Plasticized"!



Easy as mopping! Just pour out a little O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax on your linoleum and spread with a soft cloth or applier, using an easy stroke. *No, don't rub!* O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax is "plasticized" to dry with a *lovelier* gleam if you *don't* use pressure. O-Cedar dries *faster*, too—in a record 17 minutes!



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O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

leaves girls listless and lonesome!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

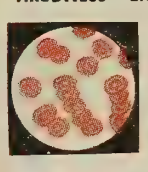
LISTLESS GIRLS—girls who are low on pep and "personality"—can often blame their blood. For medical records show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—are the victims of a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Yes, if you're pale and weary without quite knowing why, you may be a victim of this common Borderline Anemia. Your red blood cells may be too faded and puny to release all the energy you need. If so, build up your red blood cells—your supply line of energy.

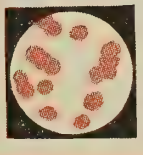
Help Build Blood, Energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Take Ironized Yeast if your color and pep seem to have faded due to a Borderline Anemia. Ironized Yeast Tablets are specially formulated to combat Borderline Anemia, to help bring your red blood cells back to full size and health and thus restore your normal energy and appeal. Of course, continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They'll help you build up your red blood cells—your natural vitality and charm.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 4) tease, Jon fled from the pit, up the aisle and into the street.

Gart's special pride these days is the Jon Gart trio (organ, harp, and violin) which can be heard daily over Mutual.

Despite all these etheral activities, Gart is not too well known. The other day he was stopped on the street by a stranger, who announced, "Say, I remember you from radio. Weren't you on WFBH?"

* * *

Andy Russell has scored such a hit on The Hit Parade that, if plans can be worked out between the baritone and the cigarette sponsor, he will continue on the show in the Fall, broadcasting from Hollywood. The major portion of the program—Joan Edwards and Mark Warnow's orchestra—will remain in New York, and a special band will be hired just to accompany Andy on the West Coast. In addition to this chore, Andy will probably return to the Joan Davis show.

Andy did so well at the New York Paramount this summer that in addition to his reported $5,000 a week

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden recommends:

FRANK SINATRA: Takes two new tunes, "How Cute You Can Be" and "Five Minutes More" in his stride. (Columbia)

BOYD RAEBURN: A superior orchestra revives "Summertime" and "You've Got Me Crying Again." (Musicraft)

ARTIE SHAW: The unpredictable jazzist scores with two show tunes, "Got the Sun in the Morning" from "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Along With me" from "Call Me Mister" and it's all very pleasant. (Musicraft)

XAVIER CUGAT: With Buddy Clark doing the lyrics, here's a tip-top disc treatment of "South America, Take It Away" and "Chiquita Banana," the familiar refrigerator warning. (Columbia)

WOODY HERMAN: What Woody does to "Humoresque" won't please the longhairs but most of us won't mind. By the way, it's now called "Mabel, Mabel." Reverse is the tune "Linger In My Arms." (Columbia)

JANE FROMAN: Certainly among the country's best song stylists. You'll know why when you hear her sing "I Got Lost In His Arms" and "Millionaires Don't Whistle." (Majestic)

VAUGHN MONROE: The muscular-voiced juke box star is in form singing and playing "When The Angelus Is Ringing" and "Just the Other Day," the latter being a dressed-up version of a radio jingle. (Victor)

ELLA FITZGERALD-LOUIS JORDAN: A crack combination whip out the crazy Calypso "Stone Cold Dead In The Market" and "Petootie Pie." (Decca)

ST. LOUIS WOMAN: An album of hits from the Broadway musical with the original sepia cast. A disc treasure. (Capitol)

SPIKE JONES: You know what to expect of "Hawaiian War Chant" and "Glow Worm." (Victor)

salary, the happy management gave him a munificent bonus.

* * *

Johnny Desmond quit that NBC program because of difference of opinion with the sponsor. However, the chances are that the ex-GI will be back on the air again with a new bankroller.

* * *

I spent some time with Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery when the happy pair were in New York recently. It was George's first glimpse of Gotham, and Dinah, who first gained attention in the Big Town, got a great kick showing her movie mate the sights. Neither of them drinks or smokes and wherever they went, 21, the Starlight Roof, or the Stork, knowing headwaiters immediately dispatched their underlings to set up orangeades and cookies for the couple.

I asked Dinah what her major entertainment thrill was on this belated honeymoon-vacation.

"Seeing the young comedian Peter Lind Hayes at the Copacabana," she replied. "I predict he will be one of our biggest radio and movie stars."

Both Dinah and Ginny Simms have been trying to get young Hayes to join their radio programs. Incidentally, Dinah has got herself a brand new sponsor. She turned down offers to co-star with Frank Sinatra and Bob Burns.

* * *

The band New York is talking about is piloted by young Elliot Lawrence, a promising Philadelphia pianist and son of Stan Broza, program director of WCAU, Philadelphia. He was a solid hit at his New York Hotel Pennsylvania debut and veteran dance band experts compared Elliot with Claude Thornhill.

* * *

Jo Stafford dropped those forty pounds by strict dieting. Incidentally, Jo beat out Dinah Shore in Billboard magazine's popularity poll of college students. It was the first time since the poll's advent that Dinah lost first place. Peggy Lee jumped to third position and Ginny Simms dropped down to twelfth.

* * *

Charles Trenet's temperament is holding up the ambitious plans his well-wishers mapped out for him. The singing Frenchman lost a number of friends when he refused to cooperate with publicity and magazine people and provoked arguments with the orchestra accompanying him.

* * *

Unless Hildegarde substantially reduces her radio salary it is quite possible that the Milwaukee-born Miss Sell will be off the air this season.

* * *

Charlie Barnet got so mad the other night while performing in a New York night club that he walked off the bandstand and the pleading manager had to chase him twelve blocks and beg him to finish the session.

* * *

Interested in adding to your Bing Crosby record collection? A man recently advertised in the trade paper Variety that he owned the largest collection of the Groaner's discs and would sell them for $10,000.

* * *

Yelling and whistling by ballroom hepcats when any Hollywood dance band starts playing its theme song, and other forms of synthetic enthusiasm, along with announcers who fancy themselves as comics "without wit or script" have been ruled off the Mutual network, it was announced recently by Charles Bulotti Jr., Program Director. A step forward!



"I might as well have hugged a statue!"

It's *true*—a statue couldn't be any more unresponsive than Ben was, to my caresses. Yet he'd been such an affectionate husband! How was *I* to blame? You see, I thought I understood about feminine hygiene. But I'd foolishly trusted to *now-and-then* care. My doctor brought home to me the truth that such neglect can kill married happiness. And he stressed using "Lysol" brand disinfectant always, for douching.



"Now our love has come to life!"

Our love, our happiness, have found breath and life again! And I can thank my doctor and his good advice about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" now, in the douche, and find it really *works!* Being a true *germ-killer,* of course it's far more thorough than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Then, besides being an effective yet gentle cleanser, it's *easy* and *economical* to use! *Every* wife should know "Lysol"!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 2: NON-CAUSTIC . . . GENTLE . . . "Lysol" douching solution is non-caustic, non-injurious to delicate membrane—not harmful to vaginal tissue. *Try* the easy-to-follow "Lysol" way!

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

Lysol Brand Disinfectant

R M

Come and Visit Burns and Allen

(*Continued from page 43*)

Behind the living room is a large room which the Burnses had added. Actually *it* is the living room, with easy chairs upholstered in tans and rose beige and terra cotta.

It was here Sandra and Ronnie danced the boogie duet they learned recently at dancing school. And, like their piano recital, it was something to see. Otherwise you'd never see it. For both George and Gracie judge even their children's entertainment by professional standards.

"Piano lessons, dancing lessons," George muttered into his cigar as Sandra and Ronnie left the room. "Tennis lessons, riding lessons, French lessons—what else, Gracie?"

Where winter brings cold and storms the fireplace becomes the heart of a house. But the heart of the Burns house is its big oriel window. It overlooks the back lawn, the white-picketed swimming pool, the white cottage that houses dressing-room and a large billiard table, a white brick wall with large pots of pink geraniums swinging on iron brackets and the snapdragons which grow in colorful splendor beside the kitchen wing.

EVERYONE gravitates to this window. It's here Gracie waits for George to come home from the golf game he plays in the afternoon, after work; that Lou Holtz, a close friend, sits down with the evening paper when he drops in for dinner, that George reluctantly faces Sandra or Ronnie when Gracie insists the time has come for paternal discipline.

"I can handle them one at a time," George says, "but when I have to lecture both at once and Ronnie, dead serious, says to Sandra 'Listen to him. He's always right!'—well, it throws me."

"Tell about the time Ronnie stuffed the funny sheet in the downstairs lavatory, George," Gracie said, "and the water overflowed all over the blue carpet in the hall. And I was waiting at the front door when you came home and said 'After all, George, he's your son. . . .!' "

George shook his head. "All the way upstairs—where Ronnie had been sent to wait for me—I'm preparing my speech. Ronnie was at his door. 'Dad,' he says, pointing to his head, 'do me a favor! Tell me what goes on in here. Tell me why I do such things!' "

"Whereupon," said Gracie, "George retreated!"

At the rear of the front hallway and to the left of the playroom is the dining room. It and the adjoining breakfast room are furnished in eighteenth century mahogany. The long Sheraton sideboard, inlaid with satinwood, is waxed and polished to a soft lustre. The long table, its graceful legs tipped with brass claws, reflects the large shallow bowl of garden flowers that stands upon it.

Here Gracie serves Dutch suppers, promptly at twelve on Wednesday nights, when the crowd—most likely consisting of Lou Holtz, Mr. and Mrs. Harpo Marx, George Jessel, Mrs. William Burns (George Burns' sister-in-law)—meet here for poker. After which the party breaks up for they all have work to do in the morning.

Behind the dining room is the kitchen, a large white enamel workshop, where the Burns' cook holds full sway. The cook, the upstairs girl and an outside man comprise the permanent staff. A splendid cleaning woman, who keeps the house immaculate, comes twice a week. So does a laundress.

Of course Gracie gives the cook hints sometimes. She tells her, for instance, "Never serve Mr. Burns a thin soup with a piece of lemon floating in it, *please!* In this family we have *thick* soups!"

And, as Poncho at the Beverly Hills Club can tell you, Gracie's culinary suggestions are not bad. When the Burnses gave a dinner party, too large to be held at home, Gracie went into a huddle with Poncho.

"Let's not," she said, "have any of those little canapes that they spray with embalming fluid—to keep the grated egg and curlicues in place. And for an entree let's have lamb stew!"

"Lamb stew, Mrs. Burns! Are you sure?" asked Poncho. Gracie was sure. Now he's sure too. The Burns' guests were so enthusiastic about the stew and asked for it so often afterwards that it has become part of The Club's famous cuisine.

To the left of the big front door as you enter the Burns' house and across the hall from the living room is the library. There's a fireplace and walls of waxed pine. There's oak furniture, rich and seasoned. Here they often dine with the candle flames casting a soft light on the old chintz that pulls across the French windows and on all their faces as each in turn eagerly talks of the day's activities.

When George and Gracie go out of town, Gracie's sister, Aunt Bessie, takes over. Or Sandra and Ronnie go to stay with Aunt Bessie at her house. Aunt Bessie is fun; full of stories about San Francisco when she and Gracie were children. George loves Aunt Bessie's stories, too, and the running gag for more than one Burns and Allen radio script has been born with George and the kids gathered around the oriel window listening to Gracie and Aunt Bessie reminisce about San Francisco and Mama.

George has an office in the Hollywood Plaza Hotel where he and his writers work on radio scripts in the morning and through lunch at the Brown Derby just across the street.

WHEN a script is completed, the day before the broadcast, usually, George brings it home to read with Gracie. She asks for changes only when she is given a line she never would say, either because the phrasing is strange to her tongue or because she is at odds with the sentiment.

George breakfasts about nine o'clock. By this time the house is quiet, for the children, supervised by their governess, have partaken of their fruit, cereal, eggs and milk and rushed for the corner where their respective buses take them to their respective schools.

At breakfast George reads the Daily Variety and the Hollywood Reporter. Gracie, therefore, cannot breakfast until he is through. For Variety and The Reporter start her day too, arriving on the tray with her fruit juice and coffee. Suzy follows upon the maid's heels and George brings up the rear—to kiss Gracie goodbye and tell her not to miss a certain gossip note or industry story.

Their bedroom is large but their bed is almost larger, leaving room only for a table and a chair or two. It's the joy and pride of their lives, that bed, with its upholstered and inlaid headboard and beautiful spread appliqued with a huge "B" and a smaller "G" on either side. The only time they're ever unhappy over that bed is when they need sheets. Weeks and weeks go by before they're delivered.

On either side of the bed there's a door. The door on the right leads to Gracie's dressing-room and bath.

Dainty is the word for Gracie. From her beautiful soft coiffure to her tiny, beautifully shod feet she achieves that simple, casual look which, because it doesn't emphasize the meticulous care her appearance has occasioned, becomes the very epitome of grooming.

Gracie, however, sleeps on the left side of the bed because George one day asked her to switch sides. After six years he had decided he was unhappy sleeping on the left side. So now she has to walk all around the bed to get to her dressing-room.

She humors him, no doubt. But he humors her too. He worries about anything she worries about.

For instance, Gracie insists the children should be taught the proper thing to do as they go along. So George worries about their manners even though he really thinks if you let kids alone their pride will make them do the right thing when they're older.

He also worries over Ronnie being on the thin side—in spite of the fact that Ronnie has picked up as he's grown up, just as the doctor said he would—because Gracie is forever fussing that Ronnie is too thin.

RONNIE'S bedroom just down the hall from George's and Gracie's, is virtually a little sitting-room, decidedly masculine in feeling. There's a rough-woven coverlet on the pine bed. There's a tailored simplicity to the draperies and wall paper. And in the center of the room there's a gate-leg table of pine with facing arm chairs and a bridge lamp with an adjustable arm which provides a perfect light for reading and study.

Sandra's room, further down the hall, is ultra feminine, all frilly and chintzey with canopied twin beds, a dressing-table, a slipper chair and a little chaise longue.

Across the rear of the second floor is a large room that is the children's playroom. For years the window shelves have been crowded with fairy tales, the Oz books and countless volumes of other juvenile series. Railroad trains have raced through miniature tunnels and halted at miniature stations. Dolls and teddy bears have slept not only in their small appointed bedsteads, carriages and cribs but on chairs and under oddly assorted quilts on the floor.

It's about to be done over. The very young books, read and reread, are being given away. The trains have lain idle for months now. And the dolls have been long neglected.

Now that Sandra's twelve and Ronnie's eleven . . .

"I think," George said to Gracie the other day, "it's time we changed that room completely. Let's get the kids a combination phonograph and radio so their gang can dance up there. . . ."

"A ping pong table would be nice too, George," Gracie added.

Life goes on. And it's houses like the Burns', in which life is rich and full and forever changing, that grow lovelier with the years.



Extra Benefits

THIS NEWER WAY TO TAKE VITAMINS!

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If the vitamins you're taking aren't doing you all the good you'd hoped, this may be the reason! Authorities now agree, vitamins do most good in combination with other food elements, which are absolutely necessary for best results.

For example, Vitamins A and C need protein. Vitamin B_1 needs energy-food. Vitamin D requires Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—and you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk.

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

So why don't you turn to Ovaltine, as so many people are doing? If you're eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra vitamins needed for buoyant health—*in a way they can do you more good!*

FRAIL, UNDERWEIGHT CHILDREN often pick up surprisingly, lose their jumpiness, when Ovaltine is added to each regular meal. It supplies all-round food values—protein for muscle-building, energy-food, precious minerals—as well as every recognized vitamin a child needs!

Denny Finds A Father

(*Continued from page 33*)

I sat down under the tree and we watched the fishing and talked quietly about what a nice day it was and finally Denny and Sammy wandered away to investigate the possibilities of a nearby blackberry bush.

The soldier turned to me. "Are you really Denny's aunt?" he asked casually.

"Oh, no," I laughed. "I'm Joan Davis—a friend of his mother. But I'm terribly fond of both Denny and his mother. And it always seemed simpler for him to call me Aunt Joan."

"How about his father?" he continued, casually. "Does he have a father?"

"I guess so," I answered, "but I've never seen him. He and Denny's mother are divorced—have been for years. I don't think Denny's ever seen his father. Sue, that's his mother, has supported Denny ever since he was a baby. She works for a department store in Stanwood—a town about one hundred miles from here. Denny's just visiting us."

"But doesn't he go to a nursery school or something?"

"Yes, but the school is closed down temporarily and there was no one to look after him until it opens again, so I told Sue he could stay with us in the meantime. It's pretty lonesome for him when he can't go to school."

"Yes, I guess so," he agreed, and then, softly, "poor little kid."

His tone was so odd—so sad and yearning—that I turned to stare at him. He caught that stare and returned it with a thoughtful expression, as though he were trying to make up his mind to say something. Finally, he bit his lip and looked away.

"What's the matter?" I asked impulsively. "Is something troubling you?"

He buried his head in his hands for a moment, then leaned back against the tree and looked straight ahead and began to talk, almost as though to himself.

"I was hoping you'd ask me that," he said. "I was wondering how I was going to begin. You see, I have a confession to make—and a very great favor to ask of you."

My eyes widened, but I didn't say anything. He reached into an inside pocket and brought out his wallet. Taking his identity card from the wallet he handed it to me without a word. I looked at it, wondering what this was all about. I didn't have long to wonder. "Dennis Benton," the card read. "Age 31, Height 5′ 11½″, Weight 175 . . ." I looked up at him.

"Then you must be . . ." I began, and broke off as he nodded.

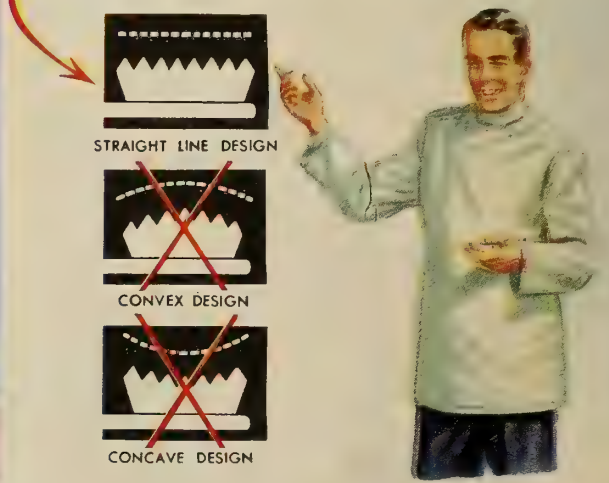
"Yes," he said, and his lip twisted wryly. "Yes, I'm Denny's father. I'm the ne'er-do-well who couldn't support his family, so his wife threw him out. I'm the guy with the bright ideas and

STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

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Every **Pepsodent Brush** has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

no staying power. Only I've learned my lesson now—or I think I have."

"Exactly what happened?" I asked. "Sue never told me the details."

"Well, it was just an accumulation of things—or rather, a piling up of the same old things. I had a little money when we got married and I guess I thought it would last forever. So I was careless about the jobs I got. I was always losing them because I wouldn't settle down and really work. I was always going off on a tangent on some idea that I thought was brilliant but that somehow never turned out right. Sue kept pleading with me about it—nagging, I called it in those days—but I breezed right along, doing as I pleased. Then when there was only about a hundred dollars left in the bank account, I thought I'd double it in a crap game. You can figure out what happened. I lost it all. And then I was so ashamed and sick about it that I took a few drinks to soften the blow. Soften the blow! I was paralyzed when I got home. And that was the last straw for Sue."

I LOOKED at him curiously. It wasn't a nice picture he had painted of himself, but at least he had been honest enough about it. "And what happens now?" I asked.

He shrugged. "That's my problem. As I said, I've learned my lesson. I'm a big boy now. Only, I don't know where to go from here. How does a prodigal father win back his wife and child? Do you know?"

I shook my head, "I'm afraid my experience along those lines is pretty limited. What is it you *want* to do?"

"Well, I learned a lot in the Army. I was a radio operator on a heavy bomber, and when I completed my first tour they transferred me to the Public Relations Office. I was only a mediocre radio operator, but I hit a pretty good stride in the PRO. They handle contacts for the Army with the press, among other things, and I've always had a yen for newspaper stuff. There were some old-time newspaper guys in that office, too, and they helped. If I could do it in the Army, I could do it in civilian life."

"That sounds reasonable," I nodded, "you could probably get a job as a reporter or a publicity man."

"That's what I thought," he said eagerly, "and then when I really hit my stride, I can go to see Sue and find out if she'll have me back. I don't think she really hates me. It's just that she couldn't trust me. Well, if I can prove that I'm trustworthy, don't you suppose she might consider giving me a second chance?" He looked at me with such an earnest wistful expression that I had to turn away to hide the sudden tears that sprang to my eyes.

"I don't know," I said cautiously, "she doesn't say much about you, but I think she's still pretty bitter." Then, to change the subject, "But how did you happen to be in this particular spot on this particular day? Don't tell me it's just one of those coincidences."

He grinned a little sheepishly. "Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't a coincidence at all. I found out where Sue was, and then I found out that Denny was staying with you, so I came to Beechwood. I followed you out here today. Silly, I guess, but I had a terrible urge to talk to Denny and get to know him. He's a swell kid, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," I agreed.

"Do you think he likes me?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm sure he does," I told him. "You won him over the very first thing."

He relaxed and a pleased expression crossed his face. "I don't want to force myself on him, and it wouldn't be right to tell him who I am until Sue agrees, but I'd like to get to know him better—as a sort of friend. And that brings up the favor I wanted to ask you. Would it be all right with you if I happened to turn up here on the afternoons you come here with the children? I know it sounds kind of—well, clandestine and all that, but I don't see how it could do any harm, and it would mean a lot to me. Would you mind too much?"

I thought hastily of Sue. In a sense it would be betraying her—I knew how she felt about her ex-husband.

I looked at that man now. He didn't look like a weakling. He didn't look defeated. A little humble now, under the circumstances, yes; but he had the air of a fighter. Maybe the Army had done it for him. Maybe the years away from Sue had stiffened him. At any rate, he gave the impression of a man able to do a man-sized job. And I thought that if I had been an employer and he had come to me for a job, I would have been inclined to give it to to him. I liked his frankness in telling me about himself, too.

"We'll probably be here Thursday afternoon, about three," I said. And then I added, severely, "But don't come loaded down with candy and stuff."

Dennis laughed. "I'll stick to Ry-Crisp and apples," he promised. "But I'll be here Thursday at three. Is it a date?"

"It's a date," I agreed. "And now it's time for us to be leaving." I called the children, and we said goodbye to the soldier.

"IF I should happen to run into you again some time," he said to Denny seriously, "you can recognize me by my little finger."

"Yes," Denny said, "but oughtn't I to know your name? You know mine."

"Well," said his father, "in the Army they always called me Lefty, so I guess that's what you'd better call me, too."

"OK, Lefty," said Denny. "So long."

That night Harry couldn't get home for dinner—he had to discuss a law case with one of his clients—but Sue drove out for a weekend with the children and me. At dinner Denny excitedly told his mother all about his new friend, Lefty. Sue listened patiently and made suitable comments at the right time. Later, when the boys had been put to bed, she said lightly, "The soldier certainly made an impression on him, didn't he?"

"Yes," I said noncommittally, "he was very nice and friendly."

"You know," said Sue, wrinkling her brow thoughtfully. "Denny really needs masculine influence. He's getting to the age now when just a mother isn't enough. I've been trying to figure out what to do about it."

"How about his own father?" I asked innocently. "Maybe he could see *him* once in a while."

Sue's eyes flashed. "Not if I can help it! Dennis gave up any claim to Denny five years ago. If he'd had any interest in the child at all, he would have shown it long before this. But no, he was only too willing to sneak out and let me take over his responsibilities."

"But at least you've got Denny," I said temperately.

Her face relaxed. "Yes, bless his heart, I've got Denny. And he's justification enough for anything, I guess." Then her voice changed and became

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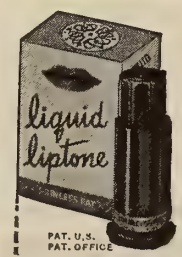
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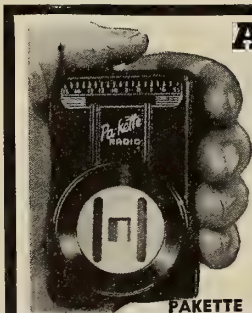
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brisk. "Joan, I've decided to get married again."

I gasped. "Good gracious, Sue! When, and to whom?"

She laughed at my stricken expression. "Oh, it's not as imminent as all that. I haven't even been asked yet. But the time has come for Denny to have a father—he's got to have a man around the house. I thought once I could give him everything he'd need, but lately, and especially tonight when he went into rhapsodies about that soldier, I realized that he's getting too old to be just a Mamma's boy. I don't want him to grow up to be a sissy!"

"But whom would you marry, Sue?"

SHE grew thoughtful at that. "Well, there's always Charley Brown at the store. But he must be at least fifty. And there's young Jim Crowley, but he's such a dreamy character that it would be like taking another child to raise. Joan, do you know Henry Colbert?"

"The insurance man? Yes, I know him slightly, but I can't say I like him much. A little too smooth, I'd say."

"Maybe you're right about that, but he's been giving me a terrific rush lately. And he makes good money and he doesn't have any bad habits that I know of. Besides, he's very handsome."

Her eyes softened as she spoke about him, and I could feel alarm mounting inside me. I knew all about Henry Colbert, and in my opinion he was a selfish, vain, opinionated prig. Oh, he could be charming, there was no doubt about that, and he was evidently turning all of that charm on Sue these days. But compared to the bronze-faced soldier with the straight back and the laugh wrinkles, who was Sue's ex-husband, Henry Colbert reminded me of a tailor's dummy—the kind that has a superior sneer painted on its face.

"Well," I told Sue, "it's your life—yours and Denny's—but don't make any rash decisions, and for goodness sake give yourself plenty of time before you make *any* decisions."

"I will," she promised. When Harry got home that evening, I told him the whole story. His first impulse, as usual, was that I should leave well enough alone, but gradually he began to agree with me.

"I guess a man can change his ways," he said finally, "especially if he's got a good reason for changing them. And I suppose there couldn't be a much better reason than his son—his own flesh and blood."

"I'd like to help him," I said, "but aside from bringing Denny down to the fishing hole, I don't see what I can do."

Harry looked thoughtful. "You say he's a newspaperman?"

"Well, he did something like that in the Army. But I don't know what it was, exactly. And I don't even know if he's any good or not. But he said he liked it, and I guess if he liked it he must have been pretty good. People don't usually like things they're not good at."

Harry nodded his head. "I wonder if Phil Stanley might have some ideas."

I looked up at him suddenly. "Harry, you're wonderful! Phil Stanley, of course. I'll call him first thing tomorrow. He'll know exactly what to do about Dennis." Phil Stanley was one of my oldest friends. He'd just gotten out of the Army, and if anyone knew the "angles" he did. I was sure he'd know someone who could help Dennis get a start in the right kind of field.

Of course I was probably being overly optimistic. When I called Phil the

next day he protested that he didn't know "exactly" what to do about Dennis, but after a certain amount of talking on my part, he said he'd see Dennis and talk things over with him.

I beamed over the telephone, and told him Dennis would be over to see him late Thursday afternoon if he cared to make the long drive. As I hung up the receiver, I couldn't help chuckling to myself. With Phil and Harry and Dennis and Denny and I all working together, Henry Colbert wouldn't stand a chance! And Sue—well, Sue would just have to bow to majority rule, that's all!

Thursday afternoon, sure enough, who should we run into at the creek but Denny's friend, Lefty! Denny was so pleased that I thought for a minute he was going to burst from sheer happiness. Some ducks were swimming quietly near the bank, and Dennis miraculously had a bag of peanuts in his pocket, which he and the children doled out to the cackling paddlers. It wasn't long before Denny had a firm grip on his friend's hand and was babbling excitedly about what he was going to be when he grew up. Dennis gravely discussed various fields of endeavor with him and when they finally arrived at the conclusion that commercial aviation was a logical kind of business for an up-and-coming young man, I had difficulty keeping down a big lump in my throat. They liked each other *so* much!

I TOLD Dennis that I had arranged for him to talk to Phil Stanley that afternoon, and at first he was a little annoyed. He preferred making his own arrangements and going his own way without help, he tried to say as politely as possible. But after we had talked a while, he agreed that at least Phil could give him some pointers as to what jobs might be available and said he'd be glad to talk to him.

I had the feeling that he was going to see Phil mainly as a favor to me, and I thought how difficult it was to help the people you really want to help. Because if they're the right kind of people, they usually prefer to sink or swim by their own efforts. Pride, I thought, that's what it is—a kind of false pride. But I couldn't help admiring Dennis for it.

As it turned out, I was really justified this time. Because Phil and Dennis liked each other immediately, and on the strength of that liking, Phil gave Dennis a letter of introduction to a publicity firm that needed an extra man for a temporary campaign. On Phil's recommendation, they hired Dennis.

Dennis wrote to me about it the next week. "It's just the opening wedge I needed," his letter said excitedly. "And they're going to know I'm around if I have to sit up all night every night, dreaming up new ideas. I've got one I think is pretty good right now—if it works out I'll tell you about it. If not, I'll just pitch in and try again."

Well, I thought—so far, so good. And I wasn't a bit ashamed of the warm feeling of smug satisfaction that swept over me.

The following Sunday Sue came out to Beechwood to get Denny—school was starting again. She was going to see Henry Colbert that night, she said, and her cheeks were flushed. Dennis is going to have to hurry, I thought—things are coming to a climax with Sue. Pretty soon something definite is going to happen—and I'll bet I'm not going

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to like it, whatever it turns out to be!

But I needn't have worried—Dennis was hurrying. Phil Stanley called me the next afternoon, bubbling over with excitement, to say that Dennis' idea—the one he'd told me about in his letter—had been a howling success, and the firm was tremendously pleased. "He's got a flair for publicity, all right," Phil told me with immense satisfaction, as if he'd invented Dennis all by himself.

As I left the phone I told myself that all Dennis had to do now was to get himself a permanent contract that Phil had been hinting at, put some money in the bank, and start courting Sue all over again.

And fate, as it has a way of doing, stepped in in a very strange and terrifying manner.

It was about two weeks later that, one morning, I got a frantic telephone call from Sue. Her voice, over the wire, was a thin high wail of pure terror. "Joan—oh, Joan—Denny's sick!"

I HAD momentary visions of measles and chickenpox and the other things that children so often had, and I couldn't imagine what had put that stark, unreasoning terror into her voice.

"Sue, calm down, dear—what's the matter?"

"Denny—he's terribly ill. The doctor isn't sure, yet, what it is. They're making some tests at the laboratory now. They're going to take him to the hospital in a few minutes. Joan, can you—will you come and be with me?"

Of course I said yes—I hardly even remember saying it before I was rushing away from the phone, unbuttoning the neck of my housedress as I hurried into the bedroom to change my clothes.

By the time I got to Stanwood, Denny was in the hospital.

"Typhoid," Sue told me, as I almost ran across the corridor to take both of her hands in mine. "Typhoid, with all sorts of complications. Joan—you talk to the doctor. I—I'm so mixed up I don't know what to do!"

I did talk to the doctor, and after that there was nothing to do but wait. And we waited, Sue and I, hands tightly locked. Silent, for the most part. Once she told me that Denny had been sick for several days, but she had thought it was one of the colds he seems to get, and she hadn't thought it was serious. I couldn't, then, tell her it was better to think a child's illness serious and be wrong than to think it was not serious, and be wrong that way.

But, as I say, for the most part we sat in silence. Every now and again I would query the nurse, and from her, "We will hope for the best, Mrs. Davis," we derived small satisfaction. I don't know what Sue was thinking of in those long, waiting hours, but I know what was in my own mind. Dennis.

Dennis should be told. He had a right to know. He had earned that right, now. I tried to tell myself that this was Sue's business, not mine. But I couldn't believe it. I knew, now, that I had the greatest faith in Dennis. Dennis had to be told—and I would have to tell him. And Sue—would she hate me for it? Would she hate me for meddling, interfering?

By late afternoon, I knew that no matter what trouble it caused between Dennis and Sue, I must telephone him. I slid my hand gently out of Sue's, told her I was going to phone Harry, and went out of the room.

I did phone Harry, to explain that

I didn't know when I'd be home, and then I asked for Long Distance. Dennis, bless him, was wonderful. "It'll be all right with Sue," he said, his voice tight. "It will have to be all right with her. I'll be there tomorrow morning, Joan!"

The next morning we were outside the door of Denny's room, talking to the doctor, when Dennis came. The doctor was saying, "I think it's best to give him a transfusion this morning, Mrs. Benton—perhaps then we can look for a rally. The child isn't progressing as well as we might hope, and I think that the transfusion is definitely indicated."

Sue had begun to say, "Of course, doctor—" when Dennis, coming around the corridor corner, said, "A transfusion? I'm the boy's father, doctor, and I'd like to be the donor if possible. I know my own blood type, and—"

I FELT suddenly removed from the others—almost as remote as if I were watching a play. Dennis smiling and saying, very simply, "Hello, Sue." Sue's eyes flashing anger, and then the almost visible remembrance of Denny's illness, and the fading of the anger. You could see how she put her own feelings aside. There were more important things to be done now. And then Dennis was shaking hands with the doctor, and the two of them were hurrying away to check blood types and get ready for the transfusion.

Sue and I went into the room, to stand beside Denny's bed, as we had so many hours yesterday and during the long, dark night. And in a moment, Dennis was back. Without hesitation, he walked across to Sue, put his arm around her. And then, as she turned her anxious face up to his, he kissed her, very gently. "It's going to be all right," he said. "I can give the transfusion, Sue. We'll get Denny well again, and then we can talk about—other things. Trust me now, will you?"

I didn't realize that I was holding my breath, until I saw her nod, and try to smile at him.

And then Denny's eyes opened, and Dennis looked down at his son. The little boy's face was pale and wasted, as if he had been ill for many days. His little hands outside the covers looked blue and pinched. He stirred uneasily, and then his eyes focused on Dennis, and he tried to smile. His lips shaped themselves soundlessly to one word—"Lefty . . ."

"Well, I guess I got here in time, all right," Dennis told him briskly. "We're going to fix you up in a jiffy. I decided I'd better come right down and find out what was the matter. They tell me you need the loan of a little blood, son—think you could use some ex-soldier blood in your veins?"

Denny managed the slightest of nods, and then lay there looking adoringly at Dennis. The doctor came in to make preparations for the transfusion, and motioned me to take Sue out of the room. I led her into the waiting room and we sat silent, holding hands tightly.

It wasn't much more than fifteen minutes later that I saw Dennis out in the hall beckoning to me with his finger to his lips. Quietly, I put Sue's hand in her lap and went out into the hall, closing the door behind me.

"Listen, Joan," he said. "Transfusion's over—the doctor says all we can do now is wait and see. You and Sue have been doing enough of that—it's my turn now. Get her home, will you,

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and make her eat something and rest?"

I went back to the waiting-room. Gently I explained to Sue that the transfusion was over and that Denny was sleeping and that the doctor thought he would be all right. The best thing for her to do, I said, was to go home and get some rest, and some food. I needed both, too, I added. Dennis would take up the vigil—he would let us know if there was any change.

Sue wanted to stay right where she was, looking at me with dull, pleading eyes, but I helped her to her feet and with my arm around her led her out of the hospital.

It wasn't until we were safely inside Sue's house, and I was warming us some soup, that she mentioned Dennis. "How do you suppose he found out about Denny, Joan?"

I smiled at her. "I think he's been keeping better track of you two than you realized," I told her.

"He—he looked different, somehow," she said bewilderedly. "He looked—oh, grown up—as though he were responsible and adult."

I WAS determined to be casual about it. Perhaps if she accepted Dennis now, in this bemused, lethargic state of hers, she would accept him as a natural thing, and then, when Denny was well, the shock of having him back would not be so great. If she learned now in this time of crisis to rely on Dennis, learned that she *could* rely on him, half the battle would be won.

And so I simply said, as if it didn't matter too much, "Well, it's been five years since you've seen him, hasn't it? It's natural that he should seem older."

I brought her a cup of soup and she drank it docilely and then I tucked her into bed, promising to take my own nap on the couch in the living room so that I would be sure to hear the phone if Dennis called from the hospital. Finally, there was a call—after I had catnapped for a couple of hours. It was a nurse, calling for Mr. Benton, she said, to say that Denny was coming along very well. He might need one more transfusion, just to be on the safe side, but Mrs. Benton was not to worry.

I woke Sue to whisper the good news to her. She smiled at me thankfully and then we both went back to sleep.

During the next two days, we seldom saw Dennis, except for a murmured greeting in the corridor of the hospital, a brief consultation about Denny. Dennis would "go off duty" in his watching with little Denny when Sue and I came, after needed rest. Sue was still perplexed, I knew—and still so numb and limp from the shock of Denny's grave illness that she had little feeling left in her for anything else. But from the few things she said, and from the way she looked at him, I could tell that a lot of changes in her thinking were taking place gradually. Once, as we stopped to talk a moment to Dennis before he went away to get some sleep, I purposely asked him about his job. "You won't lose your wonderful chance, will you, Dennis, by being away?"

He shook his head. "This is more important. And besides, they understand—they're swell people." There was warmth in his voice—the warmth and certainty of a man who is secure in the knowledge that his job will be there because he's wanted back; a man who has confidence and self-respect.

It was that evening that Sue asked me how I knew Dennis. "I realized this afternoon, when you asked him about his job, that you had known him

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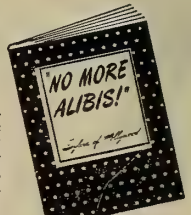
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before," she said. And so I told her, as gently and quietly as I could, how Denny and I had come to meet Dennis. About the job, and Dennis' plans, I said as little as possible—that was for him to tell her.

And the next morning, he did. He was waiting for us at the hospital, as usual. And so was Denny waiting for us, looking much brighter than he had since he was taken sick.

"Mama," he greeted Sue, "I'm practically all well again—practically."

"Practically," Sue agreed.

"I guess it was that ex-soldier blood, the way Lefty said. He said he'd have me fixed up in a jiffy."

Sue's eyes met Dennis' across the bed. "A fellow needs his Dad," Dennis said softly, almost pleadingly. "Needs him when he's well, too. And a man needs his son—and his wife."

Sue looked from Dennis to Denny and back again. Her lips were trembling and her eyes were very bright. And then, suddenly, she was around the bed, and in Dennis' arms, sobbing wildly, clutching at him as though to convince herself he was real. He held her close to him, murmuring into her ear those small, meaningless things that are so comforting to a woman, and that are never meant for other ears to hear. I turned away and made some sort of convincing answer to Denny's question, "Why is Mommy crying—why?"

FINALLY Sue's sobs died away, and she stood quietly, leaning against Dennis. "I don't care, darling," I could hear her telling him huskily, "I don't care where you've been or what you've done, or anything. The only thing that matters is that you came back to us when we needed you."

"I'm staying, too," he said quietly, but with a touch of grimness in his voice. "I'm never going away again."

"I—I don't know what we'll do," Sue began uncertainly. "I have lost my job I suppose—or I will have, by the time this is over. It—it never was such a very good job, anyway."

Dennis grinned. "You don't need a job," he told her firmly. "I've got one—a darned good one. If you ever take another job it'll be strictly for the fun of it—not because you have to."

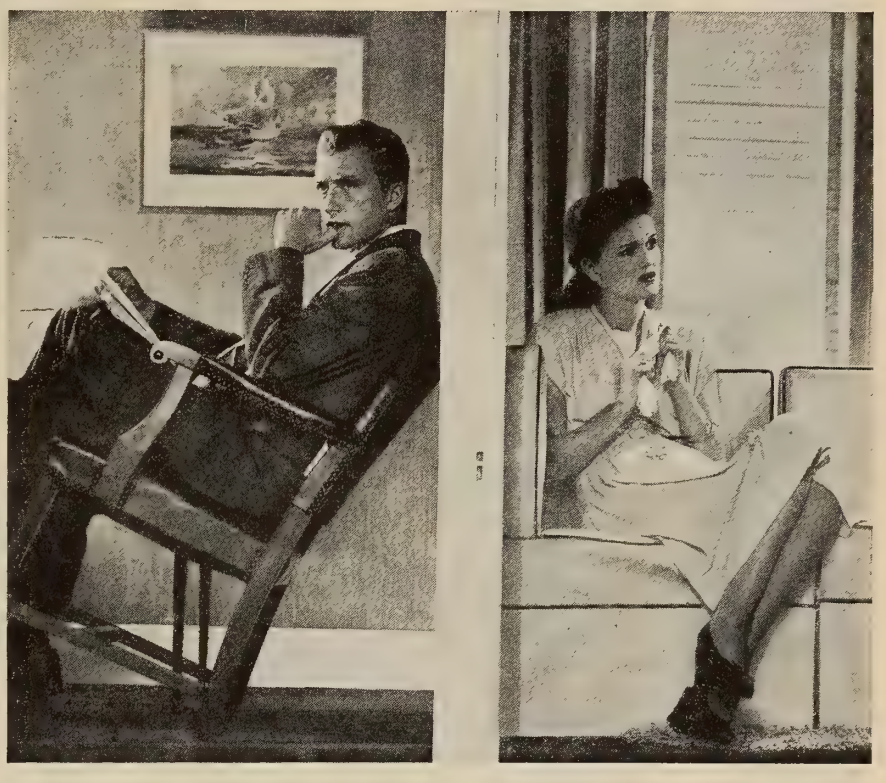
Sue looked at him with those big grey eyes of hers brimming with tears—happy tears. And suddenly the old Sue, the full-of-fun girl I'd known so long, reasserted herself. She began to giggle. "My, my," she told him, "How times have changed!"

Dennis looked at her sternly for a moment and then they both broke into shaky laughter and hugged each other again as if they'd never let go. . . .

I'm sure they never will let go again, either. They're just about the happiest people I knew. A few months ago, when Hope was born, they came to see me in the hospital—"for old times' sake," they said. And we talked, then, about the time when Denny was in the hospital, and the time, not so much later, when Harry and I went with them when they were married for what Sue said was the second and last time. And after that, how we all went out to the fishing hole at Beechwood for what Dennis insisted was the best honeymoon picnic he could think of.

When they came to the hospital, I noticed that Denny was still calling him Lefty. He just couldn't think of him as a parent, even yet. He thought of him as his best friend. And what better way, after all, for a boy to think of his father?

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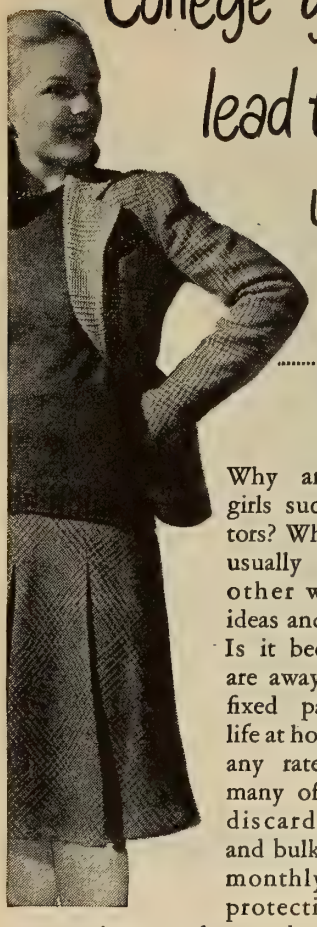
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College girls lead the way

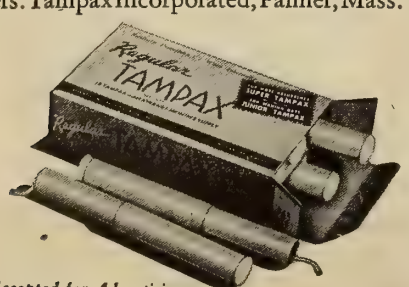


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Corliss Archer, Poet Laureate

(*Continued from page* 25)

same house with me—eating here—sleeping here—? Oh!" her voice went up to a squeal.

Harry Archer looked at his wife for an explanation. He was exhibiting marvelous self-control.

"It's all right, dear," she told him, hastily. "Byron Warwick is a poet, so naturally Corliss is a little excited."

"A little excited? Mother, don't you see what this means? Daddy, it's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me! Never in all my dreams did I ever dream of being near Byron Warwick, except maybe to just get his autograph—" Suddenly her manner changed. Her eyes grew horrified. "What are we going to do with him?"

"I don't know what you mean, Corliss. We'll entertain him, of course. We'll give him a nice, restful day and one of Louise's good home-cooked meals and if he likes bridge—"

CORLISS clasped her hands in prayerful dismay. "I was afraid of that. Look, darlings—you must listen to me. Byron Warwick is not like other men—he's cast from a different mold. He's an artist and a Bohemian and he's sensitive to moods and surroundings. You just can't treat him like you would an ordinary visitor. The aura is so important to him—if we disturb his train of thought we might ruin forever his great creative genius."

"I don't see how in the world one of Louise's orange-layer cakes is going to de-rail his train of thought," Mr. Archer snorted.

"What else would I give him, Corliss? You know Louise does wonders with creamed chicken and peas and—" She stopped abruptly at the distress in her daughter's face.

"Creamed chicken is for Babbitts . . . absolutely. And I just can't have Mr. Warwick think we don't know about such things. We don't want him to despise us for being mundane, grubbing souls, do we? Do we?" her voice rose dramatically. "Imagine him strolling the Paris boulevards, sitting in the little sidewalk cafes—and asking for creamed chicken! Daddy, we've just got to get him some absinthe!"

Harry Archer stared at his offspring. "What do you know about absinthe?" he demanded.

"They all—poets and artists and such—drink absinthe," she told him. "You never hear about them eating. They're always sipping an absinthe frappe. I wonder," she added, dreamily, "if it's anything like a pineapple parfait?"

Both parents choked a little. Then her father told her, gently but firmly, "No, Corliss. Absolutely no. And we will have none in the house, even if absinthe does make the heart grow fonder . . . that's a joke, daughter. That's a joke." He looked at the blank faces of his two women. "Well, maybe not, but it was a try."

Corliss knew an ultimatum when she heard one; she discarded the thought of herself and Byron Warwick sipping absinthe together. But she had other ideas.

"Tea. High tea. Crumpets and scones and strawberry jam. In front of the fire. I can see us now, sitting there—the mood and the setting mellowing his shy, sensitive nature—" Corliss sensed her mother was weakening



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and she hurried to press the attack. "Look, here's his biography and his picture. You want him to give the Reading Club a good lecture, don't you? You want him to tell the other ladies about how good a hostess you are, don't you? I can just hear him saying: 'Mrs. Archer is one of the few women who really understands me.' "

Mrs. Archer's doubts went overboard. "We—ell, I'll talk to Louise, though goodness knows how she'll take to the idea of having her mealtimes and menus disarranged like this. But no one can ever say I don't think of my guests first—if Mr. Warwick needs atmosphere, we'll see he gets it. Harry, that will mean you'll have to come home early, for the tea."

"Why? Am I part of the atmosphere? Do you want me with a Tyrolean feather in my hat or shall I wear a velvet smoking jacket?"

Corliss missed the sarcasm. "Angel! That's wonderful—I know where you can buy a smoking jacket, too. And be here early—remember—*'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea, The plowman homeward plods his weary way—'* "

Mr. Archer threw down his napkin and left the table. "Now she thinks I'm in the dairy business!" he muttered, as he went out.

BUT Mrs. Archer proved herself to be more amenable to Corliss' suggestions. The days that followed were a perfect flurry of house-cleaning and furniture re-arranging before Corliss could announce herself satisfied. On tables everywhere one looked there were open books of poetry or weird pieces of sculpture borrowed from an arty neighbor. Corliss had scoured their own and friends' houses for all the pipes she could find. They were all there, ranged on the mantel, from meerschaum to corn-cob. Family portraits were hastily relegated to the closets, as being—Mrs. Archer and Corliss agreed—a little too homespun. Brass andirons shone, and the ottoman before the fire was moved at least a dozen times a day until Corliss could find the right spot . . . since here she planned to sit at the feet of the Last of the Bohemians.

And then it was Tuesday afternoon.

"I'm glad you're home early, Corliss —with Mr. Warwick coming tomorrow." Mrs. Archer had a harried look. "You and Dexter can help me carry out the mattress in the guest room. I want it sunned and the clean blankets aired before I make up Mr. Warwick's bed."

Together the three of them trooped upstairs.

"Don't tell me," Dexter grumbled, "that Mr. June-Moon Warwick actually goes to bed like other people. I thought poets were always out at night hanging over bridges looking at the water or in cemeteries making up stuff about death and how tired they were of it all."

"Now Dexter—" Mrs. Archer began.

But Corliss interrupted her. Her lower lip was pouting out a little, as it always did when she was thinking.

"Mommy—I wonder if Dexter doesn't have something. Oh, I know he was just trying to be funny, but—somehow —this room doesn't *do* anything to me. As a poet, I mean. And I don't think it's quite the proper setting for Byron, either—all these ruffles and curtains and things. I seem to see a different room, much different. Wait!" she looked around once more and then her eyes brightened. "Wait—I'm getting it

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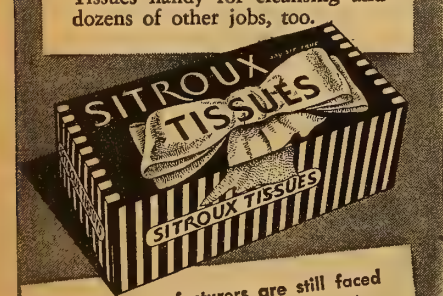
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—I know what it is—it's the *garret!*"

"The garret? You mean our attic, Corliss?" Mrs. Archer was horrified.

"Of course! Only in books they always call them 'garrets'. It has to be, Mommy. Just think of that poor man traveling around the country, living in hotel rooms or other people's guest rooms—all the same. The same bed and the same chairs and the same curtains and the same night tables with the same detective stories on them—why, it must be terrible! All poets live in garrets. They're used to them and they feel at home there."

"But, Corliss—" her mother protested—"it's full of old trunks and the only light is just an electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling and there's only one tiny window and it's dusty and dark—"

"It sounds perfect." Dexter raised his voice in mock-ecstasy. "Couldn't you throw in a few rats and a broken skylight or two, Mrs. Archer? Just to make Byron feel completely at home."

"I'M ignoring you, Dexter Franklin." Corliss gave him one of her best raised-eyebrow looks. "I'm ignoring you completely. This is far more important than even we can imagine. Suppose—just suppose—that Byron Warwick were to walk into that garret and find himself so completely at home—so inspired—so sort of back in the Left Bank—that he were to compose a new poem—right *in our house!*"

"He couldn't do that in the guest room?—no—" Mrs. Archer hastily answered herself—"no, I see what you mean. Or I think I do. And it would be nice if he were to dedicate his new book to us . . . To those who made this possible or something like that."

"Oh, gee, Mrs. Archer—you, too!" Dexter sighed.

But when it came to transforming the "garret" the job fell to Corliss. Watching her daughter's strange flights of fancy, Mrs. Archer had to admit she didn't have quite the feeling for the work. All that was hostess in her revolted.

"Not that old camp bed, Corliss! Surely he won't want to sleep on that! It's so lumpy and—"

"Well, it's the best I can do." Corliss' face was smudged with dirt and wet from her exertions in lugging the old cot up the stairs. "It really should have some broken slats and be a little more rickety, but I think it will do. Now, let's shove those trunks back under that eave and then I can put these old orange crates here for chairs. The table's got to be pretty big and sturdy, though. He'll probably want to lean his elbows on it when he writes."

The table they found was big and sturdy, though it was a hideously scarred and much-painted-over one that had once graced their kitchen in a summer camp. But Corliss declared it perfect—after she had carefully spilled a bottle of ink all over the top.

It was past bed-time before she was through and Mr. Archer and Dexter were called up from their gin-rummy game to inspect the results.

For a moment they just stood and looked, in awed, stunned silence.

"Holy Smoke!" breathed Mr. Archer.

"Gee Whillikens!" whistled Dexter.

"It's an opium den," opined Mr. Archer.

"It's a smuggler's cave," guessed Dexter.

Their eyes went back in simultaneous fascination to the scene through the open attic door.

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A torn strip of carpet marked the little clearing in the otherwise-jumble of old trunks and boxes and miscellaneous catch-all of accumulated years of housekeeping. In the center of the rug was the ink-stained table and around its edge, in casual disarray, were the orange-crate chairs. An old beer bottle with a candle guttering from its neck, the wax dripping slowly along its sides, occupied the center of the table.

But it was the bed, huddling in one corner near the tiny window, that held their gaze. Over it, and only partly hiding the brown Army blanket below—was Mrs. Archer's prized red-and-blue Paisley shawl!

"I think that was really a stroke of genius on my part. It gives the final touch of color and abandon the room needed," Corliss explained complacently.

"Oh." There didn't seem to be anything more for Mr. Archer or Dexter to say. They were, for once, completely at a loss.

Even Mrs. Archer looked a trifle worried. She turned away with a slight shudder.

"Let's go downstairs," she suggested weakly, "and see if there aren't some cookies left from dinner. I need something."

"Coming, Corliss?" Dexter seemed to be still in a daze.

"Thank you, no. I still have one line of my poem to write—the one I'm submitting tomorrow to Mrs. Thackeray. If I'm going to beat Betty this year and be poet laureate of our class I have to make some sacrifices."

They filed down the stairs in silence, but at the landing Mr. Archer pulled himself a little out of his shock. "Corliss, you may be right." And now there was a reflective look in his eye, an odd look that somehow checked Corliss' elation and made her feel disturbed. "Yes, that room may be just the thing for *certain* people. Just the thing. And, if you'll forgive a mundane, grubbing businessman for quoting—remember—*'What's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander!'*"

School was a problem for Corliss next day and she found it hard to concentrate. The last class was barely over when she was on her feet and flying homewards. There were things she had to do. In fact, so many things to do that she only just made it—with a flying leap downstairs into the living room as she heard the sound of the family car spurting gravel in the driveway.

He was here! Byron Warwick was coming into this house!

Indeed he was. The young man, following Mrs. Archer through the front door and into the hall and struggling with a suitcase in either hand, was indeed the young man of the portrait. The profile was there and the dark, shadowed eyes and the hair cut longish and curly. More than this, Corliss couldn't see very clearly, because part of her preparations had been to lower all the blinds, leaving the living room in a sort of undersea gloom.

She looked at them through horn-



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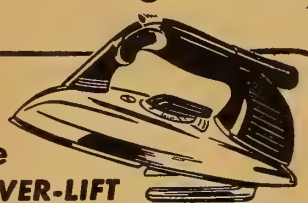
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rimmed spectacles which weren't her own. When she spoke her voice was sepulchral. *"'O World! O Life! O Time! On whose last steps I climb—'* you know."

"Shelley," Mrs. Archer supplied automatically, and then recovered her poise with a gasp. "Corliss, stop that! Mr. Warwick, this is my daughter, Corliss."

"Mr. Warwick!" Corliss came out of her trance with a bounce. Even the horn-rimmed spectacles couldn't conceal her excited eyes. "You must forgive me. But being a poet yourself, you'll understand how rapt a person can get when a person is communing with her psyche."

Perhaps Byron Warwick's communing had never been done in the middle of a living room, in front of an audience. At least, there was a slight hesitation before he spoke.

"AH, yes. When one is—ah—*communing*—it is certainly a soul-shattering experience to be so interrupted. I find it so." He picked up a statuette from the end table—a piece of sculpture Mr. Archer privately believed to have been conceived in a nightmare. "You know, this is almost—well, nearly quite good, you know. I knew a girl in Paris, once—" giving the two entranced women the full benefit of his profile as he seemed to gaze back into memory—"who did this sort of thing. Wonderful artist, Mimi. Kept goldfish in her coffee-pot and made coffee in a pie-plate. Said it kept her out of a rut, you know."

Corliss was in ecstasy right down to her tingling toes. Mr. Archer, coming in the front door and overhearing, was downright disgusted.

"Mr. Warwick—my husband, Mr. Archer."

Mr. Archer thrust out his hand gingerly. And then he winced. Strangely enough, this poet-fellow really had a grip!

But now he was elevating that chin again and looking soulful.

"The sun!" he exclaimed as Mrs. Archer raised the shades. "Oh, the sun. Great Giver of Life and Healer of Sorrows—as a poet, I'm a sun-worshipper, you know."

"I thought poets were moon-gazers," Mr. Archer muttered.

For just a second he thought he caught a glimpse of something that looked peculiarly like laughter in the back of Byron Warwick's eyes, but then the visitor strode to the fireplace and leaned his arm negligently against the mantel. Again the profile. Mr. Archer decided he must have imagined the laughter.

"Please do sit down, Mr. Warwick," invited his hostess. "We so rarely have this opportunity of meeting an authority on modern verse. Your visit here is exciting—like someone from an outside world. I read your *Streams Flowing Softly* and enjoyed it—"

"That? My worst effort, a weakness of my sentimental adolescence." His tone was superciliously rude and Mrs. Archer's cheeks turned pink.

To Corliss the rudeness was the poet's prerogative and her eyes were still adoring. But to Mr. Archer it was inexcusable and he had opened his mouth to tell this young puppy what he thought of him, when Louise entered with the tea tray. The awkward moment was saved.

"A crumpet, Mr. Warwick?" Corliss offered.

"Thank you, no," he replied, absentmindedly, putting his untasted cup of

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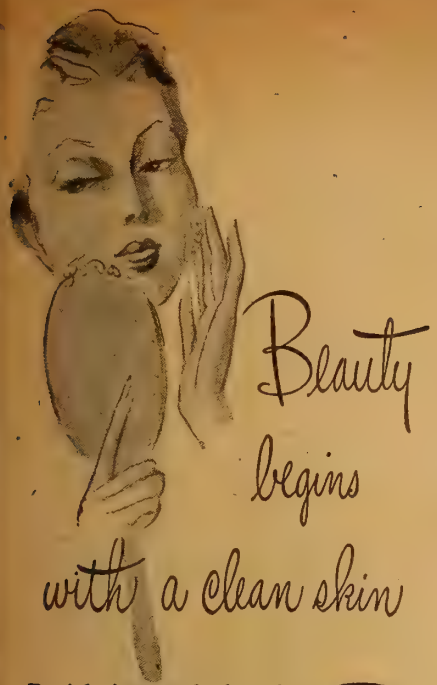


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tea on the mantel. "I had a hamburger on the train—"

He stopped. Three faces stared at him in consternation. Byron Warwick's face was a study . . . but he recovered himself, quickly.

"Ghastly things, those hamburgers—but as a poet I believe in forcing myself to these experiences. It's a part of Life, you know."

Corliss nodded her head solemnly as if she certainly did know, and her pleasure was almost unbearable when he condescended to occupy the big easy chair near her ottoman.

And then she saw Dexter, his head poking surreptitiously around the kitchen door. Mr. Archer saw him, too.

"Come in, Dexter! Come in, my boy. Never was so glad to see anyone! You must stay for dinner—sit down—I won't take no for an answer." As often as he had considered Dexter a nuisance around the house, here at least was someone who talked normally—who didn't talk about Life and Experiences.

"But I don't know anything about poetry, Mr. Archer," Dexter objected. "Are you sure I won't be in the way?"

"If you want my opinion—yes—"

BUT Mr. Archer cut in. "What Corliss means is 'yes,' you certainly are welcome, Dexter. Sit down, my boy. Mr. Warwick, this is a neighbor of ours, Mr. Dexter Franklin. He and Corliss being around the same age, they naturally see a lot of each other and we naturally see a lot of *him*—" conscious that he was rambling a bit disconnectedly, Mr. Archer stopped short.

In fact, all conversation stopped short. Even if the others could have thought of something to say to their guest—what could you do when Byron Warwick wasn't listening?

Byron Warwick was fast asleep in his chair.

When he woke a half-hour later only his host and hostess were in the room. Dexter and Corliss had been sent on errands.

"Oh—look—I'm terribly sorry!" Still not entirely awake, the superciliousness and the rudeness had vanished from his face and he looked honestly ashamed. He had forgotten his profile. "That was an awful thing to do, going to sleep when you were talking to me. But I'd had a long train trip—"

"It's quite all right, Mr. Warwick," Mrs. Archer reassured him. "I'm always glad when my guests feel enough at home to relax and be comfortable. We're very informal people."

"Thank you, Mrs. Archer." He looked at her gratefully. "You know," he went on, rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them, "I think this is the first moment I have felt really relaxed for months, ever since I started on this tour. I almost feel like I'm back home, with my own folks."

Harry Archer's baleful regard faded, although there was still wariness as he looked at the poet. "Where are your folks?"

"Iowa. I was born there and when I get through with these lectures next month I'm heading back there as fast as I can . . . they're real people there—real friends and neighbors. I do my best work there."

His two listeners sat stunned, their mouths open. *Iowa!* A far cry from the Left Bank!

"Well—Great Godfrey—young man—" Mr. Archer finally managed, outraged—"if you didn't put on such an act with people—all that rudeness and







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that business of Life and goldfish and the Sun, the Great Giver of Life, and that nonsense, you'd find people here are just the same as they are in Iowa."

Byron Warwick's tone was humble, but he shook his head. "They may be just ordinary with other people, Mr. Archer, but there's something about a poet that makes them dithery. They expect a show. They'd be disappointed if they found out I liked hamburgers and country fairs and that I helped my mother do the family shopping. Putting on that act, I try to live up to their expectations of what a poet is like. At least, those are my instructions from the publicity agent who arranged this lecture tour."

Mr. Archer began to laugh. "Sure—look at Corliss. And look at—"

"Harry!" warned his wife, her cheeks flaming. And he subsided into chuckles.

At dinner, Corliss was still in a daze. She was sitting right next to Byron Warwick, their elbows so close they almost touched!

"Did you have a nice nap, Mr. Warwick?" she asked, timidly.

"HE certainly did," chuckled her father. "He had quite a snooze. Of course," turning to his guest, "Corliss, here, was a little disappointed. She was hoping to discuss iambic pentameter with you."

"Oh?" the poet smiled back at his host. "Do people really *discuss* such things?"

Of course they don't, Corliss thought to herself, furiously. *At least, not in front of—of—unbelievers like her parents and Dexter. And who wanted to be bothered with the more mechanical things of poetry, like pentameter? Once she and Byron were alone, she was sure she knew the way to draw him out, to let him pour out the pent-up beauties of his soul.*

Poor Byron! In spite of all she had tried to do for him, here he was eating creamed chicken and peas, and forced to listen while Dexter and Daddy did their usual armchair quarter-backing of last Saturday's football game! What must he think of them?

"Daddy—we mustn't bore our guest. Mr. Warwick doesn't care about Lefty Polchak's left-side run, or whatever it was Football is such a primitive sport," she apologized to Byron, "but grown men do seem to have a childish delight in seeing other men run down a field with a silly old ball and beat each other up over it."

"It's our psyches, Corliss," Mr. Archer said, complacently. "It's the real *us* coming out."

There was a definite twinkle in Byron Warwick's eyes. "Oh, I don't know, Miss Archer. Have you ever seen a fast quarter-back streaking down for a fifty-yard run, weaving in and out, straight-arming the safety man? That's real poetry—poetry in action. It's a game, yes. But isn't much of life a game?"

This was something like it! Corliss thrilled to her fingertips. "Isn't much of life a game?"—now he was talking like he had before! "You're right, of course, Mr. Warwick. You're so right. Life is just a game and we are merely players, all of us. Actors who speak our few paltry lines and then exit off the stage when Death gives us the cue."

And the resemblance to his picture was much more marked when he tilted his head that way and gave her that side-long glance. Even his eyes seemed to be infused with strong emotion and the muscles around his mouth twitched. "I see what you mean, Miss Archer.



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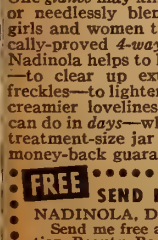
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"Keats!" breathed Corliss in rapture. And so transported was she that she quite missed the long look that passed between her father and their guest. She didn't even notice that the conversation had reverted to football.

"Mr. Warwick—" breaking into the passing strategy of Ohio State— "when you were struggling for an existence on the Left Bank in Paris—"

Byron coughed. "I'm sorry, Corliss, but I never was on the Left Bank. My publicity agent took a few liberties, I'm afraid, with that biography. I *was* in Paris, but I was taking a college course at the Sorbonne and working my way through by being night clerk in a hotel. I didn't have much time for the kind of life my biographer so delightfully describes."

Dexter whooped.

"Dexter, you're being impolite," Mrs. Archer admonished.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Archer . . . I've had a few laughs, myself, reading that biography." Then, seeing Corliss' crushed look, he added, kindly, "But I did go up into the Eiffel Tower, once. And I wore a beret—one day."

THE rest of the dinner was a hurried affair. The elder Archers and Byron Warwick were due at the Reading Club by seven-thirty and Mrs. Archer rushed them through dessert.

When they were finally left alone, Dexter turned on Corliss.

"Now what do you think of old June-Moon Warwick? I think he's a phony. He's no more of a real poet than I am."

"You just don't understand him," Corliss defended hotly. "You can't see under that polite, sweet manner of his to the sensitive soul beneath. You heard what he said about life being just a game. Well, that's how he feels. He knows families like ours have certain habits and he's kind enough to play up to us and pretend to like the same things we do. I saw how he was suffering . . . you and your football!"

"For a man whose soul was suffering he sure knew plenty about triple plays and T-formations."

"Oh, Dexter, you just can't see!"

"Nuts. I can see you're acting dopey—as usual."

Corliss drew herself up. "If that's what you think of me and my aspirations for better things, then you can just go home."

Dexter folded his arms and settled himself back in his chair. "Not me, chick. I'm sticking around to see Lord Byron get settled into his little nest under the eaves."

At the mention of the attic room, a warm glow of rapture spread over Corliss. Yes, that would make up for it. "A place," she gloried, aloud, "where he can escape the shackles of civilization and be himself."

"Yes—that's what it is, that attic. A home from home." Dexter snickered.

But Corliss wasn't paying any attention. She was re-living her first sight of the poet. The pin-pricks of disillusion were vanishing. She could forget Byron sleeping in the armchair, she could forgive his not ever having lived on the Left Bank in Paris. She could overlook Dexter's and her father's disparaging remarks.

She was living in a dream world. Soon the others would be coming home and she would be able to take Byron up to his room. She would show it to

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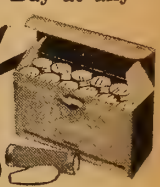
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him, nonchalantly, and then start to leave him.

But he would put his hand, softly, on her arm. He would say "My dear girl—how did you know—?" *No . . . that wasn't emotional enough.* He would say "Corliss, why didn't I know I would find you someday, like this, waiting for me? Then he would kiss her hand and drop it and turn away into his sanctuary, the fire of inspiration burning in his eyes.

And she would sit, through the long night, huddled on the steps outside his door, knowing her presence there would help him. And he would find her there in the morning—when his candle had burned low—and he would say—

"Corliss!" The door banged open.

She jerked herself back to reality. She was still in the living room, with Dexter playing Harry James records.

"Yes, Mums . . . I'm here. Wasn't it a simply thrilling experience? Did he read his poetry? Aren't you just overwhelmed?"

SHE could hear him coming up the walk outside, his laughter mingling with her father's.

"Yes, dear. It was lovely. He has a way of making poetry seem almost—well, *almost* understandable, if you know what I mean. But that's not why I called you. I want you to fix a tray of sandwiches and milk, or would you rather have coffee, Mr. Warwick?"

"Neither, thank you, Mrs. Archer. Don't bother for me. I have to watch my diet—my publicity manager insists on it. He says fat poets don't have publics. So I think, if you don't mind, I'd like to go straight to bed tonight."

"Bed?" Mrs. Archer's bright smile faded away and an expression of horror stole over her face. "Bed."

"Yes, Mums. I'll be glad to escort Mr. Byron to his room."

"No—let me." And Mr. Archer grabbed his guest's suitcases and firmly took the head of the procession, as the whole family trailed after and up the stairs . . . Corliss exulting in anticipation . . . Dexter hovering behind her . . . and Mrs. Archer agonizing.

So close were they on each other's heels that when Mr. Archer stopped short on the second-floor landing, they couldn't stop. For a moment there was a confused jumble.

"Oh—excuse me!—this way, Mr. Warwick. Follow me, Mr. Warwick," Corliss called gaily, edging towards the door that led to the attic. "This way—*Daddy!* Angel!—you're going the wrong way! You're taking Mr. Warwick's suitcases into my room. They go up—"

"No, Corliss. *You* go up. The suitcases stay here, and so does Mr. Warwick." So fast it happened Corliss couldn't take it all in—but in a second the suitcases were in *her* room, Mr. Warwick was in *her* room, and his goodnights were echoing through *her* bedroom door!

Stunned, she faced her father.

"Oh, I agree with you, Corliss," he said, hastily, "That attic room is just the thing for a poet—for a budding young poet who wants to learn about life the hard way. But I talked it over with Mr. Warwick and, unfortunately, he has one of these odd, artistic attachments to a soft bed and curtains at his window and he even has a detective story he wants to read before he goes to sleep. So, you see, we just had to give in to his whims."

"Angel!" Corliss wailed. "You mean I've got to go upstairs and sleep on that hard old camp bed?" An aw-

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ful thought struck her. She remembered, suddenly, that strange reflective look her father had given her when she had first shown him the attic room.

Harry Archer tucked his wife's hand inside his arm, moving her along the hall. Laughter shook his shoulders. "Why, I'm doing you a favor, daughter! You'll never have an opportunity like this again to expand your horizons and grapple with Art." And firmly their door closed behind them.

It was a crushed and dejected Corliss who followed Dexter down into the living room.

"Gee, Corliss—do you really want to sleep in that attic? It seems such a funny place, but I guess you do. I'm so dumb about poets."

"Dexter Franklin, you're just plain dumb! Who wants to sleep there?—oh, to think I trusted that man! That—that Byron Warwick—he's nothing but a fraud—" and she bowed her head on the arm of the chair.

Dexter's hand stole awkwardly to her shoulder. "Don't you care. He doesn't know anything about poetry. He and Mrs. Thackeray at school—"

"WHAT about Mrs. Thackeray?" the words came muffled, ominously, from Corliss.

Dexter looked as if he could have bitten off his tongue. "I'm sorry, Corliss. I didn't mean to tell you like that. You left school so fast today you didn't stop to find out about the poetry contest. Mrs. Thackeray said your poem showed lots of imagination but she gave the prize to Betty again and she's going to be poet laureate this year." Since no answer came from the huddled form beside him, he hurried on. "They don't know anything. In books all famous people are misunderstood when they are young. Some day—don't cry, Corliss!"

She sat up suddenly and threw her hair back off her face in a coltish movement. "I'm not. I'm not crying, Dexter. Jeepers—I'm so relieved."

"You're *what?*"

"I'm simply, utterly *glad.* You've no idea what a strain it is upon a person's life, being a poet. Having to go around with a dreamy expression all the time and looking up things to quote and I always get them mixed up—I mean, I just never know Shelley from Kipling! And not being able to talk like a human being and gazing up at the stars all the time when I'd much rather be listening to Dorsey records. Oh, it's a terrible strain, Dexter. And now I've been so cruelly disillusioned—it just isn't worth while! All I was trying to do was be kind to Byron Warwick, and now I have to go up and sleep on that awful camp bed and think about mice! Dexter . . . nobody understands me but you! I never want to hear another line of poetry."

In a second he was transported to happiness. "You mean that? Then—tonight—will you do me a favor, Corliss? Will you really kiss me tonight, instead of just blowing a kiss at me the way you usually do?"

"Well—just this once, Dexter. It's no more than you deserve."

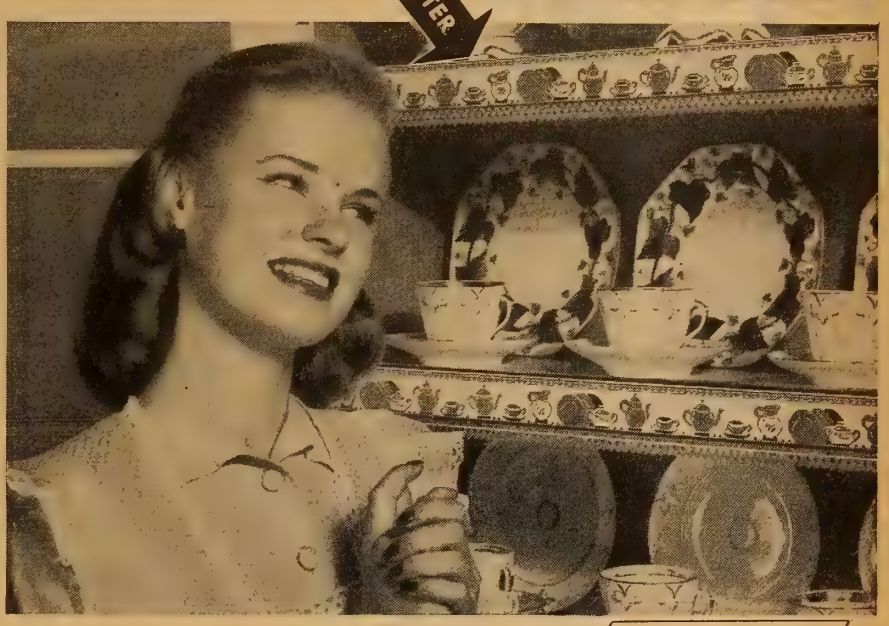
He swayed, awkwardly, towards her—when, suddenly, to his horror, out of the associations of the past ten days, out of the treachery of his subconscious—he heard himself saying—"Oh, Corliss! What bliss—!"

She sprang away from him, her eyes shedding sparks. She ran up the stairs. She stamped her foot.

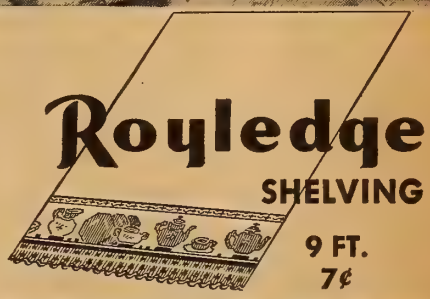
"You get out of here, Dexter Franklin!—you—you *poet,* you!"

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

older he learned to drive the car. Then he fixed the car so we could roll Daddy's sunshine bed into the car. We would take Sunday trips, and when Son was out of school we would go camping. Those wonderful trips will never be forgotten! Son would bring us home, and work the rest of school vacation. One day Son said, "Let's take Dad out to see the bright lights." He asked his father if he would like to drive over to Los Angeles. When we arrived we drove into a drive-in picture show. I never saw anyone so excited as Daddy was—his eyes sparkling. The last show he had seen was the kind where you read what the actors are saying. He was so happy and excited over his show that he kept talking to me until four o'clock in the morning.

He said, "You and Son are always springing surprises on me, but, oh, how I love you for it. It makes life worth living even if it is one big pain after another."

WE took him out a great many times. We had many trips to mountains and beach with friends. God bless them for helping to make his life more beautiful. You, Papa David, Chichi, even helped to make his life beautiful. His radio stood beside his bed. I have seen him in great pain holding his side and laughing with you. I want to thank you for your part in his life.

He was a college man, and with the aid of his radio and reading he kept himself posted on everything worthwhile. He could talk on any subject that our friends wanted to talk about, right up to the last. He lived for twenty years in his helpless condition; passed away two years ago. A few days before he left us, he said, "I would not take anything for the past twenty years we three have spent together. You have been a wonderful wife and no man ever had a better son. You both have stood by me all these years and I love you."

MRS. C. C. B.

Here are the other letters Papa David selected as telling stories you will want to read. Each of the writers has received a check for fifteen dollars.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S STORY

Dear Papa David:

So many families living together in war times seemed to develop or bring to light a special crop of wicked mothers-in-law, at least everywhere I went I heard wild stories about some husband's dreadful mother. My youngest son's bride must have heard these witch's tales too, for she treated me with cold politeness, always on guard from the moment she came to live with us after her husband went overseas. I needed the comfort of this beautiful girl's love, for all three of my sons were in the war's danger zones. But I must have overdone things in my effort to prove that I wanted to be a decent mother-in-law, for she only became more suspicious.

The mail was her life. At first she would rush home from her war job, grab up his letters and dash past me to her room. I knew then that she had heard the story about the mother-in-law who insisted upon reading all of her son's letters.

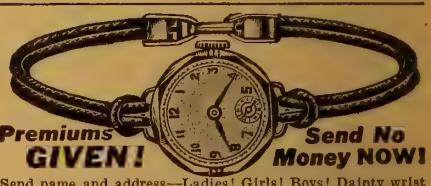
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Then there was no overseas mail for a month. The young girl began to droop from not eating or sleeping much. She stayed home from work one morning and I heard her sobbing in her room. Timidly I knocked. There was no answer for a moment, then a tearful, "Come in." There she was, sitting up in bed holding a large photograph that was signed "All my love and kisses."

"I hate her," she wailed, "I found her in a box of his things when I first came. I hate her. Even when I put the box away I know she's there grinning."

I took the picture from her. "That was just a high school affair," I said. "She's married now and has two children." I tore the picture into bits and threw it into the wastebasket.

My daughter gave me her first warm smile. Then all of a sudden she threw her lovely arms arond me and wept. "Mother, oh mother, why don't I get a letter? Do you suppose something's happened?" I held her close while I told her all the fairy stories I could think of why mail is delayed. They sounded so real I almost believed them myself. We both heard the click of the mail slot and the young girl rushed to the door. There was a happy cry and she ran back to me. "Sixteen letters," she shouted, healthy color coming back into her face. "Don't go, mother dear," she said, and with her head pressed against my shoulder, she read the last letter first, partly out loud. And then I knew that life can be beautiful between a mother and her son's wife.

MRS. P. V. L.

LIKE A BAD DREAM

Dear Papa David:

Our family went through an experience in 1942 that taught us just how beautiful life can be. I am married to a fine husband. We have three wonderful children. One afternoon four years ago my twenty months old baby and I were enjoying our afternoon nap. I was awakened by a crackling noise and the feeling that I was choking. I got up and found that my house was a furnace of flames. The smoke blinded me and

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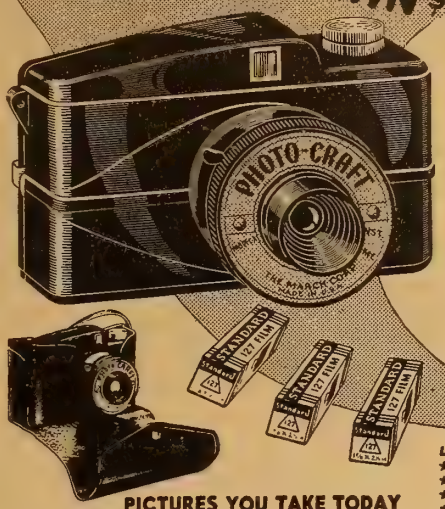
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filled my throat and nostrils, making breathing difficult.

I took the baby from her crib, wrapped a cloth about her head and feeling the wall made my way through the bedroom and living room and finally to the yard. Clean fresh air has never felt so good!

We live on a farm and my husband works in town. He was at work and the two older children in school. There was no one at the house but the baby and myself. Soon neighbors and friends, attracted by the smoke and flames, gathered in the hope that they might help us, but it was too late. We stood in the yard and watched our beautiful country home, our furniture and clothing go up in the angry flames. There was a dull thud as the rafters gave away and the house fell to the ground. I can't explain the feeling of helplessness and despair that enveloped me as I looked on. My first thought was, "School tomorrow, and no clothes for the children—darkness will soon be here, and no roof over our heads." Later I was ashamed of my lack of faith in God and our friends!

WE learned before nightfall that our cloud of misfortune had its silver lining. Numerous friends offered us shelter and food. Clothes were provided for the whole family in a surprisingly short time. Gifts of money and necessities continued to pour in until we were overwhelmed.

Now, four years later, we have a new home and the experience seems almost like a bad dream. When I get the blues now and am tempted to doubt, my mind goes back to those testing days. I remember the ladies of the missionary circles at the church, my husband's fellow employees, good neighbors, relatives and friends who made life beautiful for us at a time when the clouds were heavy. I often recall the sweet face of a gentle widow woman as she handed me a quilt for my bed. "Don't give up dear, you are still rich as long as you have faith." Perhaps the sweetest memory is that of my dear husband. As we stood beside the ruins of all that we had worked and saved for over the years he smiled and said, "Well, Darling, we still have what we started with —each other!"

MRS. J. R. G.

TEN YEARS OF HOPING

Dear Papa David:

My parents brought me to the United States from Mexico when I was one year old and during the following fourteen years, I learned—without actually realizing it—what a privilege it is to live in this country. I was in my Junior Year in High School when my parents decided to return to Mexico and we did.

From then on, all my plans and my work were made towards just one determination. I learned Spanish—I knew very little when I left here—and studied a commercial course which enabled me to work later as an English and Spanish stenographer. It took me five years before I was able to return and then, only on a short vacation trip.

I knew I'd make it for good someday. However, at about this time, romance took a hand in my life and two years later, when I married my husband, I realized that I would have to make the best of living in Mexico.

During all this time my dearest friend remained as staunch in her loyalty as ever and a month after I was married, visited us in Mexico. By now, my husband knew all there was to know of

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my love for this country and my friends. They met as old friends.

When a year and a half later, our baby girl was born, my desire to return to this country seemed a thousandfold stronger because I wanted her to become what I had so longed to be and hadn't been able to accomplish—an American.

Papa David, Mexico is a fine country and I made some good friends there, but can any compare with ours? Yes, I say "ours" because in my heart, it has always been mine too.

When my baby was four months old, one day my husband surprised me by asking if I would like to return to the United States. Did I say he surprised me? I could scarcely believe I had heard correctly. He obligingly repeated the question and I shall never be able to put into words my feelings at that moment. I only realized that my prayers were being answered.

That very day my husband and I settled the very great question and began to make the necessary arrangements, which were so complicated at times, I realize now how great my determination was to do my utmost in carrying out our plan.

It took us ten months to arrive at our destination, considering the time it took to arrange our trip, but what were ten months compared to almost ten years that I had waited for this moment? My husband and I will have to work hard to start our life anew here, but we think we were very fortunate. He was able to get a job almost immediately after our arrival, thanks to my dearest friend's unfaltering encouragement and help, and we were able to find a three-room flat, which I think is beautiful. Can we ask for more to begin with?

MRS. C. D.

"THY WILL, NOT MINE . . ."

Dear Papa David:

I was the youngest of ten children—born when my mother was forty-six years old. My father died six years later and it was then that the phobia that almost ruined my life took hold of me.

I lived in constant terror of mother dying. I would waken in the night and listen for her breathing while stealthily feeling for a heartbeat. Of course it was an unhealthy attitude, but I couldn't throw it off.

After high school, I got a job and Mother and I took a small apartment together. The other children were all married and deep in their own lives, so it was just we two—growing closer together every day. Even the usual quota of romances didn't affect this relationship because Mother always came first. Marriage didn't enter my mind until Lou came along. I think I always knew that he was the one for me, but it took six years for us to get together and decide to get married. Of course Mother came with us. I continued to work and although she was old—almost seventy and not too well—Mother kept house for us.

Lou wanted children but I must confess that I was lukewarm to the idea. I wasn't too disappointed when no babies arrived. Mother was still occupying first place with me.

We had been married five years when Mother became seriously ill. She developed a malignant growth that made it impossible for her to swallow anything. The old panic gripped me and I was galvanized into action. We found that X-ray treatments would help, so



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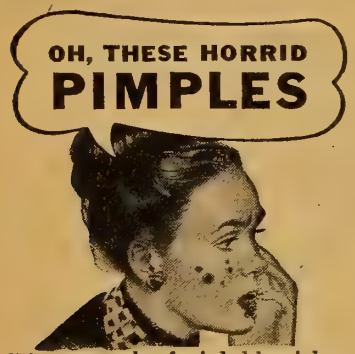
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ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
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THOSE ugly facial blemishes, pimples, blotches may be *dermatophytosis* — the medical name for certain external skin irritations caused by the higher fungi. Such infections are often very stubborn and annoying.

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TING is both fungicidal and antiseptic. It is a dainty, pleasant-to-use, non-greasy cream that kills certain types of fungi *on contact!* It may be just what you need to help clear up the skin condition that is bothering you. Even if other products have failed, get TING Antiseptic Medicated Cream today. Only 50 cents at your druggist.

Mother had them and was finally able to swallow liquids. She lived two years on liquids — constantly hungry and growing thin and weak. Then the growth recurred and this time, a radical operation was the only thing that would prolong her life. I know now that she didn't want to have the operation. She didn't want to continue fighting the futile battle for a life that was at best a miserable one, but I wouldn't let her make her own decision. I begged—pleaded, used every emotional approach to make her have the operation and she finally consented.

I suppose the operation was a success because she lived—bedridden, in constant pain, fed artificially.

Then, almost a year later, I became pregnant. At first I couldn't believe it, then I was frightened and resentful by turns. Then the miracle began. I began to realize that the tenacious hold I had exerted on Mother's life was not out of concern and love for her but because of my own selfishness and fear of losing her. I gradually relaxed my grip on her. She still received every care but I no longer willed her hysterically to live. She seemed to sense this change—to realize that I was going to be all right and that she could relax and take the rest and peace she had deserved for so long. A month later, she slipped quietly away. My grief was deep but not soul-consuming as it would have been if God had not sent me this compensatory child.

SEVEN months later, my little boy was born, and when the nurse placed him in my arms, I finally realized the great truth that "Life Can Be Beautiful." It can if you will learn to accept things and learn not to try to change life's pattern—to learn to say and *mean* "not my will, but Thy will be done."

MRS. L. D.

A SIMPLE INCIDENT

Dear Papa David:

Quite often some simple little incident can help to shape a happier outlook on life or remain indelibly impressed on the individual's mind as an event you're glad you did not miss.

One day, during wartime, I was walking up Broadway. It was a bitter cold day and the wind was blowing like a Texas tornado. So I dropped into a Times Square Automat to warm up over a hot cup of coffee. However, to my pleasant surprise I witnessed a simple but unforgettable scene which was more heart-warming than all the coffee in Brazil.

As I was sitting at a table watching the noisy carefree crowd that gathers in this restaurant, a soldier and a marine with two attractive young ladies, perhaps their wives, came to a table adjoining mine. Both military men, judging from their several rows of campaign ribbons and purple heart, showed mute evidence that they had been on many hard-won battle fronts. Ordinary men with their battle experience would turn into hardened tough hombres, but blood-stained battles didn't seem to leave their mark on these splendid soldiers.

After the ladies were comfortably seated, both men went to the counter for food. Upon their return the dishes were quietly arranged. When finally set, all four, oblivious to the noise and chatter surrounding them, bowed their heads in silent reverence and the marine said grace. Imagine, here in the heart of gay Broadway, four young people took time out to say grace.

I was deeply touched as never before.



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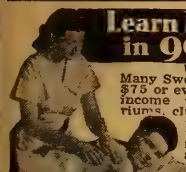
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Here were two young men tough enough to withstand the hardships of battle, who never lost their fine homely virtues nor surrendered their faith in God or in democracy. And here were two young women, probably not a day over twenty, who gave a definite answer as to whether our young women crave only gaiety or mink coats.

I left the restaurant with my heart all aglow, and with the feeling that as long as America has such fine young citizens she need have no fears about our country of tomorrow.

M. G.

ONE FAITH

Dear Papa David:

I was born in Germany. My father was a well-known surgeon who spent his life trying to bring health to those who were sick, poor, and miserable. He never asked them their faith, or beliefs, or what God they worshiped.

When the Nazis robbed, killed, and plundered their way into power, they burned down his hospital, because it was named for a great man of the Jewish faith, and tore my father out of his wife's arms to send him to a concentration camp and death. Even to the last my father told me to believe that somewhere life was beautiful.

My mother and I fled from Germany to Switzerland and then to Casablanca. Many times we wished ourselves dead and contemplated destroying ourselves but always we remembered father's words.

Finally one day we learned that a cousin of my father's had volunteered help in getting us to America. We were surprised that a stranger should go to so much trouble in helping us when we had no way of repaying him.

After two months of traveling and wondering what awaited us in America we arrived in Boston.

One week in America showed me that life could be beautiful. No one told me I couldn't go into a park or a theater, or a school because I was of one faith and they of another.

How wonderful everyone was to us, not just helping us with money, but with their very kindness and advice.

My one hope is that the other half of the world, the half that houses millions of homeless, hungry, hopeless people will someday find out as I did, and as my father always told us, that life can still be beautiful. Perhaps all those people will know that in these United States of America everyone is trying so hard to help them realize it.

L. B.

Now you have read all the letters that we had space enough to print this month. They are only a handful taken from the hundreds we've received. Every one of those hundreds has moved both Chichi and me to smiles, sighs, sometimes even tears. And every one has, above all else, made us proud and grateful that our philosophy has meant something real to the person who wrote it. Have you sent us your story?



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"She's even more exciting than Scarlett O'Hara, Amber or Kitty!"

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"...a good example of the novel of passion...of historical romance in which there is far more romance than history..."—Atlanta Journal.
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"...A fast-paced yarn that winds up in whirlwind fashion."—Halifax Chronicle.
"...an 18th Century bundle of love."— San Francisco Chronicle.

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that powerful best-selling new novel by Gerald Kersh
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now $2.50 in publisher's edition only $1.39 to Club Members

From the sinister shadows of the underworld comes this passionate and revealing story of two young lovers caught in the vicious cross-currents of night life, and corruption.
Often shocking — always fascinating! . . . If you like tough, straight-forward, tensely dramatic reading, you'll surely like this terrific best-seller. "Wonderful to read," says Saturday Review of Literature. "Novel you won't forget."—*Chicago Sun.*

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So Soft
So Flattering
So Natural Looking



Maybelline Mascara makes lashes look naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. Cake or Cream form in Black, Brown or Blue.





Maybelline soft, smooth Eyebrow Pencil with fine point that forms expressive, gracefully tapered brows. Black or Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow to subtly accent the color and highlights of your eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet and Gray.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYES BY USING MAYBELLINE,
THE WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

"You're like part of the family, Doctor!"

● Doctor, yes—doctor of the science of medicine and surgery, with all the knowledge and skill that his years of training and experience provide.

But your doctor is more than that:

He is a wise counselor to old and young. He is a loyal and understanding friend to all.

He is, indeed, "like part of the family."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU . . .

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects *your* throat.



GENERAL physicians, surgeons, specialists, doctors in every branch of medicine . . . 113,597 doctors in all . . . were covered in this survey by three independent research organizations. The object of the survey was to determine what cigarette doctors themselves preferred to smoke. The brand named most was Camel.

After all, a doctor smokes for pleasure too. The pleasing mildness of a Camel can be just as welcome to his throat as to yours . . . the full, rich flavor of Camel's expertly blended costlier tobaccos just as appealing to his taste. If you are not now smoking Camels, try them. Try them in your "T-Zone" (see left).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

RADIO MIRROR

November
15¢



MARGARET HAYES

In Full Color! Pictures of Right to Happiness

For "Big Game" Glamor

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

First tinge of fall . . . giddy crowds and gaudy colors . . . excitement in the air . . . the season's biggest game, and you, happy in the knowledge that your hair is sparkling and alive with all its natural highlights revealed. No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely. Here Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, shows you two hair-dos created by Drene especially for your football week-end. "I always use Drene with Hair Conditioning action," says Madelon, "because no other shampoo leaves my hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage."





AT SATURDAY'S GAME you'll be the star in his eyes with your radiant Drene-lovely hair! "There's no need to worry about your hair being 'off side' when you shampoo with Drene," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, "for Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair alive with natural highlights, satin-smooth and so-o-o-o easy to manage."

AFTER THE GAME, a quick change, a bite of dinner and then to his fraternity dance. Drene brings out *all* the beauty of Madelon's lovely hair . . . reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.



Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



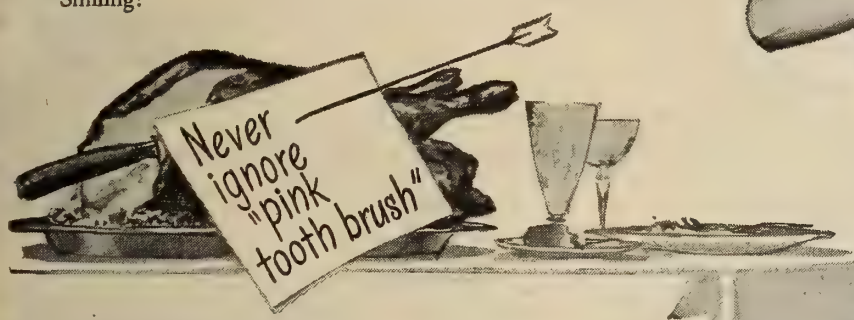
"Can't even get a man to wish with, huh?"

GIRL: Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants–

CUPID: You do.

GIRL: *I?* Why I–

CUPID: And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming!* Sparkling! Smiling!



GIRL: Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but–

CUPID: No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

GIRL: "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Is *that* all?

CUPID: Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!



For the Smile of Beauty—

Ipana 

and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

R M

NOVEMBER, 1946

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 26, NO. 6

Coming Next Month



December brings a Christmas story full of the warmth, the peace-on-earth feeling of that glorious holiday. It was written especially for Radio Mirror, especially for the Christmas season, by Joyce Jordan, NBC's lovely young woman doctor. There'll be a wonderful real-life, full-color picture to illustrate it, too.

* * *

In answer to many, many requests, next month's Living Portraits will bring you Lorenzo Jones and his family and friends. You'll see these radio favorites at home, as they go about their daily affairs, in Lorenzo's home town.

* * *

More December news: There's a brand new episode in the careers of Lum 'n' Abner . . . and you'll be invited to "come and visit" Penny Singleton and her family.

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Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
Doris McFerran, Editor
Jack Zasorin, Art Director
Evelyn L. Flore, Associate Editor
Marjorie Wallace, Assistant Editor
Frances Maly, Associate Art Director

Character quiz

by JOAN CRAWFORD

Winner of 1945 Academy Award

Star of "Humoresque," A Warner Brothers Picture



(1) Do you make snide cracks about folks of other races, creeds or colors? (2) Do you get the *facts* before you form opinions? (3) Do you give others credit for having good intentions, too? (4) Do you *do* something to help correct the things you think are wrong with the world?—If your answers are No-Yes-Yes-Yes, you're a solid citizen, and America needs more like you.

Joan's little quiz is one of a series presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.





Fleer's is a solid sender . . . leader in the trend to candy coated gum. With its gleaming white coating, its *extra* peppermint flavor, Fleer's is especially attractive and refreshing. Twelve tempting fleerlets in each handy package. Try Fleer's today.



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885



COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

PRETTY Miss Margaret Hayes, whose portrait is on this month's cover, leads a life that could be titled: "Busy girl in New York City." Busiest of all is her radio life. She's currently on the air in Light of the World, Mystery Theater, Ellery Queen, Aunt Jenny's Real Life Story—and she's been heard on Assignment Home, Lux Radio Theater, Silver Theater, Bob Hope. And, of course, My True Story (daily at 10 A.M. on ABC), on which she's heard very often. But that's only Chapter One in her career. She's been in five movies and many plays . . . of which more anon.

Her personal life could have another title: "Pretty girl in New York City." Her charming ground-floor apartment is a mecca for young actors and actresses, all around the age of twenty. They feel free to drop by at any hour and find Margaret delighted to see them—and delighted to feed them, too! She's a wonderful cook, and her fried chicken is famous in young acting and writing circles. When she opens the door to them, she usually looks the same, summer or winter: her amber eyes and dark auburn hair are highlighted by a tailored, long-sleeved sports dress. The dress is any color at all, from pale blue to bright red. And in it she welcomes them into a large living room studded with antique furniture and viewing Margaret's little garden in the rear.

There are four other characteristics of the apartment on which they can count: Mabel, the Negro maid who does everything for Margaret but cook; and three magnificent radio-victrolas—none of which works! Two of these Margaret bought herself. The third was the gift of her best girl friend, actress Laurie Douglas, who (*Continued on page* 99)

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(Member of Macfadden Women's Group)

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But a honey color won't keep you winter-sweet!

YOU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but—winter or summer—you still need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

Mum

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



A Day In The Life of Dennis Day, on NBC at 7:30, Thursdays, gives young singer-comedian Day his first starring program.



For a broadcast of the U.S. Army Recruiting Service's program Sound Off, script-writer Allan Sloane (left), director-producer Earle McGill check last-minute details with guest Nan Wynn.

DAWN OF A NEW DAY

THE Dennis Day I talked to over a hurried dinner at Toots Shor's was a far different Day than the one we are so used to hearing getting his ears pinned back by Jack Benny and his assorted radio companions.

This was no meek, trusting, golden-voiced youngster pinch-pennied by a comedy star and vicariously cuddled by distaff-side radio listeners.

The well-built, tanned, brown-eyed broadcaster was in New York on a flying trip before returning to Hollywood and his new radio show, A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day, which started on NBC October 3. Dennis was confident about the success of his first starring vehicle and eager to talk about that, his thirteen-month hitch in the U. S. Navy, his early days in show business—as long as the conversation didn't interfere with the man-sized mouthfuls of roast beef he was storing away.

The Bronx-born tenor entered the service as an ensign, came out a lieutenant, junior grade. He had the task of setting up Navy-staffed shows for bluejackets in the Pacific. During that time he weighed the countless offers that came in, picked the one that offered him complete stardom.

"And," he adds, "I wanted to work out the best arrangement that would enable me to remain on Jack's show."

These activities were certainly never anticipated by Eugene Dennis McNulty a few short years ago when the lad was taking a pre-law course at Manhattan College in New York. His father, a city engineer, didn't mind having a tenor among his five children—what Irish home would be complete without one?—but he hardly expected a career to be developed from the lad's larynx.

But when Dennis helped cop the Mayor's College Glee Club trophy, and with it a chance to sing on the city's own radio station, WNYC, that's just what happened.

By 1939 Dennis was doing moderately well on another radio station, WHN, and improving his style under voice coach Billy Brace. Dennis heard that Jack Benny was seeking a replacement for Kenny Baker but did nothing about it. But coach Brace did. He sent some Dennis Day recordings to Jack's agent.

"When Jack called me for an audition I thought it was a gag," Dennis recalled.

Dennis was scared stiff singing in the mighty presence of the great air comic and Jack's immobile expression didn't comfort him. But when he was asked to read some comedy lines Benny started to react excitedly. The comedian turned to Mary Livingston and said: "That's it."

Before you could say LSMFT Dennis had a train ticket to Hollywood and a contract for $200 a week.

"I learned later that it was Mary who urged Jack to audition me."

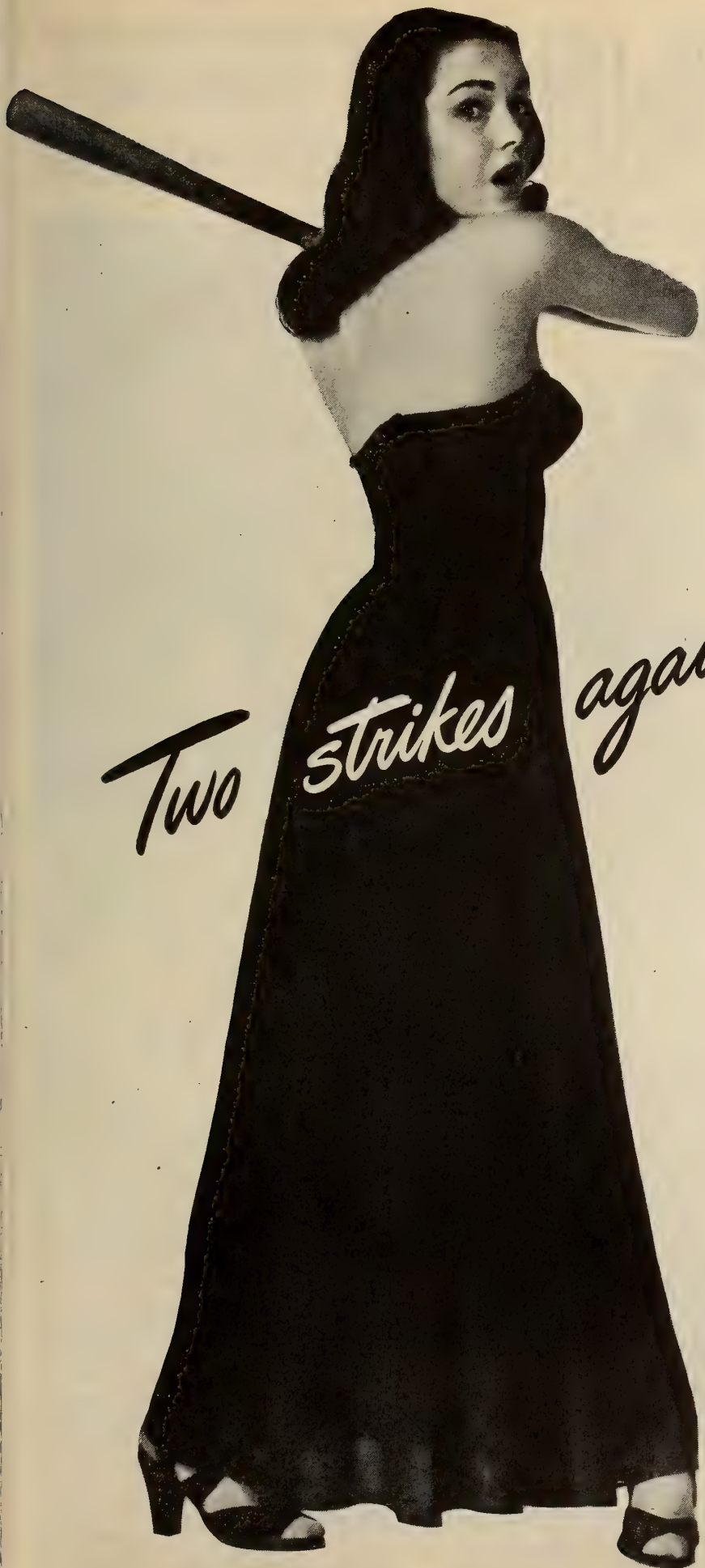
Convinced of his singing ability, the aggressive youngster then tried to improve his ability as an actor and mimic. Possessing a true ear, he practised all kinds of voices and dialects. Irish was easy. "It started in 1935," Dennis recalls, "when I went to Ireland to visit my relations in County Mayo. When I got back you could cut my brogue with a knife."

On the coast Dennis became friendly with Bill Thompson, the talented radio actor and creator of Mr. Wimple of Fibber McGee and Molly fame. Bill taught Dennis how to imitate such well known personalities as W. C. Fields, Jerry Colonna, The Mad Russian and Wimple himself.

"But try as he might Bill just couldn't imitate me."

Last season when Benny was preparing his hilarious burlesque of the Fred Allen show he was having trouble getting someone in his cast to do the take off on Fred's amusing bumpkin, Titus Moody, so well played on Fred's own show by Parker Fennelly.

"We were all in Palm Springs. Jack summoned me to his place. There he was in his birthday suit, getting a rub down," Dennis said. "Jack asked me if I could do Titus (*Continued on page* 89)



Two strikes against her

PRETTY CUTE TRICK, this Emma-Jean. Under ordinary conditions the boys would be tumbling over themselves paying her court.

But tonight she's got two strikes against her. She's getting no place fast. And she, herself, would be the last to guess the reason why.* That's one course they didn't teach her at college.

You Never Know

Unfortunately you, yourself, may not be aware when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).* The very night you think you are at your best you may be at your worst. You've got two strikes against you from the start.

Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution against off-color breath? Isn't it just common sense to be ever on guard?

Before any date where you want to be at your best rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. So many fastidious people, popular people, never, never omit this first-aid to charm.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE...

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

FOR ORAL HYGIENE

Little – BUT OH MY!



Small-woman glamor has two large musts: careful proportion, and the every-hair-in-place grooming that Metropolitan soprano Annamary Dickey here displays.

RADIO MIRROR'S HOME and BEAUTY

IF you're what statistics say is the Average American Woman, you've probably wished you were tall, statuesque, glamorous — the fashion model type. You get tired of people asking if you're standing in a hole, calling you pint-size. You've felt because you're short, life has put a lot of stumbling blocks in your way to being noticed and admired. The tall girls have the edge on you. *You* think!

It ain't necessarily so! It's all a question of proportion, of being lovely in miniature. Lily Pons, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan and the atom bomb are all small, aren't they? They do all right.

If you're in their class, you probably know a lot of do's and don'ts that go with being short. You can't wear your hair long and full at your shoulders because it shortens your neck too much, or makes you look top-heavy. Because you're small, the sleeker, shorter hair styles like the upsweep, a short pageboy with modified pomp, and the short feather cuts are just your dish. Flat tops shorten because they pull eyes downward instead of up.

You can't wear big hats either without looking overwhelmed. But if your figure and posture are good, you can wear brims as wide as your own shoulders. Frenchwomen your size like such a hat turned up on one side and down on the other. But on the whole, the smaller hats do more for you, especially if the crown tapers upward or there's a feather shooting skyward.

Tall or short, a good figure is half the battle. But the shorter you are, the harder you should try to keep off all excess poundage. Fifteen extra, unneeded pounds distributed over a large frame hardly show, but the same fifteen pounds on a small girl make the difference between a trim or dumpy figure. At the right weight, the small figure with good proportions looks young, almost child-like. It gives the illusion of youth which is never the case with the taller, larger girls. At 25 or 50, people invariably will take you for younger than you are if you keep your small self in good shape. And please, please, please stand tall and straight as you can, not just for the tall effect good posture gives but because you'll look more vital, more dynamic, more commanding of respect.

After being on earth for several years, you've learned that you can't wear just anything that happens to suit your dreams or fancy. Take long-hair furs, for instance. The coat with the large fur collar will shorten your neck like a turtle pulling into his shell. A silver fox scarf will make you look top-heavy, smothered or blown up like a pouter pigeon. Fur jackets aren't for you unless they're a brief bolero style in a short or flat fur. You might get by with a ¾ length fur coat providing again the fur is short or flat like caracul, Persian lamb, muskrat and possibly mouton. In a full length coat, you can wear a slightly fluffier fur like Australian oppossum made with straight hanging lines.

In your hunt for clothes, it's been a rare day, a cause for celebration when you've found a dress that seemed meant for you with no major alterations necessary. But more and more you'll find such perfect clothes because nationwide surveys have established the fact that America's Number 1 Gal is no Amazon for size. Designers and manufacturers have sat up and taken notice. But it will still pay dividends in smartness to remember the rules that apply to your pixy size. You'll choose flat wools rather than rough tweedy textures. You'll stick to solid colors from shoulder to hem because contrasting tops and skirts lop surprisingly (*Continued on page* 108)

Of all leading brands we tested...

NO OTHER deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION and ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY yet so SAFELY!

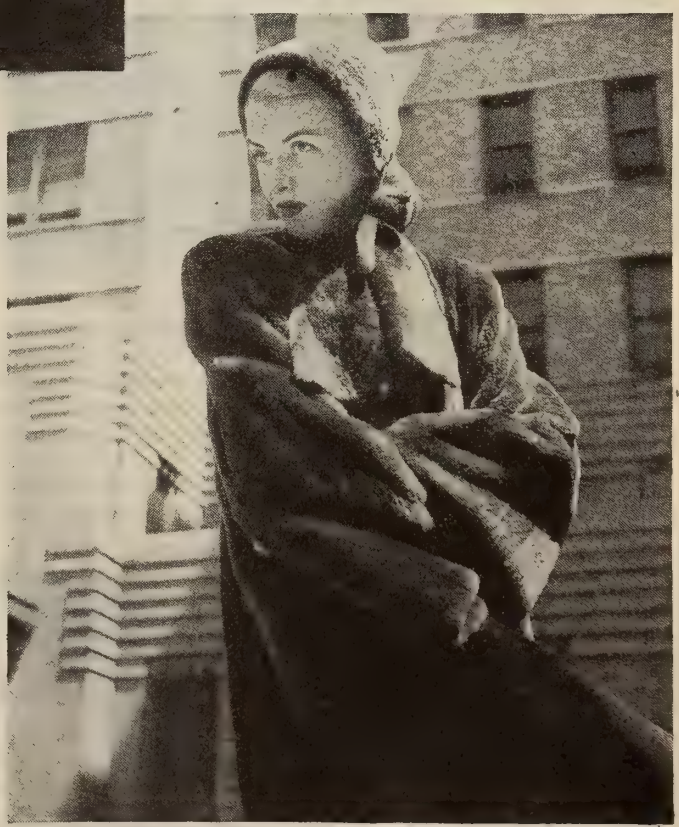


Sheared Beaver Coat, very full, very young! Ascot collar is new, smart. When you wear furs your dresses are in more danger from underarm perspiration stains. Rely on *new, improved* Arrid. Remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively yet so safely!

To PROTECT your precious fall clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the *new, improved Postwar* Arrid! Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes. Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. Get the *new, improved Postwar* Arrid today.

So Soft . . . so Smooth . . . so Creamy!

Brown Seal is Top Fashion News! So is the full-length, fitted fur coat and big mink hat. When wearing furs, guard against underarm odor, and perspiration stains which ruin clothes. Switch to new, improved Arrid for utmost, safe protection. Safe for clothes, safe for skin. Our laboratory tests of all leading brands show no other leading deodorant cream stops perspiration so thoroughly. Start now to get the protection of Arrid.



Only safe, gentle **ARRID** *gives you this thorough*

5-WAY PROTECTION!

1 No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.

2 Arrid is safe for fine fabrics. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

3 Safe, gentle Arrid does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic. (Is used by more nurses than any other deodorant.)

4 Greaseless and stainless.

5 Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply.

39¢ *plus tax* Also 10¢ and 59¢

All Postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price. Arrid is used by more men and women than any other deodorant. Buy a jar today.*

Some of the many stars who choose Arrid:

ILKA CHASE • CONNEE BOSWELL
JANE FROMAN • CAROL BRUCE
GRACE MOORE • BEATRICE LILLIE
DIANA BARRYMORE

New Improved Postwar **ARRID**



Opening Scene—of a short, simple plot to lure out the natural beauty of your complexion! Smooth a film of Hopper White Clay Pack on clean face and neck. Relax. Feel it gently coax away the tautness . . . while it helps loosen blackheads. deflake dry top skin.



The Plot Thickens (while your mask sets!) When dry—in about 8 minutes—wash off with clear, cold water. Your skin feels so much softer . . . looks younger—fresh and glowing from White Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action!* Now tiny imperfections seem "screened out"!

Cue to a
Happy Ending
for skin problems

Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment

acts to deflake dry top skin . . . loosen stubborn blackheads



A Daily Feature to help *sustain* that fresher complexion loveliness...Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. Pat it on with upward, outward strokes (see diagram). This luxurious blush-pink cream helps keep your skin smooth and clean . . . radiant setting for make-up. You're ready for closeups . . . applause!



Now in One Bargain Package . . . $1.20 value for only 89¢*! For the first time you can get Hopper White Clay Pack and Homogenized Facial Cream packages together in a bargain beauty box. This special offer is good for a limited time only, so ask for your Twin Treatment Box today. ** Plus tax*

At leading cosmetic counters

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



Toni Darnay stars in CBS's daytime show, The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters, weekdays at 10:30 A.M. EST.

BEEFS are coming in from many sources. Veterans aren't satisfied with these "veteran auditions." The claim of the ex-GI's is that too many of them are nothing but fronts put on by studios to give the impression that they're doing their bit to help the returning heroes. Auditions are given, but nothing much comes of them.

Could be there are two sides to this question, however. The vets may be right—about some stations and outfits. But the stations have this on their side. Frequently, there's a very long distance between a person's ambition and his performance. Lots of GI's got a crack at radio performances while in the service. They felt competent and able and decided they definitely had talent. But there's a big difference between spontaneous, on-the-spot shows, given for fellows who are in the same situation as yourself and can appreciate your efforts and even be amused by them, and the highly skilled and experienced performances that are needed to put over a professional show. The latter takes a lot of training, study and actual working experience.

We don't know, but this might account for the small number of veterans who are finding niches on the air, compared with the many thousands of ex-servicemen and women who apply for, and get, auditions. Let no one try to fool himself, or anybody else, that working in radio is any easy way to earn a living. It takes talent and then plenty of hard work to develop and train that talent, until you can use it with the precision and infallibility of the finest (*Continued on page* 10)

By DALE BANKS

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

THOUSANDS of women have lost the fresh glow of youth while they're still young in years. Thousands look "washed out" and weary—frequently feel "ready to drop." And so often, a blood condition may be the reason they're listless and worn . . . a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too pale and puny to release all the energy that they ought to have. They need to build up their red blood cells—supply line of healthy vigor.

Ironized Yeast Tablets To Help Build Blood, Energy

So if you look and feel "old before your time" due to a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to combat this Borderline Anemia, to help bring red blood cells back to normal size and color and in this way restore the energy and the appearance of health.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Let them help you build up your red blood cells—win back your natural vitality and attractiveness!

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast TABLETS



R M



A Net Loss

can be avoided if you're smart and anchor yours with DeLong Bob Pins



That tricky snood or fly-away net stays snugly in place when it's fastened with these extra-special Bob Pins that won't slip out willy-nilly . . . They grip your locks in a do-or-die way because they're made of fine high-carbon steel and subjected to rigid tests, to insure a longer-lasting

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Try DeLong Bob Pins and you'll know the full meaning of a net profit in hair-do security.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

R M

(*Continued from page* 8) than just thinking you're good, or having your best friends pat you on the back and tell you you're out of this world.

* * *

We've decided that anything can happen. Walking along Madison Avenue, we saw a taxi draw up in front of CBS. There's nothing unusual in that. But when Patti Clayton stepped out of the driver's seat, that stopped us.

Chasing her into the lobby of the building, we got the story. Seems a couple of months ago, the Taxi Drivers Association voted Patti "Miss Fairest Fare of Them All" and presented her with a shiny new cab as a token of their esteem. So Patti's been driving it ever since and getting a big kick out of it. Her only problem is an occasional person who wants to hire the cab and puts up a big argument because she refuses to take him.

* * *

These days, Bob Trout's known as a dignified announcer, newscaster and commentator. He used to be the one—by F.D.R.'s personal choice—who always said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States."

But it wasn't always like that. The other day, Bob was recalling his early experiences in radio. His first job was on Station WJSV in Washington. "I used to play gramaphone records all day long," he said. "I used to take part in a minstrel show. I was Nimrod, the hunter, and I was somebody, the poet-reader, with an organ in the background."

Then, one day, the regular newscaster of the station didn't turn up and Bob was handed a newspaper, shoved in front of a mike and told to read the news. He did it so well that this job was his, too, after that.

One of his most amusing memories has to do with the time he broadcast from a circus. He was assigned to ride around on a ferris wheel and interview one of the side show midgets. But the engineers forgot all about the



Comedian Alan Young may or may not turn up like this for one of his Friday night broadcasts, 8:30 on NBC.

TWICE as absorbent as ordinary dish towels



Starcross

WUNDATOWL

★ Dries in a jiffy
★ Washes like a hanky
★ Practically lintless

It's natural to be surprised or doubtful when you first see and feel WUNDATOWL. You'll wonder how a dish towel of such light weight can actually be twice as efficient. Frankly, there is only one answer . . you have to try WUNDATOWL to be convinced. If you can't buy WUNDATOWL locally, write us stating the quantity you want . . . we'll see that a nearby store fills your order C. O. D.



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1450 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Greenville, S. C.

Linnea

Perfume



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Lovers of the unusual will thrill to Linnea . . . the perfume that captures the dawn-freshness of Scandinavian woodlands. It brings *you* the same delicate scent that so entranced Karl von Linné, world's greatest naturalist, who discovered and named the lovely Linnea flower.

So that *you* may learn its enchantment, we have prepared a special "get acquainted" package of Linnea Perfume—*not sold in any store*—this will be sent you *prepaid* for just 25c together with the coupon below. Order several for yourself and friends!



$5.00 UP
(plus tax)

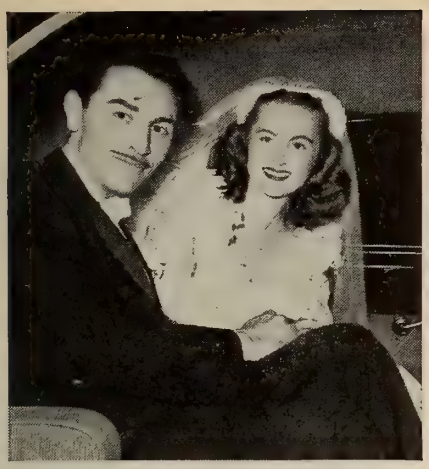
Please send _____ *"Get Acquainted" Packages, prepaid.*

Name _____

Address _____

Enclosed find $ _____

LINNEA PERFUMES, INC.
200 West Ohio Street Dept. 508, Chicago 10, Illinois



Hollywood wedding: Sharon Douglas of NBC's Dennis Day show, Edwin Nassour, movie executive.

axle in the center of the ferris wheel and, by the time the wheel had gone around a couple of times, the microphone cable was wrapped around the axle.

"The microphone shot out of my hand," Bob laughed, "and the midget who had been hanging on to it was pulled half way out of the car. I was hanging on to the midget and, after a couple of yells, our broadcast was over for the day."

* * *

It used to be something of a mystery the way Johnny Coons, versatile actor on the Vic and Sade show and Bachelor's Children, was always turning up at the studio two or three hours early for rehearsals and broadcasts. It was even whispered by the not too friendly that Johnny was a little anxious to go to work. We got the lowdown from our snoops out Chicago way. No great anxiety complex about his job, at all. It's just that Johnny suffers from hay fever and has to sit around in the air conditioned studios for a couple of hours before broadcasts to clear his head.

* * *

Rita La Roy, fashion expert on Lady Be Beautiful, is opening a New York branch of her famous studio for models. She plans to handle only the top Manhattan models, grooming them specifically for the screen. Which will be doing the lovelies a big service. Lots of them photograph like a million, but it takes a bit more than looks to click in the pix. And that's what Rita's going to help them do.

* * *

Here's a little tidbit, proving that radio listeners have a sense of humor. Awhile back, when Harry Elders as Dr. Jack Landis in Women in White was meeting with rebuffs in his pursuit of Eileen Holmes and the script called for much chasing and excitement on Elders' part, his fan mail brought him a very fat envelope. In it was a package of Cool-Aides and these instructions from an Iowa listener: "Take one of these every hour on the hour until you cool off!"

* * *

Some kind of a record has been set by Peggy Webber, the girl with the 150 different voices. Currently playing opposite Herbert Marshall in The Man Called X, Peggy portrays mothers and daughters, heroines and murderesses,

"Tenderly she touched all things— with *Soft Hands*, pale as dove's white wings"



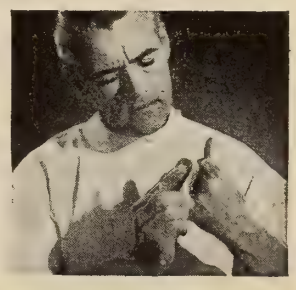


Hands that rule the dishpan can still rule hearts as well!

Is daily dishwashing giving your hands a "scrubwoman" look? Get yourself a jar of Pacquins Hand Cream. This snow-white, fragrant cream helps keep hands happy . . . softer, whiter.

First made for the special needs of Doctors and Nurses—

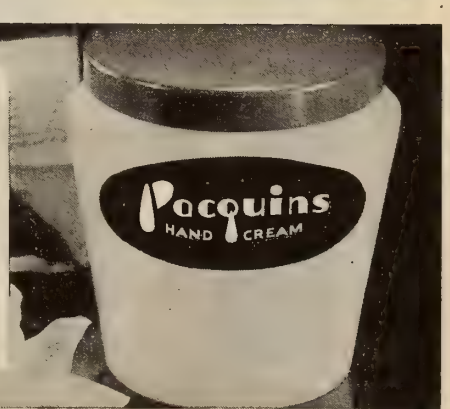
Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot, soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. So they need more than just an ordinary preparation to help combat dryness and roughness. Pacquins, first formulated for doctors and nurses, is *super-rich* in skin-softening ingredients.



Pacquins

HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth . . . *not* sticky, *not* greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

R M

4 Beauty Treatments

THAT SPARE YOU AND SPARKLE UP YOUR HOME



1. Furniture appreciates a facial as much as you do—to keep it beautiful! A daily treatment with famous O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish gives grand results. And it's easy. Just pour a little on a dampened cloth and do your dusting with it. This *triple-acting* polish cleans, shines and *protects*—all at the same time!

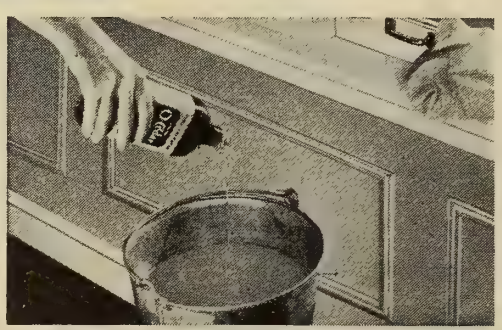
2. Give floors a "quickie" by putting a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on your O-Cedar mop. Keeps dust down, cleans with a gleam—whether your floors are painted or varnished or waxed. Cleans, polishes and protects all at the same time, too, just as it does on furniture!





3. Try this same All-Purpose gleamer on water spots and minor scratches. It's grand for sticky smudges, too—leaves a dry, gleaming finish that's a beauty to behold! (For deeper rings and scratches, try O-Cedar Touch-up Polish.) O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish is used in more homes than any other brand.

4. Hint for woodwork: Try adding a little O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to your cleaning water, together with your favorite soap or cleaner. Removes fingerprints and grease like a breeze—leaves a lovely luster which helps protect the paint. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."





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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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CLEANS – POLISHES – PROTECTS

IF YOU PREFER A CREAM POLISH—say O-Cedar, too. → Quick—easy—no rubbing—to make refrigerators, venetian blinds, woodwork and other surfaces gleam! O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Illinois; Toronto, Canada.



O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"



Howard K. Smith heads Columbia's delegation of correspondents covering the Paris Peace Conference.

and anything else the script might call for. In the past four years, she's appeared in over 2,000 shows. That must have added up to a nice, tidy living.

* * *

Olan Soule, Chicago radio actor, reports overhearing this at the theater the other night. After the intermission, Soule saw a couple hurrying down the aisle. They stopped at the row ahead of where he was sitting. The man leaned down and asked the woman sitting in the aisle seat, "Did I step on your foot a little while ago?"

"You surely did," the woman answered, with what Soule described as an expectant look.

Instead of the expected apology, however, Soule says, the man turned to his companion and said, "Okay, Alice, this is our row."

* * *

This is a little late, but we like it anyway. Back in the summer, an enterprising young producer with the Canadian Broadcasting Company satirized Orson Welles in a program called Life With Adam. A recording of the show was played for Orson. This is the part we like, because it proves what we've always felt about Orson—that he's a good guy. Instead of getting sore, Orson found the lampoon so funny that he hired the Canadian producer to repeat the broadcast on his Mercury Summer Theatre.

We like a guy like that.

* * *

Now that Superman has paved the way, showing that a program with some real meat in it and putting up a good fight for good things can still be good entertainment, the other shows are climbing on the crusade wagon. Have you noticed how Dick Tracy and Tennessee Jed have blossomed forth with new themes for their announcements? The feeling among studio bigwigs is that children are more inclined to listen to Dick Tracy on the subject of intolerance than they might be to lectures from their parents on the same subject.

Comes to our minds a whispered question—why not something of the same sort on the programs designed for adult consumption? Maybe mamma could do a little better with Junior's notions on democracy, if she were kept



Which is Worse?

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE

OR

LOVE WITHOUT MARRIAGE?

AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love *him.*

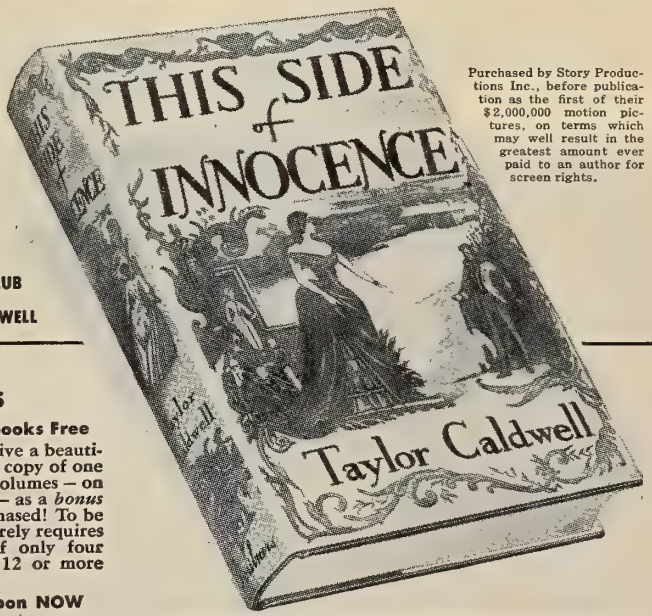
His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the *Philadelphia Inquirer:* "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." Here is a novel that reached the very top of Best-Seller lists within a month after publication! Price, in the publisher's edition, $3.00, but now offered FREE to new members of the Literary Guild Book Club.

Free

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"This Side of Innocence"—**By TAYLOR CALDWELL**



Purchased by Story Productions Inc., before publication as the first of their $2,000,000 motion pictures, on terms which may well result in the greatest amount ever paid to an author for screen rights.

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Two loves tore at his heart while he risked his life in wild adventure. Here's the most sensational best-seller in years! Publisher's price, $3.00.

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The tender, absorbing story of a young war widow who fell deeply in love with a veteran resembling her lost husband. By the famous author of "Indigo." Publisher's price, $2.75.

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Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me at once "This Side of Innocence" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection for $2.00 the book I have checked below:

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- ☐ Singing Waters
- ☐ B. F.'s Daughter
- ☐ Lord Hornblower
- ☐ The Black Rose
- ☐ The Dark Wood

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only four during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

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R
M



"Romance was flickering out . . ."

Cinders, ashes and dust—that was the cold, gray feeling in my heart as I saw my married happiness dying out. I didn't know it was *my* fault, with my frequent neglect of feminine hygiene. But my doctor told me that mere *once-in-awhile* care had wrecked many a marriage. He said to get "Lysol" brand disinfectant and use it—always—in the douche.



"I brought the flame to life"

Such warm, glowing happiness in our marriage, since I took my doctor's advice to heart. I never neglect feminine hygiene now . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. Salt, soda and other homemade solutions can't compare with this proved *germ killer!* And "Lysol" is so thorough yet gentle. It *really works*—and it's both easy and economical to use!

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 3: POWERFUL, EFFICIENT CLEANSER . . . "Lysol's" great spreading power enables it to reach deeply into folds and crevices, to search out germs.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

aware of the many small and daily ways in which democracy is negated.

* * *

It says here that the latest Hooper rating shows that Mr. District Attorney is now the most popular radio show in the country. We do know that Jay Jostyn, who has played the role for almost seven years, is better known than any other peace officer in the country, with the exception, maybe, of J. Edgar Hoover.

* * *

Heard a wistful plaint from pretty Doris Kantor the other day. The charming wife of Hal Kantor, scriptor on the Don Ameche program, was complaining that when she needs her husband most, he's always somewhere else, through no fault of his own. When she was having her first baby, Hal was overseas in the Pacific, by order of Uncle Sam. Then, this year, when their second daughter was born, Doris was in New York and Hal was in Hollywood, working away on the script for the Ameche show. This was again not Hal's fault. He couldn't find living quarters to move his family into for months.

* * *

Here's a nice family touch. Dr. Frank Black is one of America's foremost musical conductors. Yet, Dr. Black always asks for, and heeds, the musical criticism of his wife, Eve, who incidentally never studied music. Dr. Black claims her taste is almost infallible.

* * *

The personal quirks department . . . Sammy Kaye hates mustaches and won't permit any member of his swing and sway orch to wear or grow one . . .

CORRECTION

Front Page Farrell, the picture-story on page 44 of October Radio Mirror, appeared with incorrect information as to time and network. Correct time for Front Page Farrell is: Monday through Friday at 5:45 P.M., on NBC.

Wind-up of Akron's Soap Box Derby: young winner Kleran is interviewed on CBS's We, The People.



ADVICE FOR
BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.





A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 77, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you,* or it doesn't cost you a cent. *(Advertisement)*

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



County Fair's contribution to Greek War Relief flew overseas recently: three calves, chaperoned by young Gus Kaloss.

Les Damon sleuths as CBS's Nick Charles in Adventures of the Thin Man, Fridays at 8:30 P.M. EST.





Ex-screen star Herbert Rawlinson, working in another medium, stars in NBC's Masquerade, 2:45 EST, on weekdays.

(*Continued from page* 14)

Utter devotion . . . Two of the most devoted listeners to the Tom Mix show are undoubtedly a boy and girl in Warren, Ohio. The two kids don't have a radio in their home. For the past two years, rain or shine, they have turned up at the transmitter of the Warren station to listen to their favorite radio program on the monitor speaker.

Anybody got a radio to spare? Write Mutual Broadcasting in New York City.

* * *

If you live in the East, you'll be getting a chance to see Boston Blackie on the stage any one of these days. Special scripts of the popular radio mystery thriller have been prepared for presentation in vaudeville houses—but only in the East, because Richard Kollmar has to be able to get back to New York for his broadcasts.

* * *

Famous Maggie Teyte, who's been guesting several times on the Telephone Hour show the past year, and is slated for a return appearance on April 7, 1947, is quite a gal. She needs to be seen to be fully appreciated. She's a tiny slip of a thing, just five feet tall, but she's a ball of fire from her toes to the top of her bright red head. What's most remarkable about her, besides her singing, is that she's such an amazing personality—at the age of 56!

Our favorite story is about her last concert in New York, last Spring, before she went out on a tour of the country. One of the highest notes on her program was an A Flat in Henri Duparc's "Phidyle." Little Miss Teyte opened her mouth wide to sing the note good and loud. Only nothing came out of her mouth, not even the tiniest squeak. At the end of the piece, the audience applauded like mad, but Maggie felt that their applause was much more kindliness than approval. She turned to her accompanist, snapped a command to him, and signaled for the piano to play the last ten measures of the piece over again. This time, like a circus performer who never gives up a trick no matter how often he has to do it over, Maggie made that A Flat—and perfectly.

* * *

Gossip and stuff . . . Georgia Gibbs is now Majestic Record's number one femme singer . . . Alec Templeton working on a comic-opera which he hopes will be produced on Broadway . . . Sy Oliver is switching careers. He's writing a mystery novel, every spare minute he has from making arrangements for his air show . . . Dr. Craig Earl—Professor Quiz to you—is writing a question-and-answer column for magazine "Miss America" . . . Danny O'Neil and his wife, Gerrie, expecting a small stranger at their house any day now . . . "The Hucksters" is having everything done to it—except radio presentation. At this writing, the crack at agency radio is being prepared for Broadway showing with Ezra Stone rumored to direct it. The movies are also playing with the idea . . . Mr. District Attorney being made into a movie, with Michael O'Shea playing Harrigan . . . If you've been missing Kay Kyser from the air these days—his health is the reason. He was told to take it easy, by the boys with the stethoscopes . . . Bets are on that the Hooper method of radio rating will soon be outmoded, with the development of mechanical gadgets that may be placed in radios and record automatically what programs are being heard. We wonder. Couldn't it be that listeners might get self-conscious about their listening habits, if they thought someone were always checking up on them? Of course, it would be less of a nuisance than being called to the phone right in the middle of your favorite show. Science is wonderful . . . with which thought we leave you until next time . . . Happy listening.



Lady with a Lamp

(1946 Version)

● The pages of medical history during the last century glow with the names of great women. Florence Nightingale, the "lady with the lamp"... Elizabeth Blackwell, first American woman to be given the proud degree M.D.... Drs. Mary Putnam Jacobi ... Jane Viola Meyers ... Anna Broomall ... the list is long. And brilliant.

In America today, thanks to the spirit of these pioneers, 7,250 women doctors carry the lamps they lighted ever further along the path of human service.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● Men and women in every branch of medicine — 113,597 in all — were queried in this nationwide study of cigarette preference. Three leading research organizations made the survey. The gist of the query was—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

The brand named most was Camel!

The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos seem to have won the same favor in medical circles as with millions of smokers the world around. Try Camels now.



TRY CAMELS ON YOUR "T-ZONE"



That's T for Taste and T for Throat... the most critical "laboratory" for any cigarette. See how *your* taste responds to the rich, full flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. See how *your* throat reacts to Camel's cool mildness. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*



Young America **loves . . . skiing . . . casual clothes . . . and Cutex!** Exciting as a downhill run—the new Cutex "Red Flannel." Clear, brilliant color that brings a sun-on-snow sparkle to your pretty fingertips! And, in winter after dark—wear beautiful, new Cutex "Deep Velvet!" Try these two new fashion shades for easier application and better wear than you ever thought possible! No wonder Young America has a crush on Cutex.

WHAT ABOUT Television?

3—ABC: The Case for Good Programs

THE American Broadcasting Company published a brochure some months ago titled, "The Show's the Thing." That just about epitomizes our attitude toward television during these exciting, experimental months when most broadcasters aren't yet sure what to offer the public in the way of video fare, and the public doesn't know what to expect. We accent the show, the production, the moving, living stuff that we'll soon have to jockey before the cameras—rather than the method we'll use to get the programs on the air.

We talk about programming to the exclusion of almost everything else because we believe that the American public, having paid quite substantial sums of money for television sets, will be far more interested in the quality of entertainment and public service features to be served up than whether the television image he'll receive will be in color or in black and white. Or whether, for that matter, programs will be spread around the country by link stations or by coaxial cable.

You and I remember the early days of radio when DX fans became bleary-eyed staying up all hours of the night to "pull in" Dallas or Havana. And the thousands of set builders who hounded radio supply stores for switches and coils and argued far into the night about whether the Reinartz hook-up was better than a straight regenerative. But that was twenty-five years ago. Radio has come a long way since then and it has conditioned the listener to expect programs that, if not entirely compatible with his own preferences, are at least professionally conceived and elaborately executed. Today, we're convinced, the jumping off place will be from that mature springboard. In other words, the demand will be for television programs comparable to the productions offered by radio in point of quality and timeliness. By this I do not mean that the video fan has a right to expect the smoothness of present-day radio at the very beginning, nor that any broadcaster is in a position to meet such a demand. But the "viewer" does have a right to ask program-builders to concentrate on that art intelligently and painstakingly, to the end that television in the very near future may have a clearly defined idea of what the public wants and be on the highroad to satisfying that demand.

At ABC we are in the rather enviable position of the program specialist who has used the past two years profitably—from the standpoint of program-building—and is ready to buy the best kind of transmitting equipment available, regardless of cost, whether the image be color or black and white. Of course, when the time comes to make huge purchases of equipment, we will make every attempt to buy wisely, to buy only the best, and to keep in mind the best interests of the video viewers, who have also made comparatively large investments which must be protected.

We admit that when we entered the television field in 1944 we had only the faintest idea of the ingredients that go into a good television program. We cast aside all lingering prejudices, opened the doors wide to all suggestions and advice, and went to work in our laboratory. All of us—writers, producers, directors, scenic designers, actors, property men—took the attitude that we didn't know (*Continued on page* 98)

This is the third in Radio Mirror's series of articles on the outlook for television. Part 1, by Worthington C. Miner of CBS, and Part 2, by John F. Royal of NBC appeared in previous issues.

By PAUL MOWREY ABC TELEVISION DIRECTOR

Cinderella

CBS's Cinderella, Inc. makes a wish come true for four lucky letter-writers every month

By Mrs. E. K. Samson Jr



Especially for Radio Mirror, a recent Cinderella tells some of the exciting things that happened during her month in New York, both on and off the CBS show (weekdays at 3:00 P.M. EST).



Wonderful moment—Florence Reichman puts one of her famous hats on Mrs. Samson; Cinderellas Marjorie Young, Jean McFee and Polly Phillips wait their turn.

IT'S a long time since I've believed that you can get what you want just by wishing for it. When you've a family of six to cook and clean and sew for, you come to depend upon your own ingenuity and hard work; you don't expect good fairies to appear to give you what you want.

But this summer it happened to me. I made a wish, and I sat down and wrote a letter, thinking at the time that it was a little like my four-year-old Robert's writing a letter to Santa Claus—and my wish came true!

I'd often listened to the Cinderella, Incorporated program and imagined myself one of the four lucky housewives who, once every four weeks, won a month's stay in New York. I listened avidly as they told about their experiences, and with all the greater interest because I could re-



member some of the sights they talked about, could picture some of the streets.

You see, Bud and I were married in New York, nearly thirteen years ago. It was an unexpected ceremony, and one for which I was completely unprepared. We had driven up with friends for the week-end from our homes in Waterbury, Connecticut. One of them happened to remark that the Little Church Around the Corner was in New York—and wasn't that where so many people got married?

"Why not us?" Bud asked.

"Oh, no!" I protested, thinking of the white wedding I'd been planning on, thinking of the lovely veil I'd already bought.

But Bud and our friends overruled me. That very day, wearing an old green dress of rabbit's hair wool, I became Mrs. Edward Kirkman Samson, Jr.—no veil, no fuss.

Bud still teases me about it sometimes. "Poor Freda!" he'll say. "Never got a chance to wear her wedding veil!"

I don't feel like poor Freda. I'm rich in the things that matter. We have two daughters, Marilyn, who is eleven-going-on-twelve, and Elizabeth, ten, and two sons, Edward, seven, and Robert, four. I think the nicest thing about our family is our unity, and the enjoyment we get out of doing things together. Last fall when we redecorated the house, Bud did the painting and made cabinets and put up shelves, and I made slip-covers and drapes. With the children, right down to Robert, helping, it wasn't work; it was a family project. For the Bunker Hill parade this Fourth of July, Bud rented a car that was new in 1908. I dressed the boys in sailor suits of the period, and with the girls and me in linen dusters and the big, be-veiled hats of the period, and with Bud masquerading in a handlebar moustache, we rolled gaily and victoriously through the streets of Waterbury to take first prize for the best float in the parade.

But even with the good times and the happiness we have in each other, it isn't always easy to keep faith in the future. The last few years have been particularly difficult for us. Bud has a good job—he's manager of a men's clothing store here in Waterbury—but with the war, and the cost of living rising, and with the children growing up, needing more new things every day, it seems sometimes just about all Bud and I can do to keep even, let alone to manage the extras that aren't really extras but (*Continued on page* 100)

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Come and Visit

OZZIE and HARRIET

—for a glimpse of affectionate family life based soundly on a four-way partnership

TO GET to the Ozzie Nelsons' you turn off Hollywood Boulevard in the direction of the hills. Their house of white clapboard is at the end of a sloping street which comes to a dead end where the hills rise dramatically against the California sky. It's a charming street, with all of the big houses set far back behind smooth lawns.

You know the Nelsons' house will be warm and friendly, even as you walk up the brick path that leads to the center Georgian doorway. There are gay informal flowers in the window boxes. Several evening papers, delivered early, lie on the brick steps. There's the sound of boys at play. And the door partly open offers a glimpse of the hall with its soft blue carpet and Currier and Ives prints grouped over a mahogany table.

Harriet Hilliard Nelson, dressed with effective casualness in a gray sweater and skirt which complement her light brown hair, is likely to let you in. And her voice in greeting will sound exactly as she looks, gently straightforward.

The living room on the right of the hall has blue-green walls and is carpeted in blue with shaggy white rugs sitting before the fireplace and in the doorways, wherever family traffic is greatest. Two easy chairs with tables beside them flank the fireplace. Against the opposite wall, a sofa with a big coffee table before it faces the fireplace group. In an old commode which stands beside the sofa, ivy grows in the luxuriant way it will for those with green fingers. And hanging on the wall are lithographs, in carefully chosen frames, by Thomas Benton and Grant Wood.

"I love them," Ozzie says intensely. "They make me wish I had stuck to my first ambition to be an artist."

Reminded that his current success makes it possible for him to buy such beauty for his very own, he snorts, not at all politely but somehow endearingly, then reports that he is grateful, of course, for the income radio gives him. Still he wishes it were greater. If it were, he assures you vehemently, the rich vulgarian who now owns a painting he especially admires never would have gotten his greedy hands upon it.

"There should be a law," he says, "as to who could own what!"

Before the big front window, the square panes of which reach almost from floor to ceiling, stands a spinet piano. Music invariably is open on the rack. And always there are flowers from the garden in a pair of glazed pottery bowls.

At the windows, the English chintz Harriet selected so carefully hangs in softly-colored folds. Chintzes,





How to be friends even though you're a family? The Nelsons know the answer to that one. They were partners, back in the days when Harriet sang with Ozzie's orchestra. They became friends; they fell in love; and so they were married. And, because partnership and friendship are still such active factors in their relationship, they've made partners and friends of their children too. The Nelson home is run for comfortable, casual, happy living, with place and time for everyone in it to do the things he likes best to do. It's a gay atmosphere, and the Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet (Sundays at 6 P.M. EST, on CBS) reflect it.

lovely pieces of furniture, prints, wallpapers that make a room sing—these are Harriet's loves. And combining all of these she has made the Nelson house everything a house can be: at once beautiful, comfortable.

In every room there's a radio. "A research interviewer would have a horrible time trying to make a survey in this house," Harriet says. "David (nine) loves Mr. District Attorney! At table we have to be quiet so he does not miss one wonderful word. Rickey (six) favors Whoa Bill, who asks children if they've been as good as they should all day, sings songs, announces birthdays and gives hints as to where cooperative parents have hidden presents."

Rickey also loves The Music Station which plays symphonies. He comes in from play in time to hear it. "It's so peaceful," he says. "Very odd of him, I think," Harriet adds.

Behind the living room is the library with every kind of book, except those which come in impressive leather sets. Squashy chairs face a corner fireplace. There's a big bowl of fruit on a table. And at one end of the room is a writing table at which Harriet wrestles with her household accounts.

"We suspected we'd live in here," both Ozzie and Harriet admit, showing the library. "It was finished first. But when the living room was ready we moved in there too." They would, naturally. For the living room is comfortable and charming.



Every room has its radio. If a favorite progra



Six-year-old Rickey is a man of the world. David, nine, a trader at heart, wrapped up in his button-swapping deals.

Easy enough to tell the room in any house that isn't all it should be by the way the family avoids it.

In the front of the house on the other side of the hall is the dining room. A quaint mural of Old New York papers the walls. The furniture is eighteenth-century mahogany. There's gleaming silver and bright simple china. And the floor is covered with inlaid lineoleum as practical as it is chic these days, blue flecked with white and waxed to a soft lustre.

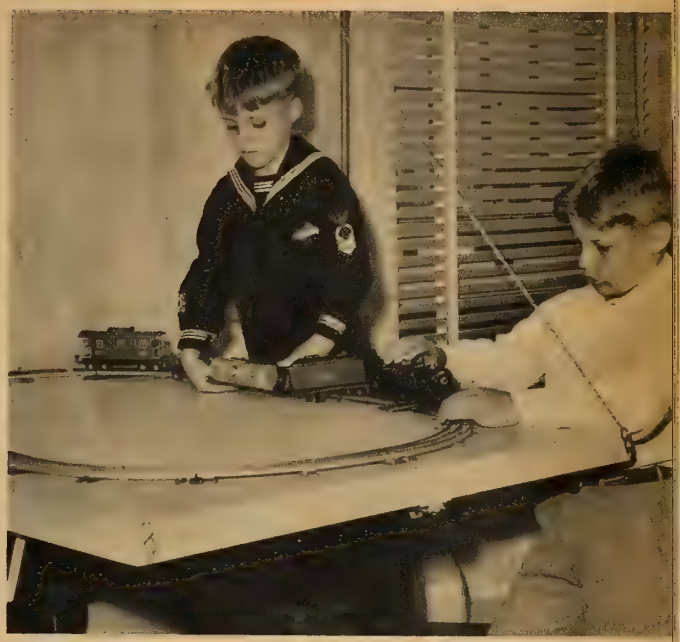
In the rear of the hall a door opens into the bar done in knotty pine and gingham, and stocked with the glasses and ingredients for every manner of toddy, cocktail or highball. All of which attests to the Nelson's ready hospitality, for Ozzie and Harriet, not from scruples but taste, drink only coke and ginger ale.

Their most intimate friends are Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs and Claire Trevor and her husband, Si Dunsmoor. And their basis of friendship is strong, for they all love



is on at mealtime, David's portable comes to table.

Harriet figured this one out to make railroad games less work, more fun for the boys.



If Harriet wants the boys down, they'll be down. "They respond to reason," she says, and proves it.



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Harriet met Ginger three days after her marriage to Ozzie, when she reported at the RKO studios to play with Ginger and Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet." Ginger had dated Ozzie before Harriet had come upon the scene. So the stage was set for a grand enmity or friendship. The girls made it a friendship.

"You're going to be a success in pictures," Ginger announced one day as she and Harriet lunched in her dressing-room.

"I am not," Harriet protested, "I'm going home to Ozzie!"

She had met Ozzie in 1932 when, seeing her in a Paramount short opposite Rudy Vallee, Ozzie knew she was the girl for the girl-and-boy bandstand duet he long had wanted to (*Continued on page* 64)

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A SONG



Fred Waring comes to the microphone in A Song to Sing, written especially for Radio Mirror Magazine.

SHE sat next to me at the broadcast of Fred Waring's morning program. I noticed her first because she was pretty—beautiful, with her pale, delicate face and her wide, dark eyes—and then because of the tense, almost breathless attention she was giving to the performance.

There's a lot to see, and more to hear, on that program. In one tightly-packed half hour you're likely to have a couple of numbers by the band, crisp, bouncy rhythm numbers, usually; and a novelty by a male trio; another novelty and a romantic song by a mixed quartet; and then the individual stars—Joan Wheatley singing something like "Who Cares?" and Jimmy Atkins doing a ballad, and Jane Wilson's fine lyric soprano. And all of this set against the background of glee club and band, and spiced with a running commentary played back and forth between Mr. Waring and the announcer, Bill Bivens.

I thought at first that it was the music that held the girl beside me. I liked the way she listened—not just sitting there soaking it up, but as if the rhythm and the melody were a part of her, as if she shared the thrill of making it with those who played and sang. Then it dawned upon me that she was listening with only a part of her; that response was instinctive. The real focal

to SING

Ellen wanted Fred Waring to broadcast her song to the world. But there are some love songs that should be sung quietly, by two people, for each other

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I thought at first that it was the music that held the girl beside me. I liked the way she listened—not just sitting there soaking it up, but as if the rhythm and the melody were a part of her, as if she shared the thrill of making it with those who played and sang. Then it dawned upon me that she was listening with only a part of her; that response was instinctive. The real focal



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point of her attention was Fred Waring himself. Her eyes never left him for a minute; they seemed to be studying him with a curious mixture of awe and daring. Her hands—beautiful hands, slim and white and finely shaped—would tighten on the portfolio in her lap whenever he faced the audience, would finger it nervously when he turned back to the band.

I SPENT most of the half hour trying to figure out how to start a conversation with her, looking forward to the moment when we were off the air and I'd be free to talk. And then when the moment came, I didn't have a chance. She was on her feet and had vanished into the crowd the minute the theme song had ended. And I was sick with disappointment. It just goes to show how she hit me—a girl I'd never seen before in all my life, who didn't even know I existed.

I drifted out behind the crowd, looking for her, and I lingered at the doors. Then, when the room had cleared, I saw her down front by the stage, talking to—arguing with, it seemed—Miss Johnson. I told myself that I should have known, from the portfolio she carried. Sydney Johnson's job is to keep the public from cornering Mr. Waring. I went out to the lobby, feeling much better, pretty sure that the girl would be out in a minute or two. And I was right. In a moment she came through the double doors with the stiff, somewhat self-conscious look of one who has just been refused.

I tried to make my approach casual. I'd never been much at picking up girls, even when I was in the Army and girls sometimes seemed to expect it. "Did you enjoy the program?" I asked, tentatively.



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Fred Waring was silent for a moment, considering

She glanced at me, seemed about to hurry on, and stopped. I had a feeling that perhaps she thought I was one of the Waring staff—standing there hatless, and very much at home. And in a way I was. In a couple of weeks Mr. Waring would be working my head off, but in the meantime I was treating myself to a vacation in New York, and I'd gone to the broadcast purely for my own pleasure.

"Very much," she said. "Of course, I've heard it lots of times on the air, but it's exciting to be right here and see it, isn't it?"

I couldn't help grinning down at her. She was so pretty and tiny, and she had a kind of breathless way of talking. "You looked excited," I said. "I wanted to talk to you during the broadcast, but of course I couldn't. Then I saw you talking to Miss Johnson, and I waited—"

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"A song?" I asked. "You write songs?"

She nodded, her eyes shining. "Yes. How did you guess?"

How did I guess! I'd been in New York and had been going up to the Waring office and the broadcasts for just one week, but I had seen several like her, each with the portfolio or the manila envelope under his arm, the hopeful, determined look in his eyes, all trying to see Mr. Waring and all being turned away politely. The Waring office doesn't invite unpublished songs. No bandleader dares to; he'd be swamped with all kinds of manuscripts.

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She didn't offer to show it to me, but she was obviously waiting to be asked, so I said that I'd be interested in seeing it.

WE took the elevator downstairs, and over a coke in a drugstore I told her that my name was Mac Mason, and that I was a singer, just arrived in New York to study for a few weeks. All of that was true, but it wasn't the whole truth. The fact was that I was one of thirty-odd college students who'd been picked for training by the Waring organization for the Theater Wing Program of the Veterans' Administration. I didn't tell her, either, that I'd known Mr. Waring for a long time, in a rather distant but friendly way. Our acquaintanceship had begun years ago, when he'd spoken to the scout troop of which I was a member in my home town of Caldwell, and had continued when I was stationed at an Army post near New York, and used to attend the weekly parties he gave for servicemen. I couldn't do anything about her song, and I was afraid that she would think that I could if she knew that I had any connection at all with Mr. Waring.

Her name was Ellen Lewis, and she came from Mayville, a little town near Chicago. She'd written the song for the senior operetta at her high school the preceding spring, and now that she was through high school, she wanted to stay in New York and be a song writer.

She spread the manuscript out for me on the cool marble top of the soda fountain. I thought that it had a nice title, "First Love," but I couldn't say much for the music or the lyrics. She'd used all the old cliches, rhymed June with moon, and the music was even triter. I told myself that maybe it would sound better than it looked, and that any song had to be played several times before you began to like it. But I was making excuses for her, and I knew it.

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"Have you tried the publishers?"

She shrugged. "Oh, yes, but you know how they are. You can't get past their receptionists, or if you do get someone to listen, he's busy talking to someone else, or the telephone keeps interrupting. You don't get anywhere that way. The best thing is to get some big bandleader to sponsor you . . . and I know Mr. Waring will when he sees the song."

I didn't say anything to that. Instead, I asked if she'd go out with me the next night. She said that she would, and she gave me her address—or, rather, her aunt's address. She was staying with her aunt, she explained, until she found a job that would support her. When I looked at the address, a good hour's ride out on Long Island, I was glad that my training wouldn't begin for a couple of weeks. I wanted to see as much of Ellen as I could, and there wouldn't be much time after I got down to serious study.

We parted outside the drugstore, Ellen going west toward Broadway, with its gaudy signs and its little hole-in-the-wall record shops that all summer long kept songs pouring out of the loudspeakers above their doors. I went uptown to the hotel where I was staying, wishing that I'd asked her out for that evening instead of the next. It seemed an awfully long time to wait to see her again. (*Continued on page* 80)

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In Living Portraits

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

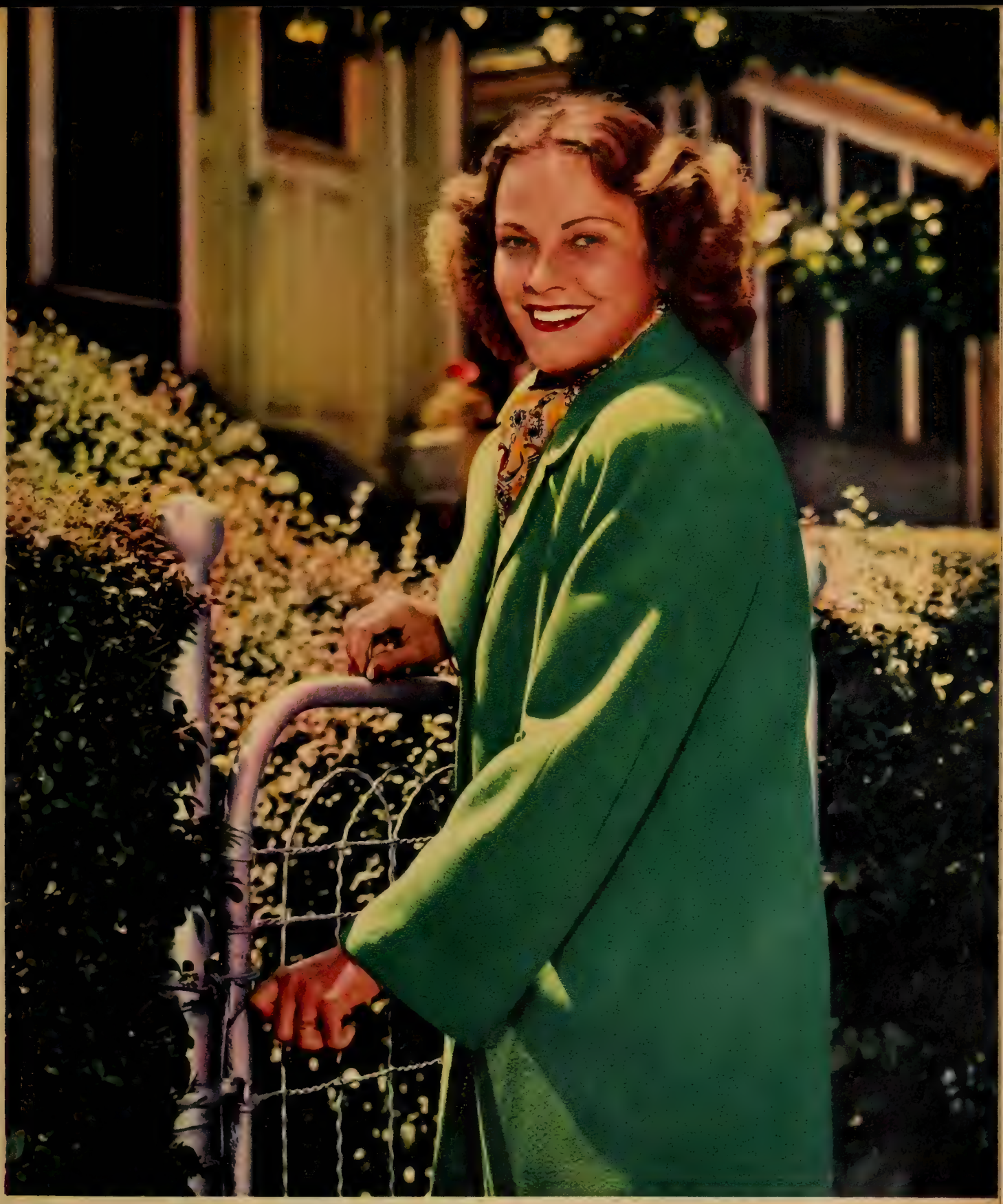
NBC's story of a lovely woman's struggle for that right against overwhelming odds



DWIGHT KRAMER, divorced some time ago by Carolyn, has resigned himself since Carolyn's trial to the fact that she is completely lost to him. He spends most of his time with Susan Wakefield, whose love for him precipitated the grim events that led to Carolyn's trial for the murder of Dr. Campbell's wife Ginny.
(played by David Gothard)

MILES NELSON, prosecuting District Attorney in the case of the State against Carolyn Kramer, is a man strangely tricked by fate. He has unwillingly fallen in love with the woman against whom all his skill and experience were so recently employed in an effort to have her convicted of murder.
(played by Gary Merrill)





CAROLYN KRAMER retreated to a small seaside town with her son and her mother in an effort to avert the nervous breakdown which threatened her after her involvement in the death of Ginny Campbell. Her only desire is for forgetfulness of the tragic past which centered around her former husband Dwight Kramer and her ex-fiance, Dr. Campbell. For Miles Nelson, who is in love with her, she feels only resentment and hatred.
(played by Claudia Morgan)



CONSTANCE WAKEFIELD suffered a severe shock during Carolyn's trial when she was made aware to what extent her daughter Susan was involved in the tragedy. Though a successful actress, Constance feels that she has been unsuccessful as a mother, and has determined to learn to guide Susan with more understanding toward a better chance at happiness.
(played by Louise Barclay)

Dr. RICHARD CAMPBELL, exonerated with Carolyn from the charge of complicity in the death of his wife Ginny, had trouble regaining his medical status. Now on the way to reestablishing his reputation, he is never free of a feeling of guilt in having failed Ginny; he knows that it was because she suspected he still loved Carolyn that she took her own life.
(played by Les Damon)



DORIS MINTERN, author mother of Carolyn, was instrumental in proving her daughter's innocence. She is anxiously watching the despondency and lethargy which have overcome Carolyn, a reaction against her suffering.
(played by Irene Hubbard)





SKIPPY, young son of Carolyn and Dwight, is the one positive factor that seems to offer happiness for Carolyn. Devoted to his mother, he senses her apathy, and tries in every way he can to make her share his joy at their being reunited, a family again.



SUSAN WAKEFIELD, wiser and more mature since the agonizing days of Carolyn's trial, has learned that no person can selfishly pursue his own desires without knowing personal suffering. Trying to make up for the pain she caused so many others, Susan has thrown herself into training as a student nurse. (played by Charita Bauer)

Right to Happiness is heard weekdays at 3:45 P.M. on NBC

Home



Big Sister fights to give an unhappy family a real reason for giving thanks

NOW that Thanksgiving is here again, I've been thinking about what it means to us. Oh, of course, usually it means turkey and cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and hot coffee, heavily laden tables with families gathered around them. Or we think fleetingly of the Pilgrim Fathers, going to church with rifles slung over their shoulders, thanking a stern God for the blessings of a bounteous harvest and the freedom of a new land. Mostly, though, it's a time for family reunions—a time when grown children come back with their own families to celebrate a holiday with the old folks—the one other national anniversary besides Christmas that is associated with home and loved ones.

Too often we're apt to forget that other aspect of Thanksgiving—the feeling that gave it its name: thankfulness for the good things that have come to us and for the bad things that have been averted. We can't

By RUTH WAYNE—CBS's BIG SISTER

for Thanksgiving



In this original Radio Mirror story, CBS's Big Sister, Ruth Wayne (played by Mercedes McCambridge, below) and Mary Tyler (Anne Shepherd) prepare for a wonderful Thanksgiving. Big Sister is heard every Monday through Friday at 1:00 P.M. EST, over the CBS network.

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always have just the good things, and we can't always avert the bad ones. But we can always find *something* to be thankful for.

Maybe Thanksgiving this year won't be a particularly happy one for me. With my husband, John, in New York trying to find the answers to questions that have been bothering him this year, and with my brother, Neddie, and his wife not getting along as well as they might, I am sure there will be moments when I'll wonder why I should be thankful about anything.

BUT then I'll think of other things. Of my son, Richard, of my good friends, of past and future happiness. And I'll think of Mary and Timothy and of that wonderful Thanksgiving two years ago. I think that was the best Thanksgiving of all for me—that one, two years ago.

It was during the early summer that Mary Tyler first came into Dr. Carvell's office, and I remember thinking at the time that I'd never in my life seen a more frightened, timid-looking woman. Her once pretty face was drawn and haggard, and great dark hollows lay under her eyes. Her shoulders were bowed as though she had been carrying too heavy a weight on them for too long a time. I talked as soothingly to her as I could while I took down her case history, or as much as she would tell me about it, for Dr. Carvell's records. She answered my questions hesitantly in a voice not much above a whisper, but try as I might I couldn't get her to relax or to smile or even to look at me for more than a quick glance. She kept her eyes on the floor.

I did find out that she hadn't been in Glen Falls long, that she had two children, that she worked as a clerk in the Bon Ton book store, and that she had been troubled with loss of weight, sleeplessness and lack of energy. Anemia, I thought automatically. I asked about her husband, and saw that her hands twisted convulsively in her lap at the question. Then, after a silence that lasted a fraction of a second too long, she said that she was a widow. Poor thing, I thought, it can't have been very long—the thought of her loss still shakes her.

She went into Dr. Carvell's office then, and when she came out fifteen



Little by little the tautness and strain left Timothy's face, and his eyes began to glisten. (Reed Bannister, at the wheel, is played by Berry Kroeger.)

minutes later, she just nodded vaguely in my direction and hurried out the door. I forgot about her the rest of that afternoon because it was one of our busy days, but that evening as I was sorting out patients' cards, I came across hers. Dr. Carvell had made a note that she was suffering from anemia (just as I'd thought) and added that it seemed to have been caused—or at least aggravated—by some psychological disturbance which the patient refused to discuss. He had prescribed rest and a balanced diet, with emphasis on liver extract, and had made a note that she was to come back again in two weeks.

She came back in two weeks, but she didn't look much different than she had before. Worse, if anything—thinner. After she left that day, Dr. Carvell came out of his office shaking his head. There wasn't anyone in the waiting room, so he could speak freely.

"It's a hard thing for a medical man to say, Ruth," he sighed, "but I don't know what's wrong with that woman."

"You mean she really isn't anemic?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, she's anemic, all right. But I can't find out why. Nothing wrong with her heart—blood pressure—lungs. All her organs functioning naturally. And yet she's ill—really ill. I can't get at the cause, but I'd be willing to bet that the trouble isn't organic. It's up here." And he tapped his forehead. "She's worrying about (*Continued on page* 56)



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Art Linkletter's at-home humor has the same effect on his wife as it has on audiences at CBS's House Party (weekdays, 4 P.M. EST) and NBC's People Are Funny (Fridays, 9:00 P.M. EST).

Love needs no

It's reason enough in itself—reason to work hard.

LOIS' mother had warned her about wolves. And this new fellow, Art Linkletter, whom she'd just met, seemed to have all the earmarks. *Watch your step,* Lois told herself.

There was no mistaking it—that was definitely a come-hither look he was giving her. And it was perfectly obvious that he was dancing his partner in circles around Lois and her partner, hopefully wig-wagging Lois' escort in search of an introduction. But Art's fraternity brother, who had brought Lois to the party, wasn't paying any attention. He was wise—through experience. This was one girl, he told himself confidently, that Art Linkletter wasn't going to steal from him. Living in a fool's paradise, poor fellow!

Of course Lois was pleased at being the center of attraction—what girl wouldn't be? Behind her thick-lashed green eyes, bright little devils of mischief danced. She'd heard all about this Art Linkletter from his fraternity brothers. College big-shot, campus Casanova, All-Southern California basketball center and captain of the team, president of the Men Students and of the Inter-Fraternity Council here at San Diego State Teachers' College, holder of the Pacific Coast backstroke swimming record, author of the college annual musical comedy—those were just some of the things Lois already knew about Art. And there he was, hanging around on the outskirts, begging for an introduction! What sweet revenge, Lois thought.

Because, you see, she and Art had met before—and she remembered it, even if he didn't. She had been a high school sophomore, that other time, and he a lordly college freshman. He had danced one dance with her at a party, and spent the entire time telling her loftily that she didn't know how to pivot. That previous meeting was something to remember and store away against the time of the Linkletter come-uppance—which, Lois knew in the way that women have of knowing, was going to happen, and not too long from now, at that.

And so the word went whispering 'round the dance floor—*don't introduce Art to Lois!*

But anyone who has heard Art Linkletter cleverly ad-lib his way day after day through his two radio shows, People Are Funny and House Party, knows that he would have likely resources even back then, in 1933. And so he did. A little judicious asking-around to get the name, a consultation with the San Diego telephone directory. . . .

Lois was home the next evening, when the telephone rang.

"Lois?"

"Yes? Who is this?"

"Art Linkletter." A pause. Then, desperately, "I'm the guy who flirted with you last night. Or," gloomily, "at least, I'm *one* of the guys who flirted with you last night. Gosh, you looked pretty in that dress with the sequin jacket-thing." Oh, Art knew the way to a woman's heart, all right.

But Lois knew how to handle men, too. She simply said nothing.

Out of the silence came, "How about a date tonight?"

There was another pause. Lois tried to make it a cool, reflective, judicious one—but for some reason she was tingling with excitement from her head right down to her toes. But she managed to make her answer demure enough—

"I'll have to ask my mother!"

You'd think that that, in itself, would be enough to scare a fellow away, or at least to warn him off. Particularly the sophisticated, man-of-the-world fellow that Art had, at twenty, built himself up to be. It's been remarked that a man never again quite attains the lofty degree of blasé worldliness that he has as a collegian—and Art had that reputation to maintain. The girls he had looked upon with favor until that time were as fast-talking, as independent as he himself; girls whose family ties had loosened with their coming to college. Girls who, most definitely, would *not* have to ask their mothers.

You couldn't have blamed Art if his hand had moved to replace the receiver. But it didn't. He stood his ground. He held on until Mrs. Foerster came on the line, and he talked to her, persuading her against her strict, conventional objections

Reasons

as Art Linkletter does; to build a home, as Lois does; to be happy, as they both are



For the young Linkletters, what Art never had —a warm, secure family life.

—sight unseen—that he was a perfectly proper, respectable young man for Lois to go out with. Although he didn't know it at the time, Mrs. Foerster's capitulation was due only in part to his silver-tongued arguments. As a matter of fact, Lois' mother had conceived an intense dislike for her daughter's current boy-friend, and she felt that *anyone* —even this unknown Linkletter boy —would be better. Anyway, Art had earned himself a date with Lois. That was all he wanted—because one date has a way of leading to another, and another.

BUT what Art's friends couldn't understand was why he wanted even one date with Lois Foerster. Why had he gone out of his way to interest himself in a demure, black-haired little high school senior who had to have her mother's permission to go out on a date? Oh, she was pretty enough, they admitted. But such a *child!* And Art could have his pick among the most glamorous girls at college!

The answer was two-fold. First, Art had fallen in love with Lois, and love needs no reasons. The second part of Art's attraction to Lois was something that only he and Lois herself suspected.

There was a great, deep yearning in Art's young heart for a home and a family. On his own since he was fifteen, Art had substituted ambition for security, a host of easily-acquired friends and acquaintances for the blood-ties that other boys his age took for granted. Instead of family position, he had his prominence in school—which he had won for himself. Footloose, he had already made great strides in the career he had mapped out for himself.

But ambition and achievement can be lonely things without someone to understand and share them. Friendships never quite fill that empty place in your heart, and the years have a way of shifting even the most stable of companions. A successful career could have its bitter moments without someone beside you all the way. Art wanted roots; he needed people he could call his own.

Lois certainly had those things. Her family, with its host of aunts and uncles and cousins and even a grandparent or two, was a long-established, well-connected part of San Diego life. It was a close, happy clan, with heavy accent on birthday parties and Sunday dinners and holiday gatherings.

So you can see that the Spring of 1933 signalled for Art the beginning of a new, fuller, richer life. It was happily filled with "going steady" and parental restrictions, and "bring Lois home by twelve o'clock" and learning the happiness of being accepted as one of a tightly-knit group. It was finding out about little inter-family jokes and secrets, and the real, abiding security that meant rallying around a relative in trouble. It meant discovering that he liked children, even the pestering small-fry cousins to whom he shortly became an idol. Art loved every minute of it.

Even now, after many years of marriage, Lois finds nothing odd—nothing to smile about—in the way Art has claimed her family. It is "my" mother, "my" father, "my" aunts and uncles—and she understands and loves him for this.

It was lucky for so young a girl that understanding came so early. Because her friends were just as

puzzled over her going with Art as were his. The boys and girls she had grown up with had been the braces-on-their-teeth, Sunday-school, nursemaid and sand-box set; looked after and cared for, and they had grown older into a circle which, while not snobbish, was complacently sure of itself. Art had no background which fitted into theirs. Oh, sure—the girls would have thrilled to have had a date with this good-looking campus leader, but to look ahead to marriage—? He was an outsider.

ALL he had, to balance their own inborn security, was his own faith in himself. That, and his quick, restless mind, a personality that charmed, a tongue that was fast and glib—and his dreams. These were enough for Lois. She could take enormous pride in what he had already accomplished for himself, and, what was more important, another kind of pride in knowing that he needed her.

When he told her, that spring of 1933, that he had secured his first job in radio . . . as an announcer for station KGB, San Diego . . . they both realized the importance of this step. They both knew, even then, that radio was the place for Art. And it is a tribute to Lois' courage as well as to Art's talents that from that time on, for thirteen years, he has never been far from a microphone. He has never had a job unconnected with one.

Romance traveled smoothly until Art's graduation. Before that, Lois was already on campus as a freshman and together they had entered into every phase of college life—the fraternity dances, the sorority parties, the study hours in the library, the long, pleasant interludes over cokes in their favorite campus hangouts, the minutes snatched to walk together between classes in the pleasant, rather exciting consciousness that the other undergraduates had bracketed their names together—Art-and-Lois. A twosome. Inseparable.

Of course, Lois had realized that next year she would be there alone. But, at least, Art and she would be in the same city and his work at KGB would give them plenty of time together.

It never entered her head it would be different. Until one evening.

They had been with a group of friends and she had listened, idly, as the others laid their plans for the coming year. They were big plans and restless ones and Lois was barely interested until someone asked her pointblank—

"How about you, Lois? Going away to school next year?"

"Not I. I'm staying here." She smiled at them, comfortable with the sense of her own little niche in the campus life and in Art's life. That's why it was such a terrible, hurting shock to hear him so casually say:

"But why don't you, Lois? Why don't you pick another school and try it next year?"

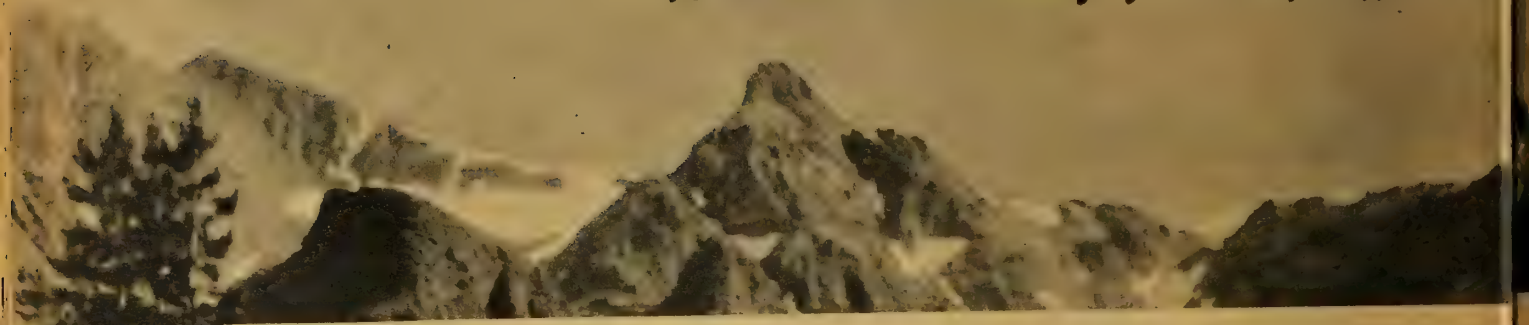
Perhaps if Art had known that she took his words to mean he wanted her out of town—perhaps if she had known Art was only thinking of her own good; that he felt it would be (*Continued on page 92*)



Arthur Jack, Dawn and Robert think both their parents wonderful, and fun to be with.

LIFE CAN BE

A veteran cures himself of a strange affliction



THAT is a peculiar-sounding thing, is it not . . . blindness of the heart? Well, consider the words for a moment. Think about them. Now it's not quite so obscure, is it? You are beginning to understand—remembering, perhaps, times in your own life, or in your observation of others, when such a diagnosis would have explained actions so selfish, so unheeding, that they seemed possible only because the heart of the do-er was blind and deaf to his fellows.

Our first letter tells the story of such an affliction. You'll find, however, that it is a triumphant story; after you have read it you will understand why the writer will receive this month's RADIO MIRROR check for one hundred dollars.

Dear Papa David:

I am a discharged veteran who served for over a year in the South Pacific. Fatigued from the torrid climate, nervous and irritated with Army life, I thought of home constantly and mentally planned all the interesting and exciting things I would do when I got back. There were going to be gay times, parties, shows, and royal feasting. I was going to have a car, a boat, and expensive clothes.

Upon my return, however, I found that there had been a drastic change in the family fortunes. My father, once owner of a large and prospering shoe store, had sold the store in order to invest his money in a small plastics corporation. The venture was unsuccessful and we lost all but a few hundred dollars. With the remaining money my father bought a soda stand near a beach, and here, by long tedious hours of work, he managed to eke out a modest living.

At first the news hardly affected me for I was busy going out, seeing old friends, and having a good time. But this wave of happiness subsided very quickly and I became moody, dejected, and unhappy. My father's income was insufficient to support my expensive tastes and gay times. I began to grumble and complain. I blamed my father for being a poor business man, for foolishly giving up a sound enterprise for a mere gamble. Day after day I sat about the house and made life miserable for him and mother. My father now considered himself a fallen man and instead of reprimanding me as I justly deserved, he sat humbly listening to my complaints. After several months the situation became unbearable. Dad trudged away to the soda stand every morning, a lonely, beaten man. Mother shopped and cooked and put up with my constant discontented muttering. I continued to mope about the house.

One day, however, the foolishness of my actions became painfully clear to me. My attitude had been the cause of my own unhappiness and my parents' wretchedness and I decided to make amends for my senseless behavior.

The next morning I woke up before Dad and when he left the house I went with him. We didn't say much at first and I told him that I just wanted to have a look around the stand.

Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard each Monday through Friday at 12 N., P

BEAUTIFUL

Blindness of the heart



When we arrived however I immediately rolled up my sleeves and asked him what work there was to be done. We both worked all morning clearing away cases of empty bottles, loading and icing the boxes, and waiting on trade. When I saw the amount of work that Dad had been doing by himself, a wave of pity and a flush of shame passed through me. But now as I worked, for the first time in months I felt myself genuinely happy, contented, and useful. My father also wore a new expression. He smiled, slapped me on the back, and explained how he thought the stand could be expanded and improved. That night we rode home together like two old pals. Mom had a good, hot supper waiting for us and we all sat down to enjoy it.

From then on life held a new meaning for me. I have been working with my father for five months now and we have improved our business tremendously. Besides helping him I'm also attending night school as an engineering student. But most important of all, our home is always a happy and contented one now.

J. M.

Here are more letters which Papa David liked this month. The writers of all that we have had room to print will receive checks for fifteen dollars.

"It Might Be Mine!"

Dear Papa David:

During the blitz in England I was very concerned about the fate of families who lost everything between one minute and the next. I was more than glad to do my bit. My bit, incidentally wasn't very much from a financial standpoint. I could sew, however, so I collected discarded clothing from my more prosperous friends and made it over into garments for children. Among other things were several (*Continued on page* 72)

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

A veteran cures himself of a strange affliction— blindness of the heart



THAT is a peculiar-sounding thing, is it not . . . blindness of the heart? Well, consider the words for a moment. Think about them. Now it's not quite so obscure, is it? You are beginning to understand--remembering, perhaps, times in your own life, or in your observation of others, when such a diagnosis would have explained actions so selfish, so unheeding, that they seemed possible only because the heart of the do-er was blind and deaf to his fellows.

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Crime Doctor

CBS's Dr. Ordway points out the weakest link, shattering a chain of lies



1. Walter Dukeford, dining with his friend Frank, gives Jane his card. He is a commercial artist and wants her to pose for him. Jane doesn't believe him, thinking he is just the usual masher. But she keeps Dukeford's card out of curiosity.

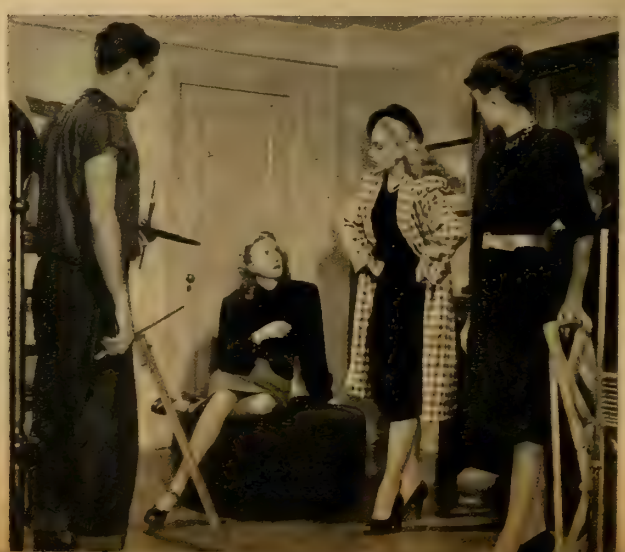


4. Next morning, Norma shows Jane one of Dukeford's illustrations in a magazine. Jane decides to take the job he offered.



5. Jane asks Frieda, who is just going out, if she can borrow one of Frieda's dresses, without telling her she plans to see Dukeford. Frieda refuses. But after Frieda goes, Jane and Norma look in her closet and pick out a dress. Norma helps Jane put it on.

DR. ORDWAY, the "Crime Doctor" of this series, has become such a favorite with the Police Department of his city that he is constantly being called upon for his shrewd and expert opinions in baffling murder cases. Invariably, his keen medical mind fastens upon the one clue in a case which might otherwise be lost. (Written, produced and directed by Max Marcin, Crime Doctor is heard over the Columbia System every Sunday night at 8:30 EST. The program has been on the air for some six years. Dr. Ordway is played by House Jameson, Inspector Ross by Walter Greaza, and the girl Frieda by Edith Arnold. Ray Bloch is musical director for the show, Kenneth Roberts the announcer.)



2. Later that evening, in the apartment which she shares with Norma and Frieda, Jane tells the other girls about Walter Dukeford's proposition, saying that of course she didn't believe a word he said. Frieda says it sounds like a soft job to her, and intimates that at least it would be better than waiting on table. Jane, of course, resents this.





3. Jane hotly tells Frieda that waiting on table is better than not working at all—especially when there is rent to pay. She suggests that if Frieda would either get a job or pawn some of her many clothes, maybe she could pay her share of the rent for a change. Frieda shrugs her shoulders and goes out, saying she'll find out about Dukeford for Jane.



6. When Jane arrives at Dukeford's studio, he is surprised to see her and tells her he is already hard at work on a picture of the friend she had sent in her place. Jane guesses who that "friend" might be and charges into the studio. It's Frieda. The girls confront each other hotly (above). Frieda accuses Jane of stealing her dress, and Jane accuses Frieda of stealing her job. As Dukeford looks on helplessly, the girls attack each other. Finally the police are called in to stop it.



7. Mr. Hilliard, a clothing store owner, and his partner read in the newspaper the story of the mix-up. The article shows a picture of Jane. They recognize her dress as being stolen from them, phone the police.

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9. Frieda discusses the situation with George in his car. She says she wants to go down to the police station immediately. George says they're already late for dinner, and why not eat first. But, insists Frieda, what about her clothes? George says that he explained when he first gave them to her, the clothes were only samples that he got for nothing. There are plenty more where they came from. But Frieda can't be so casual about them. Again, she insists that he turn around and go to the police. When he doesn't, she threatens to jump out of the car.



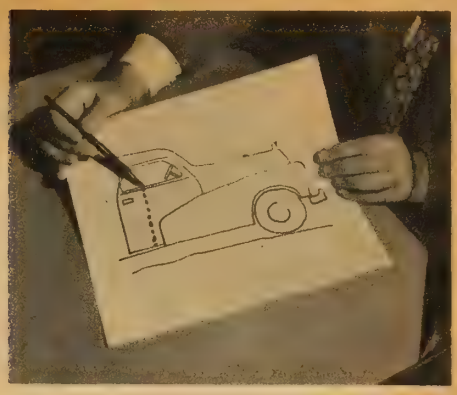
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11. By the side of the road that night, Dr. Ordway, Inspector Ross and a police officer look at George's car. There are blood stains on the seat and on the outside of the car door. Ross explains that a woman was found dead in the car, shot through the right temple. Letters in her hand-bag identify her. The man who was with her has been taken to Police Headquarters.



12. At Headquarters later, Jane identifies George as Frieda's companion. George explains that Frieda had stolen the clothes and was terrified that she would be found out and arrested for robbery. She appealed to him, he says, but he refused to help her. Then, as he drove along at about sixty miles an hour, she suddenly whipped a gun out of her bag and shot herself before he could stop the car.



13. Dr. Ordway asks for everyone's attention. Hurriedly he draws two diagrams of an automobile. On the first he indicates a blood streak running down the side. On the second, the indicated blood streak is spattered along the side of the car from front to back. He begins to explain.





14. The first diagram is what George's car looked like tonight. The second diagram is what the car would have looked like if George had been telling the truth. In other words, at sixty miles an hour, blood would have splattered instead of running down the side of the car. Obviously the car was not running when Frieda was killed. Inspector Ross is satisfied. Turning to George, he arrests him on suspicion of murder. The Crime Doctor wins again!



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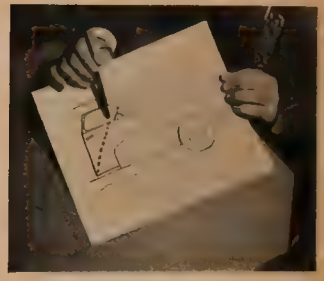
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BETWEEN

Out of the mailbag,



By TED MALONE

Ted Malone's poetry program is heard on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11:45 A.M. EST, on ABC.

"I CANNOT WRITE TONIGHT . . ."
Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

I cannot write tonight for the moon is full
And large as a wagon-wheel above the timber:
I must go out for the world is beautiful,
Must leave the open fire and the dying ember.
For what are words upon an ink-stained scroll
When magic moonlight floods this stubborn world,
When wary winds of ruthless winter roll
Over the knolls, and leaves and sedge are hurled
Into illimitable starry space . . .
I must be out in beauty, hectic, rough,
On mountains big enough for my embrace;
I must be out where I can love enough . . .
Remember hills stay young; their beauty keeps
Eternally as seasons come and pass;
They will be here when this admirer sleeps
Who will not leave his shadow on their grass.

—Jessé Stuart

LETTER HOME

Remembering you is wonder, cool and still,
Like secret water in a shadowed place:
My fevered lips stoop down and take their fill,
And find love's wild thirst quenched.
Though all your face
Move by in tears—and be no more than thought,
Though all your form be less than emptiness,
Remembering you brings something never brought
By any former handclasp or caress.
Remembering you is terrible with pain,
And terrible with beauty. Like a bird
That soars, though all its winging be in vain—
So lifts the heart to seek you. And when word,
Nor touch cannot avail for pain's surcease,
Remembering you is all I need for peace.

—Helen Frazee-Bower

LATE LOVE

Oh, you were long in coming; you were long
In beckoning my heart into your life;
The autumn came, the lark had sung his song,
And I was still alone—then like a knife
You cut my grief away with shining blade;
I scarce believed that you had come at last
And then recalled the promise I had made
To my own self—"The time has come and passed,"
I told my heart, "It is too late, too late."
When autumn comes the winter is not far;
But you were there—you simply changed the date,
And it was spring again, with the first star.
I know not how these miracles you bring,
But on that day my autumn turned to spring!

Jane Morrison

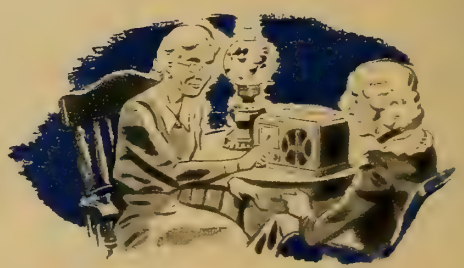
DIVISION AND AUDITION

You broke my heart; that should provide
Your ego satisfaction.
But now it seems you need beside
An audience reaction.

Does guilty conscience prick your rest
And make it necessary
For you to feel the deed is blessed
By Tom and Dick and Harry?

My heart is smashed and there's no call
For you and me to doubt it.
So darling, *must* you hire a hall
And tell the world about it?

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith



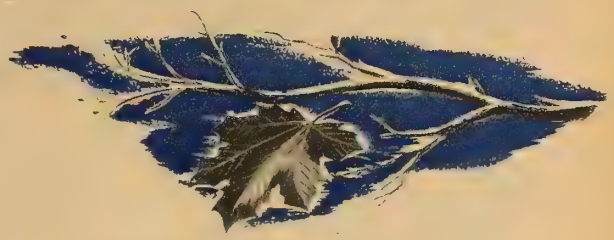
RADIO RAPTURE

Two timid little spinsters,
With a Cranford type of mind,
Are conditioned for a kindly world,
Both gentle and refined.
Yet, though not anti-social,
With vicarious delight,
They listen—on the average—
To three murders, every night!

—Allene Gates

THE BOOKENDS

these poems—all new, all worth remembering



TO A PRIVATE SECRETARY

You, who share my husband's working day,
If you but knew, I envy you each one . . .
The banter you exchange . . . the irking way
He leans upon you, and when day is done
Comes home and tells about your new hair style,
Oh, so becoming! Or your chic black dress,
And I must beam agreeably the while
I'm tempted . . how I'd like to . . well . . you guess!

But after dinner, when the lights are low,
And I am in his arms, with love's swift fires,
Your charms are soon forgotten, that I know,
And once again I'm all that he requires.
Then always I suspect he used your name
To fan my love into a brighter flame.

Dorothy B. Elfstrom



WITHERING HEIGHTS

Little girls flout you, babies squall,
But the cerebral stage is worst of all.
Since Daughter has come of college age,
The searching for truth and beauty stage,
Hobnobbing with Plato's philosophy,
Drinking in knowledge avidly,
Daughter is intellectual—
And parents, poor things, are awfully dull,
Unenlightened and in a rut
And so lethargic about what's what.
The awkward age was bad enough,
The temper tantrum stage was tough,
Little girls pout and babies squall—
But the cerebral stage is worst of all!

—May Richstone

LINES BEFORE BEING REASONABLE

The things we did, the things we said,
  Are buried deeper than any dead,
Daily my mind, my will concur,
  They never happened, they never were.
I specify the date, the time,
  They were not yours, they were not mine,
Life promises no other bliss
  So sweet as not remembering this
Or that in moonlight, or when snow
  Marked the way we did not go.
In this unreasonable way I find
  Enough of peace to please the mind,
And love, itself, serene, apart,
  Fingers crossed to please the heart.

—Gladys McKee

BUT IT IS AUTUMN NOW . . .

It seems that it was only yesterday
We walked along these curly little lanes,
Gathering as we went our lazy way,
Blackberries from late-bearing crimson canes;
The luscious clusters higher than your head—
And "big as sheep dugs"—so the Farmer said.
But now, beneath our feet, the bare vines shine,
Although the fruit-taste lingers on the tongue:
A sun-hot sweetness, heady as old wine
When April's in the air and love is young.
But it is autumn now . . . Turn back toward town:
Upon the ominously silent air
One leaf drifts slowly down. . . .

—Marion Doyle

DIET—OR TRY IT?

Dessert has been served me and tasted.
The problem has got to be faced.
If I leave it, it's gonna be wasted.
If I eat it, it's gonna be waist.

LaVerne Wilson Brown

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.



If you want to enjoy your own Thanksgiving dinner, make the most of the menu given here, for it provides for made-in-advance dishes, and it also has an eye to appetizing use for those leftovers!

Half the Fun!

By
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night variety show, heard on CBS, 6:30 EST.

HALF the fun of a Thanksgiving dinner is the carefree spirit in which it is eaten, and much more than half of this spirit depends on a hostess who is relaxed and serene when she greets and seats her guests. Perhaps you think that preparing a traditional holiday dinner and retaining a feeling of serenity just cannot go hand in hand. But there is one way to make sure that they do, and that is to get all the preliminary preparations out of the way the preceding day. You will be surprised at how much can be accomplished in advance and how little remains to be done on the feast day. For instance, a typical and an altogether satisfying menu might be

Celery, radishes and olives
Cream of asparagus soup with croutons
Roast Stuffed Turkey Cranberry Sauce
Mashed potatoes Giblet gravy
Creamed onions String beans (or peas)
Escarolle with Roquefort cheese dressing
Squash pie Coffee

This sounds like an extensive menu for one person to handle, but much of the heavy work—and in consequence much of the tedious washing up—can be done in advance. First, bake your pie.

Squash Pie

1 box quick-frozen cooked squash, thawed
¾ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tsp. cinnamon
¾ tsp. ginger
½ tsp. nutmeg
¾ tsp. salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1½ cups milk
Pastry

Combine thawed squash with remaining ingredients. Line pie shell with uncooked pastry. Fill with squash mixture. Bake in 425-degree oven until done, that is when mixture has puffed completely across top (about 1 hour). While pie is baking cut and bake pastry turkeys to be used as garnish.

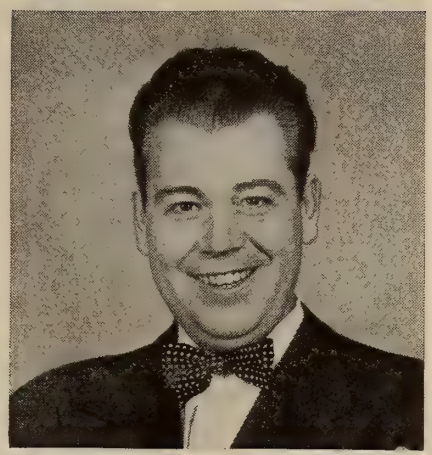
With your pie safely out of the way you can turn to other main preparations. Clean, stuff and truss the turkey and store in refrigerator ready to be popped into the oven. Cook giblets until tender, chop and store in the liquid in which they were cooked; keep cool until needed to make gravy. Cook small white onions until tender; make white sauce; store separately in refrigerator until half an hour before serving time when they can be combined and heated together in the top of a double boiler. Wash celery, radishes and escarolle and store in refrigerator. Make Roquefort cheese dressing. Make cranberry sauce. With this much done in advance the only items for complete preparation on Thanksgiving day are soup—easy if you use the canned soup and for croutons the packaged bite-size dry cereal; potatoes, string beans or peas—quick-frozen ones will save extra effort—and coffee.

Much as we enjoy our Thanksgiving dinner, most of us feel that there can be too much of a good thing. We rebel slightly at eating leftovers for the next few days. If you face a leftover rebellion, here are recipes to help you quell it. (*Cont'd on page* 109)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfro Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		9:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	National Radio Pulpit
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Tone Tapestries
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Eternal Light
		11:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
		11:15	MBS:	Pauline Alport
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Today's Concert
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
		12:30	ABC:	String Orchestra
		1:00	MBS:	George Carson Putnam
		1:00	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	People's Platform
		1:15	NBC:	America United
	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Leo Durocher
		1:15	MBS:	Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Singing Sweethearts
		1:45	MBS:	Jimmy Farrell
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Private Showing
7:00		2:00	ABC:	Warriors of Peace
		2:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
		2:30	NBC:	Harvest of Stars, James Melton
11:15		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45	MBS:	What the Veteran Wants to Know
		3:00	ABC:	Danger, Dr. Danfield
		3:00	MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
12:15	"	3:15	ABC:	Cadets' Quartet
"	"	3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
11:45		3:45	ABC:	Samuel Pettingill
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The National Hour
7:30	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Stump the Authors
		4:00	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller
		4:30	NBC:	Lucky Stars
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Hour of Charm
12:30		4:30	ABC:	Right Down Your Alley
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
1:00		5:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		5:00	MBS:	Under Arrest
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Abbott Mysteries
1:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
12:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Adventure of Ozzie & Harriet
2:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Phil Davis
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
		6:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		6:30	ABC:	Eugenie Baird
		6:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
		6:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson
		7:00	MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
9:00		7:00	CBS:	Gene Autry
		7:30	MBS:	Star Show
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
4:00		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
		8:00	CBS:	Adventures of Sam Spade
		8:30	MBS:	Special Investigator
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
5:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parson's Show
8:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
5:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
		9:45	ABC:	Policewoman, drama
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
6:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Mystery Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Don Ameche Variety Show
		10:00	MBS:	Mystery Is My Hobby
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Serenade for Strings
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



MAN TO WATCH

In the radio world there may be special niches reserved for performers with an inferiority complex, but such a cubbyhole will certainly never be set aside for Todd Russell, M.C. of the long-run MBS quiz series, Double or Nothing (Sundays, 9:30 EST).

Russell, who takes undisguised delight in being a one-man conversation piece in front of any audience, appears incapable of entertaining even a fleeting thought of personal failure in any enterprise. Which must be an extremely happy way to go through life. It is not recorded that his wails as an infant were any more self-assured than those of the average baby, but he is known to have startled his teacher one day at the age of eleven with the information that he was going to be absent from school that afternoon, because he was going down to a music contest to win a medal for playing the piano. The teacher may have been surprised when he actually did win the medal—but not Todd. He's just that way.

Now that he's reached the highest peak in his radio career so far, the fifteen dollars a week he earned for his first announcing job has been multiplied many times. Todd is seriously thinking of becoming a concert singer, being possessed of a rich baritone voice which he trains with the aid of two singing lessons a week. He's six feet one, weighs 226, has a round, beaming face, is 32 years old and his short-clipped hair is streaked with gray.

He's been the possessor of several names, being christened Thomas Joyce Smith in Manchester, England, where he was born. From a high school play he adopted the name Todd and, as Todd Smith started his professional career by playing the piano in dance orchestras around Hamilton, Ontario, his family having moved to Canada a few years before.

Inexplicably, except perhaps to keep his piano playing self distinct from his announcer personality, he changed his name to Toby Clark for his first announcing job. But that didn't seem dignified enough when a Toronto station hired him as a staff announcer. That was when he picked Todd Russell as being just right. He's made that name legal now.

From Canada, Russell migrated to the United States, after he'd made a study of the American style of "selling soap" to radio audiences and was paged for the announcing job on three leading afternoon dramatic programs.

Todd married his schoolday sweetheart in 1938. The two of them are rabid collectors of recordings made by famous singers of other days. Still keeping a concert career in mind, Russell is learning French, Italian and German by means of a record machine.

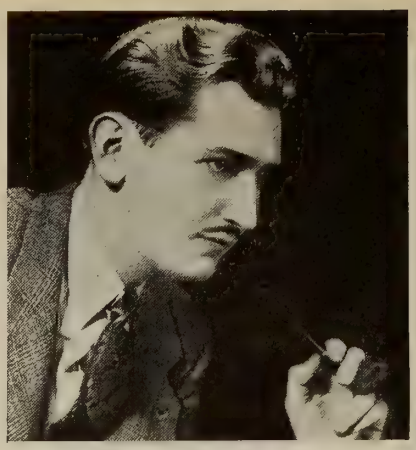
Monday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:10	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
11:30		10:45	ABC:	Club Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	This Is Your Country
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Naval Academy Band
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:45		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
"		4:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual's Melody Hour
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
"		5:15	CBS:	Woman's Club
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	4:45	5:30	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:15	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		6:45	ABC:	Cal Tinney
		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC:	Ed Sullivan's Pipeline
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Fighting Senator
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Case Book of Gregory Hood
9:00		9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theatre
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Benny Goodman
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC:	Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
6:55		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Tommy Dorsey's Play Shop
		10:00	ABC:	Question for America
		10:15	MBS:	Jon Gart Trio
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

Tuesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00	MBS:	News For Women
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Surprise Party
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt, Marimba
		6:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof. Gorden Macrae
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Margaret Whiting, Jerry Gray, Tune Toppers
		8:00	MBS:	Nick Carter
		8:15	MBS:	Inside Sports
7:30		8:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Mel Blanc Show
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Society of Amateur Chefs
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos 'n' Andy
		9:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
10:45	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee & Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
		9:30	CBS:	Hollywood Players
6:55		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer
7:15		10:00	ABC:	Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
		10:00	CBS:	Talent Scouts
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Open Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Dance Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
		11:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science

R
M



DICTION EXPERT

When you hear the perfect diction and liquid smooth voice of Paul Barnes narrating The Esquire Sports Review (Wednesdays, 10:30 P.M., CST, ABC) it is no accident. Paul spent years studying to achieve that perfection of speech and is at the moment head of the radio speech department of the Radio Institute of Chicago, as well as one of the busiest actor-narrators in the Windy City.

Paul's start in radio is perhaps one of the strangest on record. While a sophomore in high school, Paul was making a tour of radio studios. When he walked into station WAAF, a director pushed a script at him. Before he knew what was happening, he found himself standing in front of a mike, reading the part of a 60-year-old German.

In 1939, after being graduated, Paul was ready for a serious radio career. But this time it wasn't so easy. In fact, he found directors inaccessible and auditions hard to get. Being an amateur poet, Paul hit on the novel idea of sending humorous poems to twenty prominent directors, asking for an audition. Not only did he get two replies—also in verse—but fifteen auditions, out of which came his first steady job, playing the part of Jack Felzer in NBC's The Guiding Light.

That part ran until 1941. Just at the time it was over, Paul's family moved to Pittsburgh. Paul had been angling around and wangled an offer of an announcing and newscasting job on Station KQV there, so Paul went along with his family. He was with KQV for two and a half years, until 1943, when he returned to Chicago as a staff announcer on Station WJJD.

Plain announcing proved too dull for Paul, however, and he went after acting jobs, too. Last year you heard him narrating the ABC Coronet Front Page, and playing innumerable characters on shows like NBC's Doctors At Home, WGN's Human Adventure and CBS's The Whistler.

Paul is 27 years old, an even six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has brown hair and hazel eyes. In 1941, he married Emeline Lewis, and is the proud papa of year-old Richard Allen. Incidentally, Mrs. Barnes is a lady with a sense of humor. On Father's Day, she presented Paul, who has one of the smallest and neatest mustaches in town, with a huge pink and gold mustache cup.

One of Paul's many duties at the Radio Institute is teaching classes of ex-GI's voice, diction, foreign pronunciation and mike technique. His schedule is pretty full, but he wouldn't miss these classes for anything. He likes teaching the GI's because they're very anxious to learn. Besides, he thinks they should get all the help that can be given them to get a break in radio, if that's what they want.

Paul's pretty much a natural for his Esquire Sports Review assignment. He is a not-bad-hand at every outdoor sport, his favorite being sailing.

Wednesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folk
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Jill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Marine Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confession
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Word From the Country
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
7:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Battle of the Commentators
		7:30	NBC:	Carolyn Gilbert
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson
		8:15	ABC:	Listen to La Guardia
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	It's Up to Youth
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Frankie Carle's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	CBS:	Dinah Shore
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Bing Crosby
		10:00	MBS:	Beatrice Kay
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Information Please
		10:30	MBS:	Author Meets Critics
		10:30	ABC:	Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folk
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
7:45	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
3:30	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Surprise Party
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:45	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
4:00	5:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:45	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dennis Day
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
		8:00	NBC:	Aldrich Family
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Burns and Allen
		8:30	MBS:	Vic and Sade
		8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. in Peace and War
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
		9:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Take It From There
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	By Popular Demand
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eve Arden
		10:00	MBS:	California Melodies
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
•		10:30	ABC:	Ralph Norman's Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		10:30	MBS:	Dance Orchestra
		10:30	CBS:	Phone Again Finnegan



SHE'S A DIFFERENT GIRL, NOW

Wars always bring many changes in their wake. This one wrought one change that can be placed fairly low down on the important-to-the-world scale. But it was very important indeed to one young lady. It was the war that made Betty Barclay switch from her plans and studies to become a concert singer, to warbling popular tunes. Betty is the blonde lovely who's vocalizing with Sammy Kaye these days, aired on So You Want To Lead A Band, and on Sunday Serenade. Betty is also the young lady who zoomed to fame with her recording of "I'm A Big Girl Now."

Betty is a Georgia girl, born in Macon, March 12, 1924. Until the war came along, Betty lived a quiet life, going to school at A. L. Miller High School and, after classes, taking singing lessons from a local voice teacher. Then, into this peaceful existence burst Pearl Harbor and, like everyone else, Betty felt the need to do something for the war effort. There was a crying need for entertainment for the GI's training in Southern camps, but Betty was wise enough to know that they weren't likely to swoon in the aisles over any fancy, classical vocalizing. So she switched to popular songs.

Shortly after she began her Army stints, she was called to New Orleans for a fill-in date with Al Donohue and his orchestra. She stayed for three weeks, then headed for Cincinnati, where she checked in for a year as a singing student with Grace Paine, the well-known voice teacher. After her year's study, Betty moved on to Detroit, where she auditioned for Station WWJ and promptly got her first radio job.

But Detroit didn't keep her long. Nine months later, Betty headed for New York. She had been in Manhattan for exactly six weeks when she heard that Sammy Kaye was looking for a new vocalist. She got in touch with Kaye and sang for him—and got the job, at once. She didn't really attract a great deal of attention until she sang "I'm A Big Girl Now," however.

Once that number came along, she was all set. The record sales are phenomenal. Betty also set another kind of record with it. When the Kaye orch played the famous Palladium in Hollywood, she sang the song, of course, and, for the first time in Palladium history a number had to be repeated because of encore demands from the audience.

While the band was on the Coast, Betty got several bids from major studios to appear in musical films, offers that have been tabled for the time being because of radio and recording commitments. But there will probably come a time. . . . Also, word came to us through the underground that rumor was rife concerning a heady romance with a popular juvenile movie star, who shall remain nameless, because Betty refuses to discuss it. Probably there will come a time for that, as well!

Friday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	This is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lone Journey
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
12:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	The Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller Sings
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Division Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	News for Women
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Al Pearce Show
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Something for the Girls
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Mutual Melody Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
5:15		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Report From Washington
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Baby Snooks
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Passport to Romance
		8:00	ABC:	The Adventures of Sam Spade
		8:15	MBS:	Inside of Sports
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Alan Young Show
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Voice in the Night
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your F.B.I.
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
		9:30	CBS:	Durante and Moore
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Spotlight on America
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	It Pays to Be Ignorant
		10:30	MBS:	Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

Saturday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	NBC String Trio
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC:	Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Albert Warner
		10:00	NBC:	Percolator Party
		10:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30	ABC:	Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	Tell Me, Doctor
		11:15	MBS:	Vacation Symphonies
		11:30	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		11:30	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
		11:45	ABC:	Adele Clark, songs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
		12:00	MBS:	Vacation Symphonies
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Smiling Ed McConnell
		12:30	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
6:30	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Checkerboard Jamboree
		1:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aidj
		1:45	ABC:	Football Game
4:30	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:00	MBS:	Johnny Pineapple
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:30	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:30	NBC:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	Palmer House Concert Orchestra
		2:45	NBC:	Stories by Olmstead
		3:00	MBS:	George Sterney's Orchestra
		3:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
		3:00	NBC:	Saturday Showcase
		3:30	MBS:	George Barry's Orchestra
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		4:00	MBS:	Herb Field's Orchestra
		4:45	MBS:	Opportunity U. S. A.
		5:00	CBS:	Matinee at Meadowbrook
1:00		5:00	ABC:	Saturday Concert
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
		5:30	MBS:	George Towne's Orchestra
		6:15	ABC:	Jimmy Blair
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
		6:15	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS:	Benny Stong's Orchestra
		6:30	CBS:	American Portrait
2:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00	ABC:	It's Your Business
		7:00	CBS:	Sweeney and Marsh
		7:15	ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Curtain Time, drama
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS:	Crime Doesn't Pay
8:30		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
		8:00	ABC:	Dark Venture
		8:00	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
5:00		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	MBS:	Juvenile Jury
		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
		8:30	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Roy Rogers
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30		9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Old Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown



Television's First Lady, Helen Parrish, holds her title by virtue of being the M.C. of television's first regular sponsored show.

First Lady

HELEN PARRISH, an attractive brunette with a friendly smile, is the First Lady of Television, but she can remember the day when she was always somebody's mean sister—in the films. Helen, who enjoys the unique honor of being the first M.C. on the first regularly scheduled, full-hour, sponsored television show, was once typed as the nasty sister of Deanna Durbin, Ann Sheridan and other screen beauties. Naturally she always lost the hero to her better-natured sisters.

As M.C., Helen is the only regular performer on the Hourglass television show heard Thursday evenings at 8:00 P.M. (EST) on NBC. Each week a different group of entertainers—actors, singers, dancers, comedians and others—present a variety of specialty acts on the program.

The winsome Helen had hardly begun to walk before she was a screen actress, and her experience as a child and teen-age performer gave her the acting background for a future career in television. Her family moved from Columbus, Georgia, to California when she was a baby and she appeared in her first motion picture, "When Babe Comes Home," with Babe Ruth when she was two years old. Three years later she signed a screen contract with Fox Follies. As a child motion picture actress she played in several films, including "Cimarron" and "A Dog of Flanders."

Later Helen played supporting roles in several musical comedies and plays about teen-agers. Under contract to Universal at the time, she was in the same studio with Deanna Durbin and played with her and Nan Grey in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Today she laughs about those days.

"I always played somebody's mean sister," she reminisces. "I was Deanna's sister in 'Mad About Music' and 'First Love.' I was Ann Sheridan's sister in 'Winter Carnival' and Joan Crawford's sister in 'They All Kissed the Bride.' But always I was a screen meanie."

A few pictures such as "In Old California," in which she played with John Wayne, gave Helen a chance to get away from her bad girl roles. But eventually the long stream of musicals and youthful love stories palled, and she came to New York in 1943. Here began the series of events that helped her graduate from mean-sister parts to the distinction of being "The First Lady of Television." In New York appearances on radio and television shows, plus a personal appearance tour, kept her active.

The one-time child actress got another chance to be mistress of ceremonies when she went to Alaska on a USO tour for two months. There she directed an all-GI eight-piece orchestra and put on shows for U. S. servicemen. The next step in her career was the agreement to appear on the Hourglass Show.

Although she calls television "the closest thing to motion pictures," Helen believes that it is a more exacting medium than either radio or screen because, whereas radio actors have scripts to help them and screen stars are permitted retakes if a scene doesn't go perfectly the first time, television actors have no such aids. They must perform perfectly the first time, without scripts.

Helen also thinks that many people believe the makeup used by actors for television shows is thicker and more startling than makeup used by stage and screen personalities.

"Makeup for television is almost exactly the same as that used for the stage," she observes. "One difference is that television actresses cannot use rouge; it photographs black on the screen." From her own experiences, Helen adds that television actresses must wear either print or pastel frocks, as both black and white photograph badly. Prints are best, she says. Another forbidden item is shoulder pads as they photograph large and make the wearer look like a football player. This is because the television screen is convex and magnifies a girl's head and shoulders out of proportion to the rest of her body.



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____*an instant softer, silkier feel*
____*and bring up a charming blush of color*

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You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

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Home for Thanksgiving

(*Continued from page 37*)

something, but she won't say what it is. Maybe I ought to go in for psychiatry!"

"I don't think she's been a widow very long," I suggested, "maybe she's still grieving for her husband."

He shook his head. "It's more than just grief. It's an active exhausting worry about something. And I don't think she's going to get any better until we find out what it is!" He smiled at me tiredly and went back to his office.

Well, we found out what it was, a lot more quickly than we expected to—at least I did. But by then I was sworn to secrecy and it was a long time before Dr. Carvell knew.

It happened about a month after her second visit to the office. She came in one day while Dr. Carvell was out on a call. I told her he'd be out for some time, but that she could wait if she liked. So she settled into a chair in the waiting room and just sat there, looking white and depleted. I glanced at her from time to time, and then noticed with alarm that she was beginning to lose consciousness.

HURRIEDLY I got up, went over to her and, grasping her shoulders, gently pushed her head forward and down so that it was on a level with her knees, allowing the blood to circulate more freely to the brain. After a minute or so of this, she recovered enough so that I could get her up and lead her to an ante-room where there was a cot. I had her lie down on the cot and brought her a glass of water with a little spirits of ammonia mixed in it. She drank it docilely and then lay back and let me cover her with a light blanket, watching every move I made. I sat down beside the cot, and told her to relax and rest for a few minutes until Dr. Carvell came.

Her eyes were still fixed on my face, and her mouth worked as though she were trying to say something. Finally the words came out—jerkily at first, and then faster.

"Mrs. Wayne," she began, "I've got to talk to you."

"Certainly, if you like," I told her, "but it would be better if you'd just lie quietly until the doctor gets here."

"I know," she said, "but I can't wait any longer . . . I've got to tell someone . . . and you've been so kind and gentle. I'll feel better if you'll let me talk to you."

"Why, of course, Mrs. Tyler. What is it?"

She looked away from me for a moment. "In the first place," she said slowly, "my name isn't Mrs. Tyler—it's Mrs. Mallory."

I tried not to show my astonishment, and merely nodded my head as though there were nothing at all unusual about that.

"My husband—Timothy,—my husband . . . He's not dead. He's in the State Penitentiary." She covered her face with her hands, but soon took them away and went on as though it were a matter of life or death to say the words. "He's been there for two years. They sentenced him to ten."

She looked directly at me again. "Ten years, Mrs. Wayne—in the State Penitentiary."

I didn't know what to say. What words can you use? So I reached for her hand and just held it tightly. And she went on, her hand clinging to mine. "They said he took money that didn't belong to him. They said he'd been doing it for years. They said they had proof. But he didn't do it. I know he didn't. Timothy could never do a dishonest thing. He was the best man who ever lived. But they had proof. And they sent him to the Penitentiary—for ten years."

She began to sob, then, and the big tortured tears rushed down her cheeks. Still holding my hand, her head straining from one side of the pillow to the other, she gave herself up to her grief and worry. And I let her cry, knowing that sometimes women's tears can be the greatest healer of all. Furthermore, this was probably the first time she had really allowed herself to break down. It would do her good, I thought, as I waited for the storm to pass.

It did pass, eventually, and I gently withdrew my hand from hers and got her another glass of water. She smiled exhaustedly and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Wayne. But thank you so much."

"I'm glad you told me," I said, sitting down next to her again. "Probably it was not telling anybody that was making you so ill. I think you'll feel better from now on."

"I think so, too," she said eagerly, and a touch of color seemed to come back to her cheeks. "What I really needed was a friend, and I feel somehow that you're my friend. Oh, Mrs. Wayne, I hope I'm not being presumptuous! I know I should bear my own burdens and not trouble others with them, but it just didn't seem as though I could go on any longer!"

"You did the right thing," I told her gently, "and now, as a friend, why don't you tell me what your plans are? Maybe I can help you work them out."

"I DON'T have many," she said slowly. "I'll wait for Timothy—forever, if necessary. And I have a job, so I can support the children. The children . . . that's the hardest part, Mrs. Wayne. What can I tell them about Timothy? It's all right now. Nobody knows who we are here, and the children are too young to understand anyway. But some day, somehow, they're going to find out. And what will they think then? How will they be able to hold their heads up—with their father a convicted criminal in the Penitentiary?" Her hands went to her face again in a fumbling hopeless gesture.

I didn't quite know myself what would happen when they found out, but I had to say something—and quickly—before the dark despair that had momentarily lifted from her swept over the tired little woman again.

"Look, Mrs. Tyler," I said firmly, and I saw a quick gleam of thankfulness light up her eyes at my use of her assumed name, "you are quite sure your husband is innocent, aren't you?"

She nodded, watching me intently.

"Well, if he's innocent, there's nothing to be ashamed of, is there? And even if his innocence is never proved to the rest of the world, at least you are sure of it—and the children will be, too, when it's time for them to know. I think you're worrying about something that is likely (*Cont. on page* 58)

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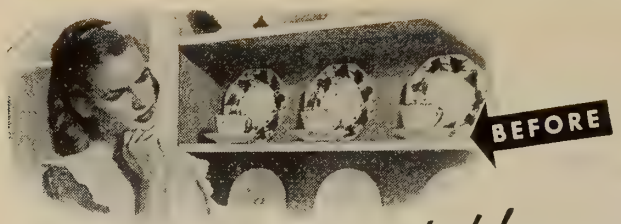
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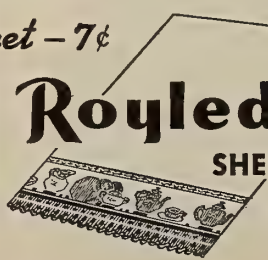


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(*Cont. from page* 56) never to happen. I think your children will always be able to hold their heads as high as anyone else."

She bit her lip and then her face slowly relaxed and a faint peaceful smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "Do you really think it will be all right for them, then?" she asked.

"*You'll* have to *believe* it," I told her. "Otherwise you're not going to have a moment's peace for the rest of your life. And now, about the rest of your plans. You don't want anyone else to know about this, do you? At least not while the children are growing up?"

"That's right," she said, "I don't want people pitying me or looking down on me or gossiping about me. That's why I changed my name. For the children's sake—not mine. I don't care much about what happens to me any more."

"You've got to care," I said, "for everybody's sake. And because of that, you're going to have to change a little bit. You've been keeping to yourself too much. In a small town you can't do that if you don't want people to wonder about you. You're going to have to go out more—meet people—make friends—live a more normal life."

I WENT on in that same vein for a while longer and gradually she began to agree that I was right. By the time Dr. Carvell arrived, the color had come back to her face and there was a look of purposefulness about her eyes. I explained to him that she had felt a little faint, so I had had her lie down while she was waiting for him. He patted my shoulder and said I was a good girl. Dear Dr. Carvell! I don't think he'll ever get used to the idea that I'm really a grown woman!

But after I was back at my desk in the outer office and Mrs. Tyler had gone home, he came out and looked at me queerly. "She seems much better today," he said with a puzzled frown, "in spite of the fainting spell. What did you two talk about anyway?"

I smiled. "Just woman talk," I said lightly.

He shook his head slowly. "Women!" he said with some exasperation, and went back into his own office.

That night at dinner I asked Neddie if he remembered ever hearing anything about a Timothy Mallory case about two years ago in New York. He looked a little startled, and said yes. It had been in all the New York papers. Embezzlement, he said. One of those cases that had dragged on for weeks, with Mallory finally being convicted on the reluctant evidence of his partner. But why was I interested? I said, in as offhand a manner as I could manage, that somebody had spoken about it at the office and I'd been interested. Neddie said if I were still interested, I could probably find all the facts in the New York Times of two years ago in the library.

The next day at noon hour, I did go over to the library, and looked up the old files of the Times. And there it was—the whole case—edition after edition. I read as much as I could that day and then went back for the next three days until I'd gone through the whole thing—from beginning to end—from the first accusation to the final sentence. There were pictures of Timothy Mallory, Timothy's partner—Roy Darby, the Prosecuting Attorney, the Lawyer for the Defense, and even a rather blurred one of Mary Mallory—or Mary Tyler, (*Cont. on page* 60)

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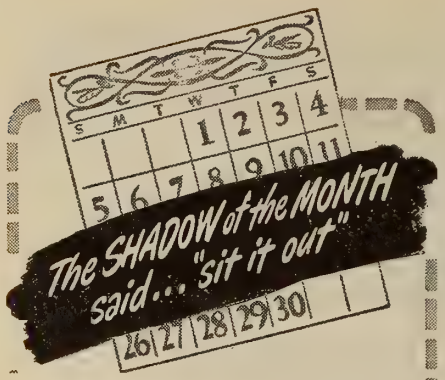
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CRAMPS • MENSTRUAL HEADACHE • "BLUES"

(*Cont. from page* 58) as I insisted on calling her, even in my own mind.

The whole thing seemed fairly cut and dried—the only odd thing being the way in which Roy Darby had given the final evidence. He had kept it for so long that even the Prosecuting Attorney questioned him closely when he finally gave it. Perhaps that was understandable—the two men had been partners for a long time and he'd naturally be reluctant to pin the final damning facts on Mallory. But he'd done it, and Mallory had created a tremendous scene in court, screaming that it was a lie and that Darby was scheming against him to get the firm for himself. They had had to take Mallory out of the room, and when he finally returned, it was to hear his own sentence being pronounced.

POOR Mary Tyler, I thought, there wasn't much in the facts to make her so sure of her husband's innocence. There they were for anyone to read—and they painted Timothy Mallory in the blackest colors. Still, he was her husband and she loved him and believed in him. You had to admire her faith and constancy. And I knew that I was on her side. Crime or no crime, penitentiary or no penitentiary, guilty husband or not, she was a brave woman fighting against the whole world for her husband and her children, and the least I could do was stand by her side in friendship.

I got a little angry as I thought about it. Why does it happen so often that the guiltless are dragged down with the guilty? Why must punishment be visited on the innocent? Why should Mary Tyler and her two babies suffer for what her husband did or did not do? I confess that as I left the library that day, my eyes were probably shooting sparks of righteous indignation and my shoulders were stiff with wrath as I vowed that I'd make Glen Falls accept Mary Tyler if I never did another thing. I'm sure that I stared angrily at several people on the street who were no more guilty of evil deeds or wicked thoughts than Mary Tyler herself!

But I needn't have gotten so upset about it. Mary had taken my advice to heart and had been busy making friends and getting into our small-town swing of things. I began to see her chatting with people on the street, going to church sedately on Sundays, taking the children to the playground on Saturday afternoons. Soon she was teaching a group of children in the Sunday School and attending Red Cross meetings and Parent-Teacher get-togethers. When we met, we never mentioned Timothy or the incident in the office that day, but her gratitude was there in her eyes for me to see. And often, on my way home from the office, I would stop in at her little cottage for a cup of tea before going on to my own rather empty house.

She soon stopped having to see Dr. Carvell. He often spoke of her remarkable recovery and looked at me keenly as though he were trying to discover if I might know anything about it, but I blandly minded my own business. Mary was getting along all right, and that was enough for me. Except for a few times when the old hopelessness seemed to come back. This usually happened after she had made the trip to the Penitentiary to visit Timothy.

"I'm afraid of what's happening to him," she told me once after such a visit, "he's getting so bitter and cynical. He doesn't trust anyone any more. He thinks the whole world is against him. Sometimes I think he even suspects me!"

I comforted her as much as I could and tried to explain that it was inevitable that he should have such moments of bitterness and despair. And Mary would straighten her shoulders and stop talking about it. But it happened every time she saw him, and it seemed to me that it was getting worse rather than better.

I don't know how long she'd have been able to keep it up, if what finally happened hadn't happened. Maybe she could have gone on all through her life fighting her brave fight. Maybe not. I'm glad she didn't have to be put to that test. She'd been tested enough already.

Of course, the night I heard the news report on the radio, I wasn't thinking about any of those things. I was thinking about the war, and when it would be over and John could come home again. I was thinking about Hope Melton, with whom Neddie was spending most of his time these days. and wondering how serious it was. I was thinking that it would soon be Thanksgiving again, and that it wouldn't be much of a holiday this year. Neddie was listening to the radio with me, and it was at his excited comment that I put away my thoughts and really began to listen, too.

"Roy Darby!" he said. "He's mixed up in another criminal case. He's the partner of that Timothy Mallory you asked me about a couple of months ago." And he turned up the volume on the radio so we could hear more clearly.

The news announcer was saying that it was one of the most sensational cases of the year. Roy Darby, a well-to-do business man, was accused of six or seven different crimes—ranging from embezzlement and fraud to forgery and income tax evasion. He would be remembered, the announcer went on, as having had a large part in the Mallory case two years back. Evidently Darby's financial manipulations had been going on for years, and had all come to light at once. It was almost certain that he'd be convicted of most of them and the sentences, added together, said the announcer with almost macabre glee, would probably amount to well over ninety years. In the light of this new development, the Mallory case itself would no doubt be reviewed.

NEDDIE was excited. "What do you know about that?" he exclaimed. "I'll bet he had plenty to do with the Mallory case, too, more than ever came out. I remember thinking so at the time."

The announcer's last words had stirred me, too. "Do you suppose he might have been the one who took that money? Instead of Timothy Mallory?"

"I wouldn't doubt it a bit," said Neddie with all the assurance of youth. "And poor Mallory—rotting away in the Pen for the last two years! But Darby'll probably never admit it. Not that it'd make much difference one way or another. With the sentence he'll get, one more conviction wouldn't mean a thing to him! He'll *never* get out of prison, once he gets in."

Then, with a fine clarity of insight, I knew what I had to do. It might not work, but for Mary Tyler's sake I had to try.

"Neddie," I said abruptly, "can you drive me down to New York to-

morrow?" My voice was urgent.

His eyes blinked. "Well, for gosh sakes, Ruth, what for?"

"I can't tell you that right now," I said, "but it's about the Mallory case. I've got to talk to Roy Darby. Really, Neddie, I can't explain more than that right now," I hastened to go on, as I saw the growing incredulity and concern on his face, "I've promised not to. But I've got to see this Darby somehow. And right away."

"Ruth," he began, and there was almost a look of terror in his face, "you're not mixed up in this, are you? You can't be . . ."

"No. Neddie," I assured him, "it's just that I know someone who is. And maybe—just maybe, I can help right a pretty terrible wrong that's been done. Will you drive me to New York?"

"Why of course I will. But I still don't see. . . ."

"Don't try to see, Neddie. Just be patient. I'll tell you as soon as I can."

SO THE next morning I phoned the office and told Dr. Carvell I had to be away for the day, and within an hour Neddie and I were on our way to New York. The miles ticked off steadily and smoothly, but it seemed as though we would never get there. And yet when I considered what I was about to do, I almost hoped we never *would* get there. Cold fear seemed to lie around my heart in layers, and I remember thinking that this is the way it used to be in grade school when I had to get up to recite a poem. I used to say to myself then, and I found myself repeating it now: "You've got to do it—you've got to do it—and then it'll be all over. But before it's over, you've got to do it—you've got to do it."

We chased all over New York before I finally obtained permission to see Roy Darby, but at last a policeman was showing me into a waiting room and, almost before I'd figured out what I'd say to him, Roy Darby was led in. The policeman said I could stay for fifteen minutes, and went out, closing the door.

I sat there for a moment and just looked at the man who was facing me. Darby was a middle-aged man, powerfully built, with a look of great intelligence about his eyes, which was almost nullified by a looseness at the corners of his mouth. I'm not good at sizing up people's characters just by the looks of their faces, but it seemed to me that here was a once good man who had been completely destroyed by his greedy desires and selfish life.

He stared right back at me, with a kind of irritated tiredness. "I don't believe I know you, Mrs. Wayne," he said finally.

"I know you don't," I told him, still trying to find a way to begin. "But Mary Mallory is a friend of mine."

"Oh, yes," he said, leaning back in his chair, his eyes taking on a far-away expression, "Mary Mallory."

"Mr. Darby," I began, a kind of desperate urgency forcing the words out, "Mary Mallory is living in my hometown, clerking in a book-store, bringing up the children as decently as she can, suffering under the knowledge that her husband is spending the best years of his life in the Penitentiary."

He didn't say anything, his eyes still fixed on that far-off point.

"Timothy Mallory," I went on, "is gradually losing his hold on reality. He is forgetting that he was ever a man with a man's responsibilities and a man's rights. The Penitentiary is doing something to him that neither Mary, his

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children, nor society will ever be able to remedy. If he has to finish out his term there, he is doomed. And so are his wife and children."

Darby shrugged. "So?" he asked, and it was less a question than a statement of unalterable and accepted fact.

"Mr. Darby," I tried to keep my voice low and my mind on the simple facts, "you are on trial for a number of crimes —so many that if you are convicted of only half of them, your life in the outside world is finished. And, according to people who should know, there seems to be no question but that you will be convicted."

A shudder seemed to pass over his body. Slowly his eyes came back from nowhere and turned to me. "Just what are you getting at, Mrs. Wayne?"

"I think you also committed the crime for which Timothy Mallory was sent to the Penitentiary."

"You have an active mind, Mrs. Wayne. And—supposing I *had* committed that crime . . .?"

"YOU hold the fate of four people in your hands, Mr. Darby. A man who was once your partner and closest friend, his wife who has never harmed you in any way, and two little children who aren't even aware of the terrible thing that hovers over them."

He waited for me to go on.

"If you were to confess that first crime—the one for which Timothy Mallory has already served two years—you could save those four people. Mr. Darby."

"And just why should I do such a thing?"

"Because it wouldn't make any difference to you—at least as far as your case is concerned. You'll be convicted anyway. But it may make a difference later on, when you think back on your life and try to add up the good things and the bad things. I should think it would make a great difference. Besides, it's true, isn't it? You did do it, didn't you?"

His eyebrows twitched slightly. "You'd make quite a Prosecuting Attorney, Mrs. Wayne."

"I'm not interested in getting a confession from you," I told him slowly. "I'd like to see justice done, of course, but I'm really concerned about a tired haunted little woman and two innocent children. I don't care about your debt to society—you're going to have to pay that anyway. But I think that in your heart you know that you also have a debt to decency and kindliness. I can't believe that you or anyone else is all bad, Mr. Darby. And I'm hoping that you, too, will realize that simple fact before it's too late."

I stopped talking then, and just waited. I'd said as much as I could. It was up to him now. He sat there for a moment without moving or speaking. Then the corners of his mouth seemed to grow firm, losing their customary slackness, and his fine eyes looked straight into mine.

"I'm no Galahad, Mrs. Wayne," he said. "and it's not difficult for me to shrug off appeals to my so-called finer sensibilities. But you seem to be an intelligent woman, and you've hit on the one fact that appeals to me in this whole situation—that is, the fact that they've really got the goods on me this time. I agree with you there's not much doubt that I'll be convicted, and I don't think you're far wrong about the extent of my sentence. I'd like to say yes to what you're asking of me without further discussion. But I find that I must make

one proviso. If, at the trial next week, I am really convicted of enough crimes to make it worth while, then—and not until then—I'll confess the Mallory thing. Will that suit you?"

I could feel relief sweeping over me in great floods. My hands shook, and I kept them in my lap to conceal their agitation. But I managed to keep my voice under control as I said, "Thank you, Mr. Darby. That will be perfect."

He smiled ruefully. "You don't seem to have much doubt of the outcome. Well, perhaps there isn't much. One more thing, Mrs. Wayne, maybe you don't care one way or the other—but I *did* do the job for which Mallory was convicted. As a matter of fact, I think I would have confessed it sooner or later anyway."

I stood up then, and was surprised that I could still stand. I offered him my hand and thanked him again. "I don't think you'll ever regret it, Mr. Darby," I said, and my voice sounded tight and strained to my own ears.

"I hope not," he replied with the same wry smile, "and if you could find time to wish me good luck, it would help."

"That's what I wish for everybody in the whole world," I said, and turned blindly and made for the door, hoping to reach it before my knees gave way. As I opened it and went out, I heard him say softly, "Goodbye, Mrs. Wayne," and my last glimpse of him revealed a rather blurred picture of a tall middle-aged man with a smile on his lips—a man who had sinned and been found out and who was now ready to take his punishment as casually as he had always before been ready to take other people's money. It was with a curious mixture of emotions that I left the building, found Neddie and the car, and started back to Glen Falls.

Neddie was full of questions, but I put him off as best I could and for the whole of that long trip home, I sat quietly turning over in my mind all the thoughts and emotions and hopes and fears that had occupied me that day. It had to work out now, I told myself, it simply had to!

ALL during the next week, my ear was glued to the New York news broadcasts. Finally the day came which was to answer all our questions. Just before the news broadcast that night, I slipped out of the house and went over to Mary's cottage. She had put the children to bed, and we sat talking over a cup of tea until I saw by my watch that it was time. I put down the cup and turned on her little radio.

"Mary," I said, and went over to the couch where she was sitting. and took her hand, "this may be a shock to you, but hang on tight and listen. I think your troubles are just about over."

She looked at me in wonder, but turned and listened obediently to the radio. All the other news came first—the war, the Washington news, national events. And then the announcer started to talk about the Darby trial. Mary's hand tightened on mine as she began to realize what it was all about. Darby had been convicted, the announcer said, on five counts. And then a small sensation had occurred in the courtroom when the accused had asked permission to confess to one more crime—the one for which Timothy Mallory had been convicted two years ago. It had been on his mind for a long time, Darby was quoted as saying, and he was glad to get it off his chest. The courtroom had burst into an uproar and the Judge had had to call for order, but it looked as



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Me—I was a jailbird at my own sink!



though Timothy Mallory would be home for Thanksgiving!

Mary gasped and then moaned. I felt her hand slip out of mine and as I looked at her, she slumped down on the couch in a dead faint. Once again I had to perform my first aid routine, and when she finally came back to herself, we just sat and looked at each other for a long time, smiling wordlessly, happily, gratefully. It wasn't until later that the practical aspects of the situation began to occur to her.

"Ruth," she began, and little worry lines gathered in her forehead, "I've just been thinking—where would be the best place for us to go? Do you think out west? Where nobody would know about Timothy? He's going to have to start his life all over again—no job, no money, no prospects. We can't stay here."

"Why not?" I asked.

"WELL you know—everybody would know about—about Timothy. We're near New York. They're bound to find out. And even though the whole thing's been a mistake, people will ask questions and pry, and maybe they'll be unkind. I don't think he could stand it, after all he's been through. He's got to learn to forget about the last two years. I'm afraid they won't let him."

I knew then that my job wasn't finished. I'd taken on Mary's problems and I had to keep on with them until they were completely solved. When you've accepted a responsibility, you can't step out of it in the middle.

"Look, Mary," I said soothingly, "you've done enough thinking and feeling and worrying for tonight. Fix yourself a glass of warm milk and go to bed and get some sleep. Tomorrow you'll be in better shape to figure things out. I have to get back home now. We'll talk about all this in the morning."

"I guess you're right," she said, and walked to the door with me. "I'll never forget how good and kind you've been, Ruth. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for you."

I smiled and kissed her cheek and told her to sleep tight, and hurried home. Neddie was waiting for me. "Ruth!" he exclaimed. "did you hear the news report on Darby's trial—he confessed...." then he broke off, only to begin again more slowly, "Ruth—was that what you talked to Darby about?"

I nodded, and grinned at him. "Mary Tyler is Mrs. Mallory. But it worked out all right, didn't it?"

He shook his head and stared at me, "You're amazing." And as I went up the stairs he called, "What I don't understand is how you managed to be so quiet about it. I thought women weren't supposed to be able to keep secrets!"

But I didn't answer. I was too busy getting undressed and climbing into bed. It had been a tiring week!

The next morning I went over to the newspaper office. I found our nice old editor sitting in his big swivel chair in front of the window that overlooked Main Street. Hardly waiting to say good morning, I told him the whole story about Mary Tyler-Mallory and that her husband would be coming home soon, and how could we best help them to get their new life started without public heart-aches and unnecessary worry? He was wonderful. He listened carefully, and then leaned back and told me to leave everything to him.

"Don't you worry about the people in this town, Ruth," he assured me, "once they know all the facts, they'll be the best friends the Mallorys ever

had—except maybe you. Just let me handle it in my own way."

I agreed gratefully and left his office. And when the paper came out, I saw that he'd been as good as his word. I've never read a more touching story than the one that was headlined in our paper that day. For the first time, the people of Glen Falls found out who the quiet little Mrs. Tyler who had been working and living among them all summer really was. And they responded just as the editor had said they would. Mary told me later that she had never realized how nice people could be. She received more phone calls, telegrams, notes and personal calls than she knew how to handle. People from all over town—even those she'd never spoken to before—wanted to wish her luck and happiness. Maybe it was curiosity—maybe it was a feeling of being part of a spectacular news story that made them respond so whole-heartedly. But I like to think that it was mostly their own innate goodness—that goodness that sometimes needs a focal point before it can be expressed.

Anyway, the whole town rallied to the Mallorys, and Mary's crowning joy came when the biggest contractor in Glen Falls offered a job for Timothy whenever he felt like taking it.

Timothy arrived, as the news announcer had predicted, in time for Thanksgiving. The first glimpse I had of him was the taut frightened look on his face as he stepped off the train into the bedlam of the reception committee that was there to meet him. It must have seemed like a threatening mob to him at first. But he soon began to understand something of what was happening, and little by little the strain left his face and his eyes began to glisten. Later, as we all piled into the car to drive the Mallorys up to my house—my good friend Reed Bannister was driving for us—Timothy still couldn't say very much, but the look on his face as he clung to Mary and kept touching the children's cheeks with a tentative finger was eloquence enough.

It wasn't a very big or elaborate Thanksgiving dinner. Neddie was there, with Hope, and Dr. Carvell had come over to join us. Just the four of us and the Mallorys. But we had turkey and cranberry sauce, and candied sweet potatoes, and pumpkin pie and all the trimmings. Neddie and Hope helped me get things on the table, and when we sat down and beamed at each other across the gleaming cloth, I knew that this was one Thanksgiving I'd never forget as long as I lived.

I don't think the Mallorys will ever forget it, either!

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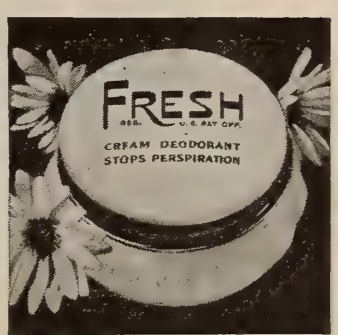


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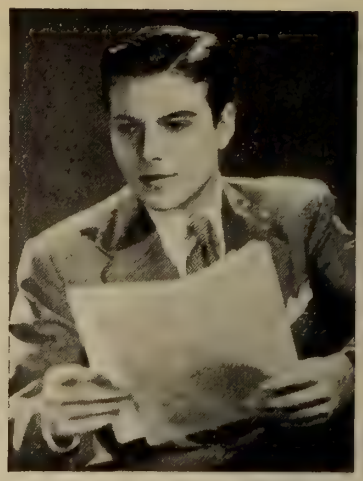
A FEW short years ago, Elsa Miranda, popular CBS Latin song stylist, was working as a Spanish-English stenographer in a New York advertising agency. There was one of those holiday parties given in the office and along with a lot of other amateurs, Elsa was asked to sing something, preferably some of her native (Puerto Rican) airs. The radio artists' manager, Louis Nurko, was at the party and he was so impressed by Elsa's charming, accented chanting that he spent the next two weeks, solid, trying to talk her into a career in show business.

Elsa got worn down, finally, and consented to try auditioning for radio. With her accent, her particular style, her flashing dark eyes, gleaming white teeth and creamy complexion, she was a natural to interpret South American melodies for short wave broadcasts. She clicked and soon she was appearing coast to coast on CBS's Viva America, on the Xavier Cugat show and on the daily Sing Along program.

Elsa Miranda was born in Ponce, Puerto Rico, twenty-four years ago. That fact, and the fact that she's made a couple of visits to her home, since she left it as a child to come to the United States, gives her some legitimate claim to being tagged Latin American. Actually, she grew up here and was educated mostly in New York City. Even her Spanish was acquired in a high school language course.

Contrary to her lush, Latin looks, popular American ballads are Elsa's favorite singing fare. Of course, most of the requests aimed her way are for special Spanish numbers.

She loves to dance and she plays tennis, which is her only active sport. She likes the movies for quiet relaxation. Expected to be temperamental and foreign, Elsa prefers to be—and is—rather typically an American girl. It so happens that she sings Latin numbers with a particular rhythm and color that only real Latins can give them, but that's a natural part of her background. For the rest, she is what she grew up to be here in the United States—a thoroughly American girl.



Introducing

DON BUKA

DONALD BUKA is one of the busiest young juveniles in radio, on an impressive array of major dramatic airers. Donald's voice is known to thousands of youngsters as that of Barney Mallory, the Sparrow—of The Sparrow and the Hawk (CBS, 5:45-6:00 P.M., Monday through Friday). And radio audiences have heard him playing romantic leads, tough guys, old men, young boys, and virtually every kind of character known to radio, on such top shows as Grand Central Station, The Theatre Guild of the Air, Cavalcade of America, Let's Pretend, Exploring The Unknown, Radio Readers' Digest and a host of others.

Young Donald got his first dramatic training eight years ago, when he was studying at the famous drama department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The Lunts were in Pittsburgh, while on tour with "Idiot's Delight," and when word got around about this promising young player, they sent for him. Donald was given an audition then and there, on the bare stage of the Nixon Theater with only a flickering worklight above. The Lunts were delighted with his audition and offered him a job with their company, which was then on a long tour. And Carnegie lost a student.

Carnegie's loss was the theater's gain—and radio's, too. Donald toured with the Lunts an entire season, appearing in productions of "Amphitryon 38," "The Sea Gull" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Soon after leaving the Lunts' company, he went on the road with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in "Twelfth Night."

And so it went. In rapid succession, Buka played the leading part of Morgan Evans in "The Corn is Green," opposite Ethel Barrymore; played the son of Bette Davis and Paul Lukas in the movie version of "Watch on the Rhine"; was featured in the Broadway drama, "Bright Boy"; sang himself to new glory as Orestes, in the New Opera Company's edition of "Helen Goes to Troy"; was featured in "Sophie," the Katina Paxinou starrer and was himself starred in the Dan Totheroh drama, "Live Life Again."



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LINIT *adds the "finishing touch"*

Come and Visit Ozzie and Harriet

(*Continued from page 25*)

introduce with his band. Harriet said she couldn't sing too well. He told her she wouldn't have to. They tried out the duet idea and audiences liked it. So for a year and a half they worked together—and played together. "By the time we finished with the band it was so late neither of us could find anyone else to go out with," says Harriet. "Then came the time when we didn't want anyone else . . ."

They were afraid to marry. They had responsibilities, mothers and a younger brother who were dependent upon them. And they might seem less young and romantic if they were known to be Mr. and Mrs. In the end, however, their ardor plus a bank-account healthy enough to tide them all over any bad time that might come along, triumphed.

"You don't really think, do you," Ginger asked Harriet that day, "that you can escape Hollywood?"

"I have to," Harriet said desperately. "Ozzie and I risked everything to get married and I won't have us separated this way! As soon as this picture's finished I'm going back to him and—and I'm going to have a baby!"

"Good girl!" said Ginger admiringly.

CONSTANTLY during the months that followed, movie scouts trailed Harriet. But one way or another she avoided them. She didn't want to be tempted. At last when a movie scout called her in Albany where she and Ozzie were appearing, she took the call. "I can't possibly make a picture," she told him happily. "You see, in three months I'm going to have a baby!"

The baby was David. For several years he trouped with them. "He became a little difficult after a while," Harriet says, "because of the fuss people in small towns made over him. However, Ozzie explained to him one day it was his parents who made him important and suggested he wait until his importance was self-produced before going fancy-pants. He caught on.

"It always surprises me," she added, "how quickly children respond to reason—if you're direct and honest with them. I began using reason with both David and Rickey at an early age—and I've never spanked either of them since."

The bar at the Nelson house has French doors which open on a back flagged terrace sheltered by the wings of the library on one side and the kitchen on the other. It's furnished with white iron furniture upholstered in bright sailcloth and overlooks the lawn and the swimming pool, recently installed.

"We used no critical materials," exclaim all the Nelsons in one breath, showing the pool.

David and Rickey were in a dither. They couldn't wait to have the pool finished so they could swim and learn to dive but they hated to see the masons cart the construction materials away. They'd had fun with the neighborhood gang, sons of Ozzie's and Harriet's friends mostly, building forts with the cement bricks and sliding down the sand piles.

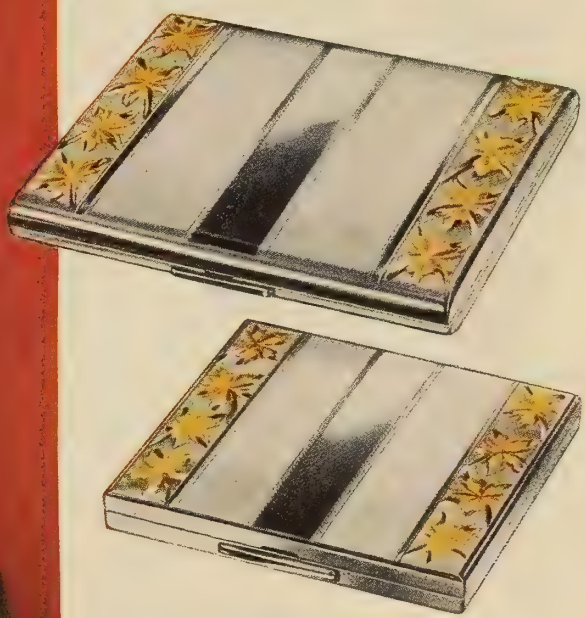
David is a stocky youth with little concern for any detail of his appearance save his beanie, resplendent with



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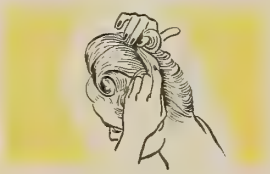
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How to fix the attractive hair-do above



First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo to bring out all its natural glossy lustre. Set hair in pin curls as indicated.



Take down pin curls. Roll hair over finger in separate puffs. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair more pliable—so ready to fall in place.



Finish rolling hair in puffs at side. Secure with bobby pins or hair pins. Kreml Shampoo is unsurpassed for every type, color and texture of hair.

the buttons which are his stock in trade in his swapping activities.

"I was lucky," he says, "in three cereal boxes in succession I got Superman buttons. Boy! What a swap deal I made—*two for one!*"

Rickey, minus his front teeth at the moment, is potentially a man of the world. You know by his smile and the debonair way in which he rolls one leg of his blue jeans—like all the other fellows but different too, somehow. Also by the intensity with which he both adores David and tries to hide this adoration of his brother from the world.

David goes to a special tutoring school; Rickey to public kindergarten. Ordinarily both travel by the bus which passes their corner. During the strike, however, Ozzie had to drive them. Immediately he deposited them in their respective schoolyards, he went back home to bed and slept, as usual, until noon. For he and Harriet keep the same hours they did when they were out with his band. They tried to readjust their schedule when they came to Hollywood and radio. But finally Ozzie said, "It's no use. We might as well relax and be happy."

IT'S Grace, therefore, who sends the children off to school normally. She's been with the Nelsons all through the war and although the house is fairly large she and Harriet look after it without any extra help, except for a laundry service.

"I'm not bad behind the vacuum," Harriet admits. "And I love to cook even if my repertoire is somewhat limited. I have a few recipes the family loves—like my pork chop special. We live simply. For dinner we'll have the pork chops, a green vegetable, baked potatoes and dessert —fruit rather than anything sticky. When Grace is out everybody helps clean the table and rinse the dishes. Then, after I've gotten the boys out of the tub and into bed, heard their prayers and read them a story, Ozzie and I do the dishes and talk about our script."

There's no luncheon in the house when the children go to school. Harriet has fruit and coffee when she gets up around eleven. Ozzie eats nothing until dinner. Late at night, however, when Harriet and Ozzie have finished working on the script they have a glass of milk and a sandwich.

Afternoons, while Ozzie plays tennis, Harriet keeps busy collecting laundry, taking clothes to the cleaner, shoes to the shoemaker and Davy to the orthodontist. Or shopping for an old print, a tureen, or a chair.

"My mother, who lives two blocks away, is our sitter," she says, laughing. "The extra room in her little house is fixed with twin beds for the boys. Her dog they think of as theirs. And she's fixed her garage—she has no car—as a workshop for them. David's and Rickey's eyes never are brighter than when, for one household reason or another, they're shooed over to Grandma's. Except perhaps when they're going to The Hitching Post, the children's theater down on the Boulevard, decorated in Western style, where the kids who arrive in cowboy suits park their guns at the door. They show Westerns and serials. David is old enough to go alone. Rickey has to be taken in."

"It's quite a sight," Ozzie adds, "to see parents crouching their way down the aisles trying, in the half light, to

figure out which of the hundreds of kids sitting on the edge of their chairs is their offspring."

"The show goes on for hours," says Harriet. "You really can accomplish a great deal while they're there."

Harriet's and Ozzie's bedroom, done in soft blue and chintzes with blue corduroy covering the huge double bed, can be shut off from Harriet's dressing-room and the rest of the house by sliding doors. Harriet closes them softly when she leaves Ozzie asleep in the morning. Her dressing-room, in which new novels and biographies and such crowd the table beside her chaise, carries out the same soft decor.

On the other side of the bedroom two rooms have been thrown together to make Ozzie's study. Beside Ozzie's desk a childish drawing inscribed "to DADD"—with the Y hanging over on the next line—is thumb-tacked to a screen. Rickey feels he could do much better now, but Ozzie is loath to take it down. There's a corner fireplace where they burn logs when the wind blows down from the hills at night. Curtains draw over the many windows. Ozzie's recording machine, on which he plays the records of the preview they do on Fridays with an audience, is encased in an old pine chest. Harriet found this when she was antique hunting.

THE first time Ozzie and Harriet play the records cut at the Friday preview, the boys listen. They're encouraged to protest any lines which aren't wholly clear to them or with which they disagree. For this program, invariably based upon incidents in which they've taken part, is definitely a family affair. Other children play their parts, because Harriet says she couldn't keep her mind on her lines if she had to worry about them missing theirs.

"After we've all listened to the record of the preview Harriet and I really go to work," Ozzie explains. "On Friday night, and from Saturday noon until late—sometimes it's 2 A.M. Sunday morning before we take the script to the mimeographer—we write and rewrite to get the show into final shape."

Down the hall from Harriet's and Ozzie's suite are the boys' rooms, adjoining. Here, too, inlaid lineoleum waxed to a smooth finish is used for floor covering. Candlewick spreads, easily laundered, cover both beds. And throughout there are light gay colors. The plaid paper of David's room, however, is almost hidden by pictures of airplanes; in flight, before hangars and on the field, while a large model plane is suspended from the ceiling. Beside David's bed there's a large shelf which can be raised or lowered like the upper berth of a Pullman. It holds an intricate maze of railroad tracks.

Harriet's ingenuity expresses itself again in Rickey's room. When Rickey wanted a blackboard to draw on and black slate was not available she painted a wide strip of black on a wall and bordered it with a cove molding, to hold the chalk and eraser.

All through the house there are signs of the good domestic as well as professional partnership begun back in 1932 when Ozzie decided he needed a girl with him on the bandstand, of the friendship they offer and receive, in turn, from their boys, of all the intangible things it takes to turn a house into a home—and it's very emphatically a home, this one in which Ozzie and Harriet and David and Rickey live so happily.

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke

A member of the old Colonial family from whom Rutgers University takes its name, Alice Rutgers Duke is active in the education program for wounded veterans. Busy young Mrs. Duke is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Results show right away," she says. "My skin feels softer... looks clearer and more alive!"

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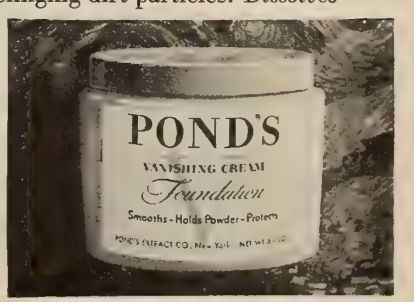
Cover your whole face and throat with a satiny white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave only your eyes unmasked.

Your complexion is being "re-styled"! The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens flecks of dead skin and clinging dirt particles. *Dissolves* them! After one minute, tissue off.

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 43)

pairs of white flannel trousers. These I ripped and dyed a bright red, and made them up into jumper outfits for four to six year olds.

In a report of a trip through England, our First Lady told how during a parade, a grateful English mother stepped down from the curb and impetuously grasped her arm. She said "I want you to thank some American mother for the lovely warm little dress she sent my Mary." Among the thousands of dresses sent over, I'll admit I had little reason to think that it might have been mine . . . but it *might!*

ANOTHER report from a charity worker cited the following: the blitz had been especially severe and in one first aid station lay a small girl whose family had all been killed, and who had been found practically buried in debris. The child, she said, lay in a stupor, refusing to let anyone touch her. The case worker, believing her asleep, remarked under her breath, "I wouldn't believe a child could be that dirty"!

Her eyes opened . . . no life shone from them . . . just the dullness of despair. "I guess you'd be dirty," she explained tonelessly, "if you had just been dug up"!

The aide knelt by her cot, offered to bathe the child, to feed her, but received the same treatment as had been accorded the others. "Go 'way. I want my mama."

"There was just one more approach," she told us. "So I went to the office and picked out the prettiest little dress that had come in . . . a bright red one . . . and carried it to her. Her eyes brightened. She sat up. In an awed whisper she asked:

" 'You mean I can *have* that dress? To keep?' "

Of course, you say, there were lots of dresses. Granted. But my point is this: if I hadn't made dresses, I could never have had even a hypothetical thrill from such reports. And further, the reaction of the two people mentioned would be typical. If one child responded under such tragic conditions to someone's loving gift, another child would; if one mother's heart beat high with gratitude, another mother's would.

Few people are so placed that they cannot do some little thing to make another, less fortunate, individual's life more beautiful and in so doing, the reflected beauty it brings into the life of the doer glows away out of proportion to the effort required in the doing!

L.M.S.

The Whistle-Bush

Dear Papa David:

The following letter was sent by a serviceman to his wife—

"I have been having fun with some very small English children from London. This place is out in the farming district and the London kids are far from being country-wise, of course. You probably know how to make whistles out of a maple twig by slipping off the bark, notching the wood and putting the bark back on. Most every Oregon kid knows how to do it.

"Well, instead of cutting the limbs off the bush, I made four or five dozen whistles on various limbs and left them right on the bush just outside camp on the way to the village. Now these children do not have toys, you know, and any kind of a whistle pleases them beyond telling. Imagine if you can what their reactions were when I told them I knew where a genuine Yankee "whistle-bush" was growing, and showed them this bush I'd worked on! I let them blow all the whistles till they found one they liked, then we "picked" it off the whistle-bush!

"YOU'D have laughed to see them running around the bush tweeting and whurping solemnly away, one eye on me all the time as though they were afraid I'd refuse to let them pick any whistles from my genuine Yankee whistle-bush. They haven't caught on yet as to how it was done and the fame of my native land groweth apace among the children here. Their eyes got big as dollars when they found the whistle-bush just as I said it was, and now they are waiting for more whistles to form! They won't be disappointed."

This is a true story—and I think a wonderful lesson in how beautiful life can be if you make it so.

Mrs. H. W.

To Take His Place

Dear Papa David:

My husband was killed overseas in 1944. Our ten-year-old son was all I had

left of what had been a happy marriage. He meant so much to me, and yet there was an emptiness in our home that only those who have had a home and lost it can know.

Last year a man became interested in me and we had several dates. I could see my son resented him, for he felt no one could ever take his father's place. Finally the man proposed, but I rejected him because of my son's attitude.

And then my son's playmate was killed—run over by a truck while riding on his bicycle. For days my Billy was inconsolable. He would accept no other playmate in Harry's place.

SEVERAL months went by, and one afternoon Billy brought a new pal home with him. I was so happy I couldn't quite keep from crying.

That night after supper as we sat on the porch, Billy spoke from the darkness. "Gee, Mom," he said, "it isn't as though I don't love Harry any more—it's more like I have to have someone to take his place. I—well, I guess now I understand about you and Joe."

That ends the story, except that Joe and I are to be married soon. I feel there is a good chance for happiness for the three of us since Billy has come to understand the necessity for *keeping on* in life no matter how dark a tragedy may stalk us. Mrs. H.C.M.

Of Man Toward Man

Dear Papa David:

Last year we were caught in the housing shortage and forced to buy a house. The only one reasonably priced was at the edge of a so-called undesirable part of town where the people were of a different nationality. Our friends warned us that we would have trouble. The children, they said, ran wild and would steal everything not under lock and key.

Despite these warnings, we bought the house and moved in. We decided the only way to treat our new neighbors was as friends and equals. So the first day I borrowed my neighbor's hoe, and the next day he borrowed my hammer. After that we were quite friendly and often chatted twenty or thirty minutes over the backyard fence. When those people saw that we didn't put on airs nor look down upon them, they opened up their hearts and homes to us. Their language and customs were different from ours, but true friendship is not handicapped by a mere difference of speech.

Most of them were very poor, and often we had to take a sick child to the hospital or bring out a heavy sack of groceries to some family that didn't have a car. Yet those favors were always remembered and returned.

The pay-off in down-to-earth kindness and friendship came one night when we had gone uptown to a movie. As we came out of the show, we saw the fire truck whirl the corner and start for our section of town. As we came within view of our house, we saw smoke coming from it, and expected to see it burst into flames any moment.

As we drove into the yard, a sight met our eyes that I'll never forget. Practically every man, woman and child in the neighborhood was running in and out of the house carrying water in pots, pans and buckets. The fire, which had started from faulty wiring, was nearly out when the fire truck arrived.

The fire chief looked on in amazement. "It would have gone up in smoke, if it hadn't been for these people," he said.

Then another fireman added: "Boy, you've got some mighty fine neighbors. To see something like this makes a fellow believe in the milk of human kindness."

Later I was transferred to another city and had to sell my house. We will never forget those poor, down-trodden friends of ours. Our few kindnesses to them were repaid a hundredfold. Our few months there were such a revelation in the goodness of man toward man that ever since we have tried to make the Golden Rule our guide to everyday living. D. B.

Bill's Story

Dear Papa David:

Do you mind if I tell Bill's story? You see, Bill is near Tokyo, now, with the occupation forces, but there was a time when it was doubtful that he would be living even a day.

BILL'S parents died when he was young—his father first, then a few years later his mother committed suicide after having been married a second time. Bill's step-father did not want him and his grandparents were not financially able to take him in. We used to let him sleep at our house when he roamed into town. For Bill had become a hobo at sixteen. Life was not happy for the lad and he brooded over his status.

One day, as he was climbing aboard a freight train, he decided to end his life. When the train started, he thought, he would "slip" under the wheels and have no more cares.

The engine gathered up steam and

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"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness!"

"Work Lux Soap's creamy lather well into your skin," says Evelyn Keyes. "Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. Skin takes on fresh new beauty as you pat gently with a soft towel to dry." Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



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Star of Columbia Pictures' "The Jolson Story"

FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

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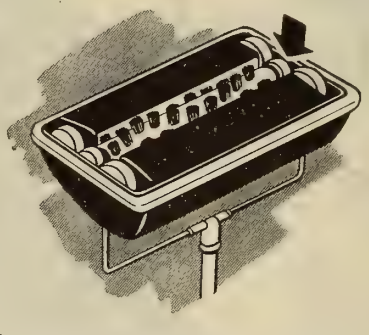
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Easier, Cleaner Daily Sweep-ups!



1. JUST HOLD the handle lightly— *don't press down at all!*



2. "BISCO-MATIC"* Brush Action does all the pressing down *itself!*

YOU'LL BREEZE through "BISSELL"* sweep-ups *easier than ever.*

And get carpets cleaner under beds and chairs—always difficult with previous sweepers—for new Bissells give the right brush-pressure on the carpet automatically—anywhere.

If you're called away from your sweeping, Bissell's lifetime STA-UP Handle *stands up straight* awaiting your return.

And dumping the dirt is the *easiest ever* with FLIP-O Empty, for a flick of your thumb opens the pans; they stay open till you set your Bissell down.

Beautiful new Bissell Sweepers with all these work-saving features— in limited quantities—at Bissell dealers only.

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with patented "Bisco-Matic" Brush Action

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the signals were given to start the train rolling.

Suddenly Bill noticed a tiny kitten meander onto the rails, and proceed to make itself comfortable on the warm steel. Idly, he watched it, thinking that it, too, was probably an outcast, no home, and hungry—and that it, too, would soon be out of its misery.

The train whistled, steam sizzled, and the wheels began to turn slowly.

Then Bill saw a man running toward the tracks. In the very moment that the rolling wheels approached the kitten, the man reached down and snatched it off the rail.

BILL said that the sun really came out for him, for the first time since his mother's death! If a man would risk injury to save a cat, surely there was someone on earth who cared for Bill! He climbed back down from the car, took another freight back toward home. Buckling down to a job, he found his place in the community and church, married a fine girl and has a lovely little family. Miss M.E.K.

A New World

Dear Papa David:

I was born in the mountains and was never in a city or town until I was sixteen years old. My father was a harsh, strict man whose word was law and whose heavy hand was always ready to strike if that law was not obeyed.

I was not a strong girl, yet I had to do the work of a man in the field as well as the housework. When I was fourteen I was married to the man my father ordered me to marry; a man almost as old as my father and who was just as harsh and ready to strike me as my father was. There was no pleasure or beauty in my life; just work, and fear and hopelessness.

After the birth of my tiny son I could no longer work. When I thought of my frail son slaving as I had done I could only weep and wish that both of us might die.

I was sitting by the window one day in spring watching the rain pour down in torrents, swelling the already flooding creek. As I watched the muddy water swirl down carrying logs and broken lumber I was amazed to see a cat swim to shore with a kitten in her mouth. As I watched she made four more trips across the raging water carrying a kitten.

Watching her, my eyes were opened. I had been a weak, unprotesting coward. Unlike the mother cat, I had not dared fight for my baby's safety and happiness. I helped the mother cat take the kittens to the barn and when they were warm and dry I went back to the house. I picked up my baby son and walked down the mountain trail to the nearest town. I was ill, exhausted, and cold with fear and dread. Somehow I found the sheriff's office.

And I learned just how kind people are, and how good. A home was found for me, a doctor, and clothes and food. I learned about the law and that I had rights. I learned too that both my father and husband, in spite of the way they lived, were fairly well-to-do. Money was secured for me, and later freedom from my husband. When I was able I went to a distant city.

At sixteen I started to live. A new world had appeared before my eyes like magic; a world of beautiful things, of books to read and study; a world in which there is no heavy hand to strike me, but a world of normal people who mix work and play and rule by love

and respect instead of a whip. My son is now a healthy, beautiful baby and my greatest aim in life is to see he has a normal, happy childhood and grows up knowing kindness and tolerance and the goodness of God.

Mrs. T. F.

A Piece of Paper

Dear Papa David:

Many years ago my life appeared so hopeless that it seemed almost useless to continue.

In 1927 I was stricken with a throat ailment; despite the discomfort I continued to work. But as the pain became more severe I had to quit my job and seek medical aid. I had a throat tumor that required immediate surgery and several weeks of hospital care.

I won't comment on the operation or my slow convalescence. Enough to relate, when I was discharged from the hospital, after paying all the bills, I was broke, weak, out of a job, and for some time to come would be unable to work. To prevent starvation, I collected and sold old newspapers.

I still owned the small cottage I lived in. However, it was not clear, and the next eight per cent interest payment on the $1000 mortgage was due in six weeks. I asked myself "could anything favorable happen during that time?"

A few days later I received a letter from Chicago. As soon as I noticed the sender's name, I suspected trouble. Quickly tearing open the envelope, I knew the worst. The wealthy holders of the mortgage were moving to Canada, and intended to convert all their American interests into cash. Therefore, under the circumstances they would be unable to renew the mortgage.

I had about five weeks to raise $1080, or find another mortgagee. After a month of fruitless effort I was a bitter and despairing man, and only a shadow of my former self. From 186 pounds I had fallen to 131½ pounds—six feet of skin and bones.

Then another letter arrived. "We will be in to see you after we have settled our affairs in Los Angeles." There certainly was no hope now. The little home, my last earthly possession, was going. It seemed to be the end. Before another week passed I opened the door to my expected visitors. It had been nearly five years since we saw each other. They stared at me, and looked beyond me as if they expected another person to appear. Then they must have realized, and an incredulous look spread over their faces. When I weakly replied to their solicitous questioning they both expressed deep sympathy and understanding. The man suggested that his wife and he take a walk to visit some old friends in the neighborhood. They would be back soon.

In about an hour they returned. It was a chilly December day, so we took our places around the log fire blazing in the open grate. Mr.——— opened the conversation, "Now before we tackle that coffee I noticed boiling on the stove, I want to dispose of some business." Reaching into a side pocket





Made specially for babies—ready-to-serve, rich in added iron and B complex vitamins

Back in Grandma's time, a popular food for babies was a gruel made from just plain barley.

Now, after three years experimental work in laboratories and infant clinics, Gerber's brings you this new Barley Cereal with all the improvements that modern nutritional research brings to raising happy, healthy babies. 1. Low in crude fibre, mixes creamy smooth for easy digestion. 2. Rich in added iron and B complex vitamins needed by most babies. 3. Made to taste extra good. 4. Pre-cooked and ready to serve—mix right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula.

Variety That Helps Baby's Appetite

Now that Barley Cereal has joined Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, you can offer your baby *more* variety. For many mothers will tell you that serving these cereals turnabout has a good effect on baby's appetite. The new Gerber's Barley Cereal comes in the half-pound yellow package with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label.

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

FREE SAMPLES

My baby is now.....months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. W11-6, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. W11-6, 49 Wellington St. E., Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address.....*City and State*.....

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he produced a sheaf of papers, withdrew one, glanced at it a second time, and tossed it into the flames. Instantly I saw what it was, and instinctively I reached for it. He pulled back my arm, smiled and commented, "Well, I feel sure there are three people, not far from here, who will have a very happy Christmas." V. E.

Like Our Own

Dear Papa David:

I have always said that I wanted a large family when I was married. I did marry and had five children, but only the first one lived to grow up; the others passed on when very small. For a time I became bitter at being robbed of what I felt was my greatest happiness. My husband became ill of sleeping sickness, then the flu, but finally he was restored to health. But the worry, work and grief were too much for me, for it was while he was so ill that we lost two of our children, a little boy and a little girl who passed on just a month apart. I nearly lost my mind and would wander around not caring what happened to me.

ONE day our little girl came to me as I sat with the tears running down my face. She put her arms around me and said, "Please don't cry, Mother, you have me and I will do all I can to make you happy." And then I woke up to the fact that we did have her and that we did have a lot to be thankful for. From then on I took more interest in life and our darling little girl who kept her promise and did everything possible to make us happy. When she saw me looking sad she would tell me a funny story or say something to make me laugh; we became great pals.

I could see that our little girl was lonesome for other children in the house so we decided to take children to board. Sometimes we have had six children at one time, all children deprived of a mother's loving care because of broken homes, some from death and some from divorce. Two of them had no parents, so we adopted them and they have grown up to be a great comfort and joy to us. One boy we took at the age of thirteen months and raised him; he is now twenty-five years old. No children could seem more like our own or be dearer to us and I have been too busy to think about myself.

We have taken care of over one hundred children. Quite a number of them still come to see us and call us Mother and Dad; some of the younger ones call us Grandma and Grandpa. We have one grandchild and will have another one soon, which is a great joy to us.

Just knowing that we were able to help so many children and give them a chance, has taught us that Life Can Be Beautiful. I want to add that very few of the children's parents were able to pay us anything for their board and care, but we didn't mind. Just seeing them happy and having the love they gave us, was pay enough.

I am not very good at writing and putting my thoughts on paper, but I am sure you will understand all I mean from what I have written.

Mrs. M. E. E.

What Nice Surprise?

Dear Papa David:

On August 9, 1934 a mine locomotive ran over me and crushed my one leg so badly that it was necessary to amputate it at my hip—no alternative.

I worried a lot, not having the assurance that I would be able to live and do things I had planned to do. I had been planning on marrying a swell girl, and when I was told that the company I worked for at the time of the accident would give me a job I would be able to do, we were married.

It would have been wonderful if our marriage had turned out as they do in story books. After ten years of married life and after God had blessed us with three lovely children whom I love dearly, my wife became dissatisfied with her life with me and, like many others, got a job in a defense plant and left, taking the children with her into an adjoining state. While there she became acquainted with a man whom she expects to marry soon.

When my wife wrote that she was divorcing me, I knew it must be God's will. Knowing that, I thanked God for the courage to go on through life without my family. I realize how useless my life would be without God to lead and guide me. I prayed that if it was God's will that I be separated from my children that God might give me some sort of an interest that would take my mind off my children. And the next day while working, my prayers were answered in a wonderful way. I met a boy, five years old, who has only one leg, and we have become great pals.

He has helped fill the place in my life and in my heart that was so empty because of the loss of my own children. I can try to do things that will give pleasure to my little friend, "Butchy," as everything is not so well in his life.

After all, my life now is very happy. Each morning when I awake I wonder what nice surprise God has in store for me today. Mr. H. W. L.

The Small People

Dear Papa David:

So much publicity was given the ones who took advantage of war conditions but there was little mention of the landladies who mothered the lonely soldiers' wives and helped them hold onto their home lives as long as possible.

WHEN my husband took me from the Army hospital where our first baby was born, the day was cold and we had a long drive home. We knew the apartment would be cold too because we couldn't risk leaving the heater on. I thought how different our homecoming would be if our families were near. But when we opened the door the lamps were lit, the heat was on and the little apartment was sparkling clean. There were fresh flowers on the table and supper on the back of the stove. As I stood there, all the cold and loneliness seemed to melt away. Later, the landlady ran in to see the new baby and to see if we found our supper. When we had to move on, we were very reluctant, because she had become such a good friend.

After many changes, we settled in the South for a while. We had a nice little house and it had a nice owner.

The day came when my husband was ordered to the last camp before going overseas. When we were loading the car, our landlord was there to help. He didn't think our tires looked very good so he wanted us to take his new tire, then ship it back when we reached our destination.

We declined but I thought to myself, "I guess I have never done a kind or a generous deed in my life, by these standards."

"I'm tellin ya, honey..
No Double Trouble
for us !!"



JACK: I'm givin' ya the real lowdown . . . every Mommy who wants her baby to have the smoothest, healthiest skin should be sure to give baby these *twin blessings* of Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil . . .

JILL: Works *double!* One: bein' *antiseptic,* Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, lotsa other skin troubles . . .

JACK: Two: Good-bye roughness an' dryness; Mennen Baby Oil helps keep skin soft an' smooth. Follow the advice of most doctors and hospitals, *double-bless* your baby with Mennen!

JILL: Us Mennen babies *smell so sweet.* Get Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder *now* to have on hand for baby's first day home!

4 TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER*

MORE DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER THAN ANY OTHER*

Twin blessings for Baby—

MENNEN





*Acc. to surveys.

FREE BABY BUNDLE!

if you're going to have a baby—

SEND THIS COUPON ➤

You'll get the wonderful free Mennen Baby Bundle containing: 1. New book of 2000 names, with meanings. 2. Generous sample of mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil. 3. Famous Baby Care Guide, latest instructions. 4. Perfumed sachet card for baby's layette. 5. Helpful Shopping List of baby needs. If you're expecting a baby, send coupon now.

P. O. Box 1133, The Mennen Co., Newark 1, N. J.
PLEASE PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY IN INK (This coupon will be used as your Baby Bundle label.)

Send me the Mennen Baby Bundle free. I expect a baby about:

Date.....
(Write approximate date you expect baby)

Name.....

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R M

Perfect
AS THE KISS THAT
SEALS YOUR VOW





A magnificent vow to share and fulfill a lifetime's dream is this pledge of your lips. Can the diamond that unites two people and radiates their love be any less perfect? You can be sure of such perfection only by selecting a Bluebird Registered Diamond. Fine color, full brilliance . . . every Bluebird is *guaranteed* perfect.

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55 East Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

When we arrived at our destination the orders were changed to a camp in the Middle West. I went on ahead to find an apartment. My husband drove up with another soldier. They came sooner than I expected and I had scarcely any food in the house, and the stores were closed. I was fixing a meager meal when our new landlady came to the door with a beautiful chocolate layer cake. Believe me, with that cake and hot coffee our meal turned into a feast.

It was from there that my husband went overseas. If I had been with my own family I would not have had more kindness and sympathy to help me over the first bad days.

I left for the coast in order to get a home started while my husband was gone. I stayed with a family who took care of the children while I worked. I would have to write another letter to tell of the wonderful things they did for us.

My husband is safely home now and we are getting started on a little farm. We have two children and hope to have more. When people ask me why I want to raise children in these confusing days when the good they are taught is disproved on every side, I smile to myself. I can tell my children things that will not be disproved. I can tell them about the real America, the hard-working honest people all up and down the country who are its backbone, yet seldom reach the headlines. The people who live by the creed, "Every man is thy neighbor."

Mrs. S. R.

No One Left Out

Dear Papa David:

I got married when I was twenty-three. My husband and I were very devoted. When we had been married two years we had a son. When our son was five years old his dad joined the Navy.

They were more alike than any other father and son I have ever known. John, my husband, had been across a year when he was reported missing. That like to have killed me. And I just couldn't stand the sight of my son.

He tried everything he could do to take his father's place but that made it worse. Johnnie, our son, knew that I just couldn't stand the sight of him and he just kept away from me. One morning when I went to make Johnnie's bed I found a note. It said, "Mother, I know you hate me because I look so much like Dad and he is missing. Mom, I have never thought Dad was dead. I have prayed every night to God to send him home, and I believe He will. Please Mom you pray too, Johnnie."

When he didn't come home that night I just thought he had spent the night with some of his friends. He didn't come home the next day so I got worried.

Then I realized that I had been wrong, that I loved Johnnie and he was the only thing that I had left. That night I prayed and prayed hard for the return of my son and husband.

The next morning the door bell rang. I went to see who was there and it was a boy with a telegram. I opened it and it was from John. He was coming home for good.

I couldn't think of anything for the next hour or two but the day when he would come home. Then it struck me that our little Johnnie was not at home any more. I just sat down and cried.

I was crying and praying that he would come home and I loved him more than I ever had, when someone started patting my head. I looked up and it was Johnnie. He told me that he just couldn't stay away from me. That he loved me even if I didn't love him. I told him about his daddy coming home and I told him how much I loved him. So we both began to plan for Dad's homecoming.

Today we are just so happy, the three of us. We go everywhere together. No one is ever left out of the others' plans.

Mrs. J. L. A.

There you have the letters for this month, as many as we could fit into the magazine. We wish we could have printed more.

It's a constant amazement to us, the number of letters that say, in a hundred different ways, that the things we believe about life and happiness are true.

And the more letters we get, the more certain we become that, hidden away in almost every life, there is some small memory that proves our philosophy better than anything we could say. Perhaps you can remember something like that yourself, an incident you experienced, a person you knew, a time in your life when you were suddenly able to grasp, beyond surface confusion and unhappiness, a fundamental beauty and order. If this has happened to you we are waiting to read your story.

LISTEN TO RADIO'S MOST EXCITING HALF HOUR . . . .

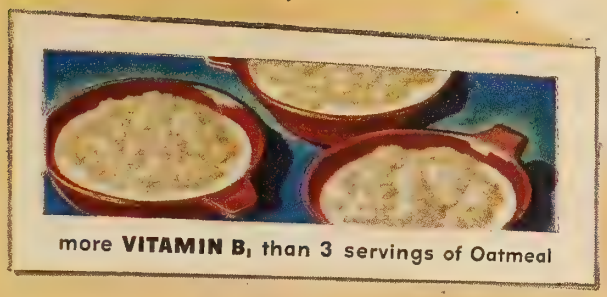


"True Detective Mysteries"

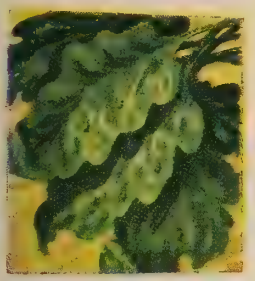
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Everybody is talking about "True Detective Mysteries" . . . the new dramatic radio show that has become an old-time favorite of millions of listeners. If you crave exciting radio entertainment, turn your radio dial to your Mutual Broadcasting station this Sunday and listen to "True Detective Mysteries!"

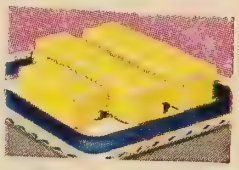
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more **VITAMIN B$_1$** than 3 servings of Oatmeal



more **IRON** than 3 servings of Spinach



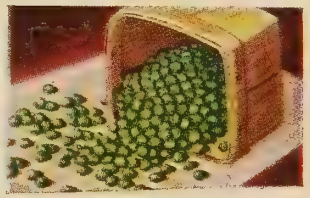
more **VITAMIN D** than 10 ounces of Butter



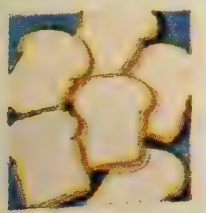
more **FOOD-ENERGY** than 2 dishes of Ice Cream



more **VITAMIN G** than 1 pound of Sirloin Steak



more **VITAMIN A** than 2 servings of Peas



more **NIACIN** than 6 slices of Enriched Bread



more **PROTEIN** than 3 eggs



more **VITAMIN C** than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice



more **CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS** than 2½ servings of American Cheese

READ WHAT YOU GET IN

2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE



Millions changing Vitamin habits!

FOR BETTER RESULTS THEY NOW TAKE VITAMINS THE NEWER OVALTINE WAY!

Of course, the reason you're taking extra vitamins is for keener vitality, better all-round health!

So why not get your vitamins this *newer way* that can do you more good? Why not get them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way?

The reason is simple—science knows vitamins don't work alone! They work best with other food elements—Vitamin A and Vitamin C with protein, Vitamin B_1 with energy food, Vitamin D with Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—*and you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk!*

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

And note—when you drink Ovaltine you not only get vitamins a preferred way—you *get much more!* High-quality protein, vital food-minerals, quick-acting energy food—things many people need as much as vitamins for vigorous buoyant health.

So if you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily give you all the extra vitamins and minerals a normal person needs for robust health.

Then why take chances with merely vitamins alone? Why not change to Ovaltine—get your vitamins the way they can do you more good, along with all the other essential food-values Ovaltine supplies!



FOR CLEAR-EYED MORNING FRESHNESS

Sparkling early-morning energy is reported by thousands who drink Ovaltine regularly at bedtime. One reason is—Ovaltine supplies food elements to build vitality—and it's specially processed for easy digestion so you can get the good from it during sleep.

A Song to Sing

(*Continued from page 29*)

And then, she was back at the broadcast the next morning. I came in a few minutes early, saw her standing in the long line of people waiting to be admitted to the studio. I edged my way toward her through the crowd, and she greeted me with a smile. "I've figured out how to see Mr. Waring," she said. "I watched where he went yesterday, and I think I can catch him in the corridor."

"Maybe it won't work," I suggested. "Maybe a lot of other people have tried it before."

Ellen tossed her head. "It'll work." She sounded almost fierce. "It's just *got* to. And something good is going to happen today; I just know it. I've got an appointment to see about a job at noon. Maybe I'll get that, too."

When the broadcast was over, Ellen was out of her seat and out the door before I could get to my feet. I went out with the crowd, and as it thinned in the lobby, I caught sight of Ellen down at one end near the control room door. This time she was talking to Bob Lang, Mr. Waring's public relations man. I knew that he'd tell her just what Miss Johnson had told her, and I didn't wait around to witness her defeat. Somehow, I didn't think she'd like it, and besides, I wouldn't have any time with her if she was going right out to see about a job.

That night I took the subway and then a bus to the little suburban town where her aunt lived. It was nice to get out of the city for a change, nice to see grass and trees, and the bright blooming patches of flowers in the dusk. I turned up the walk toward a pleasant white-painted house with a hedge of bridal wreath around the front porch. It was very much like my own home in Caldwell, and just the sort of place I hoped to have some day. I'd like it to be just like this, I thought, with Ellen opening the door for me, smiling up at me.

"Come in," she invited, "and meet Aunt Julia. Auntie, this is the boy I told you about—"

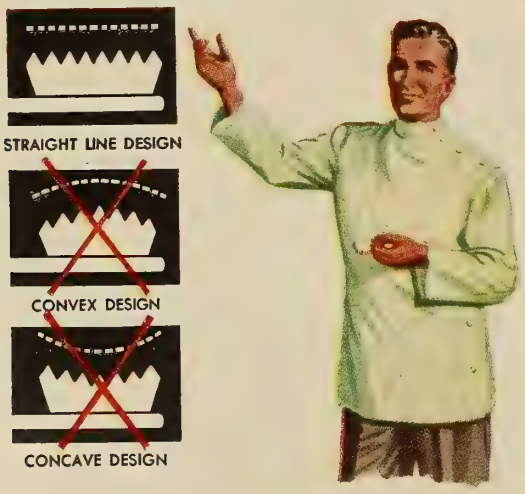
Ellen's aunt was a comfortably plump, middle-aged woman, not at all like Ellen except for her eyes and her smile. "I'm glad you came to see us," she said. "I think it's so nice of you to take an interest in Ellen's work."

That jarred a little. I couldn't tell her that it was Ellen, not her work, that interested me, but I did wonder what Ellen had told her, and what Ellen really thought about me. I still had the uncomfortable feeling that because she'd met me at the NBC studios and because I'd shown an interest in her song, she gave me credit for having a great deal more to do with the music business than I actually had.

She played her song for me on her aunt's little spinet piano, and then

Just this one design

Cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1



Dentists recommend Straight Line Design over all others in Nationwide Vote!

There are only 3 basically different brushing surface designs found among all leading tooth brushes sold today: straight line, convex and concave. When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Best!

Most people's teeth are *not* set in curved rows. They lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows that Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits *more* teeth *better* than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.



Every

Pepsodent Brush

has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend



4 thrifty ways to make your windows Beautiful

1. CLOPAY DRAPES are new, exciting, glamorous! Made of plasticized cellulose, they're miracle-low in price! Exclusive features are: Reinforced edges, automatic French pleats and Lintoned fabric-effect background—looks like linen! Gay, dashing designs: colorful stripes and floral patterns—rich-looking and really gorgeous! Complete with matching tie-backs, to fit any window up to 2⅔ yards in height. At 5 and 10c stores, neighborhood and department stores—as low as 98c per pair.

98¢ pair and up



2. CLOPAY SHADES will make any window sing! Attach to old rollers if you wish—no tacks nor tools required. Also complete on spring roller. They won't crack, curl, fray or pinhole. Amazingly low cost—about 29c for the average window. Priced as low as 19c, others 35c, 49c and up, depending on finish and size.

29¢ average window





3. CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS put sparkle into your kitchen, bath or bedroom windows! In fetching gingham patterns—or polka-dots—or gay strawberry design. Like Clopay Drapes, these 6-piece Clopay Cottage Sets are made from strong, plasticized cellulose. You've never seen anything quite so charming. Not yet available everywhere, but try your 5 and 10c store, neighborhood or department store. Only 89c for a set of six pieces—two tops, two sash panels, two tie-backs.

89¢ six-piece set



4. CLOPAY VENETIAN BLINDS are an amazing value. They're made of strong 3-ply fibre with a painted finish that's washable. Automatic cord-locks, and a simple, easy-action tilt. And they're so easy to install! For the average-sized window Clopay Venetian Blinds cost only $2.59—at 5c-$1.00, department and other stores.

$2.59 average window

CLOPAY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Beautiful windows at low cost!

Now available at leading 5 and 10c stores, 5c to $1.00 stores; department, variety, neighborhood and general merchandise stores.

Prices necessarily subject to change without notice.

Very personally yours



You walk briskly . . . your ears ringing with the cheers and the songs. You feel the glow you've always felt, ever since you first tucked your saddle shoes in a stadium blanket . . . and the world became an exciting pattern of pennants and chrysanthemums . . . tea dances . . . football shoulders. A world very personally yours, of going places . . . of being *young!*

That was when you promised yourself you'd *stay* young, always. And you do. Because you never let life's aggravations slow you up; or get you down. On problem days, for instance, you choose Kotex—for its miracle-softness—unfailing softness that gives you the extra comfort you'd expect from this napkin made to stay soft while you wear it.

Yes, and you choose Kotex for its flat, tapered ends that prevent revealing outlines. For that exclusive safety center, assuring extra protection. For the deodorant in each Kotex napkin; to safeguard your daintiness. And because only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

All designed to give you the comfort . . . confidence . . . young-hearted fun of living . . . that are *very personally yours.*



More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

looked up at me as if her whole career hung upon my approval. "I like it," I said, and it really wasn't too much of a lie, because I think I'd have liked anything that Ellen did. Watery compliment though it was, Ellen seemed as pleased as if I'd pinned a medal on her.

I didn't have to ask her if she'd got to see Mr. Waring, and as soon as we'd left the house and were walking to the bus, she told me about the job. "It was open," she said, " and I could have had it, but it didn't pay enough for me to live on."

I whistled when she told me how much they'd offered her. "I should think not," I agreed. "Isn't that pretty low, as salaries go these days?"

"Well, it's part-time work . . . but that's what I need. I can't work full time and write and take my songs around."

THERE were those songs again. "Do you think you'll find a part-time job that will pay any more?"

"I've got to, or I can't stay here, and I've got to stay, got to make good. I used the money that was my graduation present from Mother and Dad to come here, and I *won't* go back beaten. They made an awful fuss about my coming. You see, they wanted me to go to college this fall, and I've just got to show them—"

Of course. It was the old story—no one wants to go back to his home town defeated. And Ellen, especially—I was beginning to learn how fiercely, sensitively proud she was. And there's something about New York that stirs ambition, makes you feel keenly competitive. Maybe it's the feeling of constant bustle and change, of everyone hurrying to get somewhere; maybe it's because so many people are crammed together, elbowing each other in a small space; maybe it's the buildings, so close-crowded and tall, as if they, too, were trying to out-reach each other.

Ellen and I rode up to the observation floor of the Empire State that night, and peered over the parapet at the towering stone structures, at the street, so narrow and tiny and far below. "Oh, Mac," said Ellen, "isn't it just—just *breathless*? Doesn't it make you want to do something really *big*?"

I couldn't honestly say that it did. I'd been two years in Europe, and I'd seen other buildings—not as tall as these, but good-sized buildings—reduced to piles of broken stone. "I'm afraid not," I said. "I'm years behind on my education now, and all I want is peace and a chance to learn something, and then a job—"

She looked disappointed, and then she brightened. "But I forgot—you have a career. You're already started on it. And I know you'll make good, Mac. I just know you'll be marvelously successful."

She was completely sincere—but then, that was Ellen. Anything she believed in, she believed in wholeheartedly, unreasoningly, whether it was her own song, or a singer whose voice she'd never heard. She had stars in her eyes, and the glamor of bright lights and tall buildings, and if she was making me bigger than life-size in her imagination, I thought I'd better stop it right there. "I'm not so sure," I said. "I didn't start out with the idea of making a career of my voice. I like to sing, and I sing for the fun of it—and that's the way I think most music should be made. I began with the idea of teaching music, and I'd still like to teach. Especially in some small college in some pretty little town—"

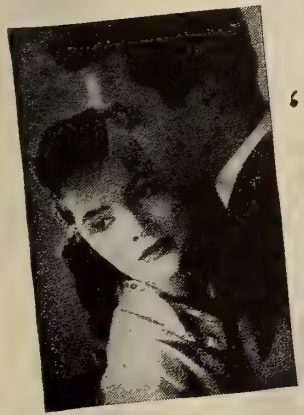
She wrinkled up her nose and laughed at me. She thought I was joking. She was eighteen, and I twenty-three, but there were more than five years between us. "It sounds nice," she observed lightly, "for someone who's too old to do anything else."

We went inside and sat down at one of the little tables next to the windows. From there we could see out over the whole city, clear to the Jersey shore. Superimposed over the distant, glittering view were our own reflections, shadowy in the dark glass. And pretty good reflections, too, I thought—I mean, pretty good together, Ellen small and dark and quick-moving, and I big and mild and slow. I was trying to think of some way to suggest it to her, when she started talking about her song. Now, it seemed, having failed in her second attempt to see Mr. Waring, she was planning a campaign against his office. "I looked up the address in the telephone book," she explained, "and I'm going up there tomorrow and the day after and the day after that until he sees me."

I had no doubt that she'd do it. "But why Waring?" I asked cautiously. "There are other bandleaders—"

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wonderful. And because I think he's sympathetic with young people and the things they want to do. He's made special broadcasts for schools . . . our school used to have them regularly."

She was right there. Almost everyone knows about Mr. Waring's interest in music education and all he's done to further it. But still I couldn't see him encouraging a teen-age girl to leave home for a song-writing career in New York. "Look," I said, "I know a fellow in the Waring office. I could show him your song, and ask him to pass it along—"

I said it just to keep her from conducting her own version of a sit-down strike in Mr. Waring's office. And for the first time she looked at me as I'd been wanting her to look at me—as if she thought I was the most wonderful guy in the world. "You will?" she breathed. "Oh, Mac! Will Mr. Waring be sure to see it? Do you suppose I can talk to him about it?"

That was exactly what I didn't want. I had a pretty good idea of what he'd say, and I didn't want to see her hurt, even for her own good. "Suppose we send it in first, and see what happens."

I HOPE I didn't sound glum, but I felt that way. It's no fun to be knocked breathless by a girl, and to feel that your chief value lies in being a listening post and a stepping stone in her career.

I gave the song to Bob Lang the next day, and afterwards I was glad that I had. Because Ellen didn't mention it again—seemed almost afraid to mention it, as if talking about it would be bad luck. We had a wonderful time together in the week that followed. Ellen's search for a part-time job didn't take up all of her days, and we set out to see the sights, from the Battery to Fort Tryon Park. We visited all the landmarks we'd heard about from the big ones like the Statue of Liberty and Grant's tomb, to the little, obscure ones, like the grave of the Amiable Child. We took the excursion steamer around the island, and followed a guide through the modernistic majesty of Rockefeller Center. Each night we ate at a different kind of restaurant—Chinatown one night, and then an Armenian place, and then a smorgasbord. . . .

At least, I told myself, if I never saw Ellen again, I'd have a lot to remember about her—her face at twilight across the table of a sidewalk cafe, her delighted laugh at our pictures ground out by a Broadway photomaton, her silent wonder on the ferry coming back from Staten Island one misty evening when the towers of Manhattan seemed to rise, not out of prosaic earth, but out of sunset-tinted clouds.

I proposed to her on the ferry. A dozen—a hundred—times in that week I'd wanted to tell her how I felt about her, and each time something had held me back. She was so young, just a kid really, and she'd forget about me the minute I left town, or when she went back to Mayville and to school. If she seemed to enjoy herself with me, to look forward to seeing me, I reminded myself that I mustn't build too much on it, that she'd have enjoyed being with anyone who would take her around that big, wonderful city. And I hadn't meant to ask her to marry me, that night on the ferry. I'd intended only to tell her how much I thought of her and to ask her to keep in touch with me. But the first thing I knew, I was saying that I loved her and wanted her

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with me for the rest of my life, and knowing that I meant every word of it.

It was the quietest evening we'd spent. All we did was to take the ferry to Staten Island, and then a bus ride through the countryside and the little towns of the island. At one of the towns we got off the bus and had sodas at a drug store, and watched a bunch of kids play ball under the arc light on a corner lot. Ellen was quiet on the way back; she didn't want to join the crowd at the bow as she usually did; we were part of the long row of people on the benches that lined the outer wall of the cabin. I was afraid that she hadn't had a good time. "Bored?" I asked anxiously.

She smiled up at me, lightly reached over and touched my hand. "Oh, no! I think this is the nicest evening we've had."

My heart swelled. I'd felt that way about it, too, but I hadn't dreamed that she did. And suddenly she wasn't a little girl any longer; her smile was a woman's smile, and her touch had been a woman's touch, calm and assured and reassuring, almost maternal. So there we were—rubbing shoulders with strangers to the right and left of us, and I was bending my head to Ellen's so that only she could hear. "Ellen, I love you—" I said it over and over again, and my voice almost broke on the words; still they were scant release for all the dammed-up feeling inside me.

HER hand touched mine again, closed firmly around my fingers. "I know. I love you."

I couldn't kiss her, not the way I wanted to, with all those people practically in our laps. We just sat there, looking at each other as if we'd found the answer to everything. And I think we had.

Outside, in the shadow of the big building that was the ferry station, I did kiss her. And with that, any remaining doubts I'd had were stilled. It was a woman's kiss she gave me, with all of a woman's warmth and promise and open-handed giving.

We sat for a long time that night on the steps of her aunt's house, planning our future. And then—that song came up again. "Just think—when my song sells," said Ellen in the midst of all my practical plans, "it'll simplify everything. I'll be able to help you in your career—"

I loved her for that, and I flinched at the idea of any woman's boosting me along, and I felt guilty because I hadn't told her what a good chance I'd already been given. "As a matter of fact," I said carefully, "I do have a sponsor. My training here is being paid for—"

I was relieved and a little set back by the way she took it, not asking any questions, but not paying much attention, either. "That's wonderful, darling," she said quite calmly, "but it may take years and years, you know. And if I can help—"

The best way she could help me was to go back to school for a year or two, so that I'd know where she was and wouldn't have to worry about her until I could take care of her. I tried to work up to it gently. "What course did your parents want you to take at college?" I asked.

Ellen dimpled. "Domestic science."

I said, "What!" I'd expected almost anything else—music first of all, probably.

"Domestic science," she repeated. "Oh, it isn't as simple as it sounds. There's more to it than cooking and

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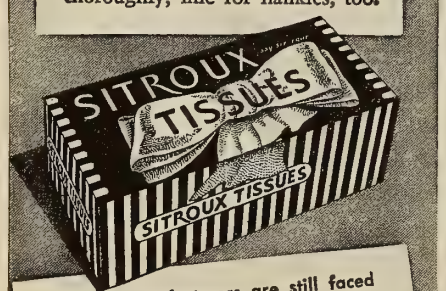
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sewing, although they're a part of it. You're taught lots of things—textiles, and management and purchasing, and you have to take a lot of subjects like biology and physics and economics before you're through. They're all things I'm good at, though; I know, from the little bit of them I had in high school."

I sat dazzled by the vision of a wife who was not only the loveliest and dearest in the world, but who could cook and run a house, too. "Sounds pretty good," I said mildly. "Why don't you give it a try?"

She laughed and curled closer, rubbed her head against my chin. "I've got other things to do, and you know it. Besides, darling, imagine—well, Tibbett—being married to a domestic science major!"

"Maybe he is," I said stiffly. "I don't know his wife. Besides I'm not Tibbett."

"You will be," she predicted. "Just look how far you've got already."

I COULD have told her that I hadn't as much as started, and that my life wouldn't be blighted if I never got to be a star of the concert stage. But I couldn't argue with her, not with her hair like silk against my cheek, and the scent of it in my nostrils, and all the wondrous sweetness of her in my arms.

That was on a Friday. The following Monday—well, Monday was the day Bob Lang had told me he'd let me know about her song. Ellen knew about it, of course, and early Monday morning she called me to tell me that she wanted to go to the Waring office with me. I tried to put her off, but I had no valid excuse to offer, and when she insisted, I gave in. I'd let Lang tell her, I thought; he's a big blond fellow with a persuasive smile and an even more persuasive voice.

He met us in the reception room outside the offices, shook Ellen's hand and said that he was glad to meet her, with a smile that left no doubt of it. "I'm awfully sorry we can't do anything about your song," he said. "You know, we don't—"

Ellen's face froze. "Did Mr. Waring see it?"

"Well, no," said Bob, "I don't believe he did. But—"

"I wanted Mr. Waring, especially, to see it."

"But Mr. Waring does not consider songs by amateur writers," said Bob, his voice gaining in volume. "In the first place, we don't use *any* unpublished music. Although we do have a small publishing house, it handles only college songs and certain specialized material. Sometimes, when a song comes into our office, and we feel that it has exceptional possibilities, we turn it over to our arrangers, Roy Ringwold and Harry Simeone, and ask for their recommendations. I tried to save you time by taking it directly to them—"

I thought for a moment that everything was going to be all right. Bob was holding the thin little portfolio out to her as he spoke, and Ellen's hands closed over it, accepted it automatically. And she was looking, if not convinced, at least amenable to reason.

Then the door to the inner offices opened, and Mr. Waring came out. If there'd been a place to hide right then, I'd have jumped for it. Because Mr. Waring was coming straight toward me, hand outstretched, smiling cordially.

"Well, Mac!" he greeted me. "Ready to start work with us this week?"

I gave him a hand that was like so much wet putty. I could feel Ellen

"Just between us girls— my beauty secret is STORK CASTILE!"



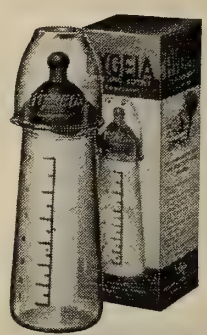
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look at me; a stone would have felt it.

"Ellen," I began, "Mr. Waring, this is—"

Ellen's voice was all ice, all determination.

"*Mister* Mason," she said, "sent a song of mine to you last week—"

He looked at her, and at Bob Lang, and at me.

"Well, suppose you come into my office, and we'll talk about it. Come on, Mac—"

I followed the two of them woodenly. At that moment I wasn't even thinking of what lay ahead for Ellen. All I could think of was the way she'd looked at me in disbelief and hurt and disillusionment, calling me a traitor with her eyes.

In the private office the three of us sat down. Waring spread the song on his desk, and for a few minutes there was silence, while he looked at the song and Ellen presented me with a view of her profile. Presently he folded the sheets, looked up at her.

"Why did you want me to see this?"

"I wanted the glee club to sing it. The glee club at school sang it in an operetta—"

"I see."

There was a silence. Then Ellen burst out, "You mean you don't think it's any good."

"DID you—until it was sung in this operetta, and the whole school told you how good it was?"

Ellen didn't answer.

"How many other songs have you written?"

"None."

"This is the first one?"

She nodded.

"In other words, you sat down and wrote it on the chance that it would turn out to be any kind of song at all. Weren't you a little surprised when it turned out to be a success?"

Ellen swallowed. "Well . . . yes."

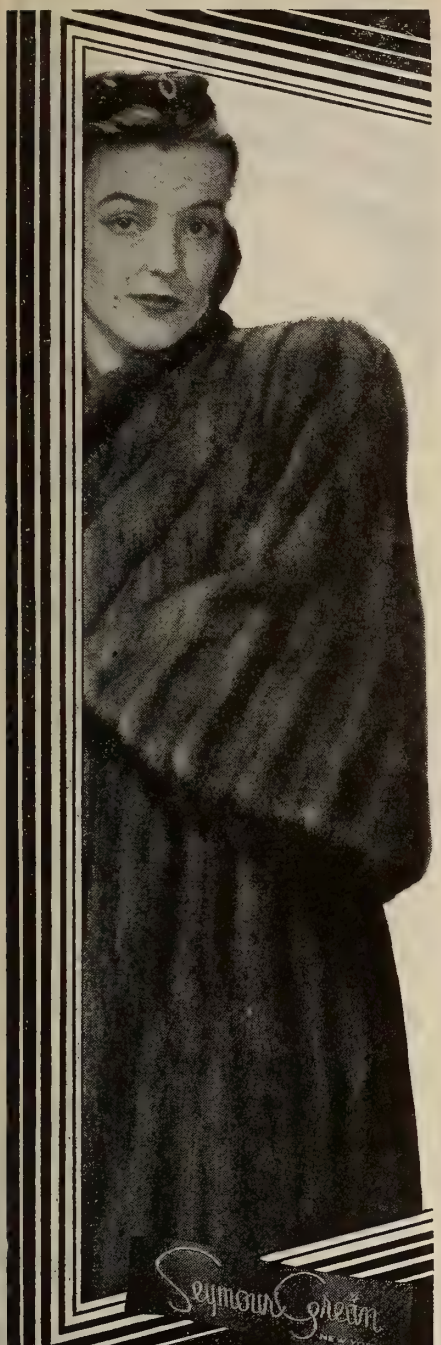
"I'd have been surprised, too, in your place." Suddenly he asked, "What do you suppose makes a song?"

"Why," she faltered, "I—"

"Hard work and study," said Mr. Waring, answering for her. "Years of it. That's why we don't encourage amateurs to bring in their work. In the first place, we feel that we can expect better things from professionals who know their job and who come to us through the regular channels, the music publishers. In the second place—well, if you were in our position, wouldn't you give first consideration to the people who earn their living at their trade—the professional writers, and the publishers and the publishers' men who make a business of selling the songs, the song-pluggers?"

He sounded so right and so reasonable that Ellen nodded in spite of herself. Then she burst out, "But sometimes amateurs do write successes—"

"Maybe," he agreed. "Although I'd venture to guess that by the time someone turns out a really good tune, he isn't an amateur any more. What I mean by that is this: I've a feeling that most really excellent songs are written from an idea a writer has had for a long time, an idea he's worked over in his mind and which has had a chance to grow and develop before he ever sat down to write it. About this—" He flipped open the first page of Ellen's song, flipped it shut again—"no—I don't think it's especially good. But then, I'm no judge. That's another reason we don't invite amateur material: I don't consider myself, and I'm sure our ar-



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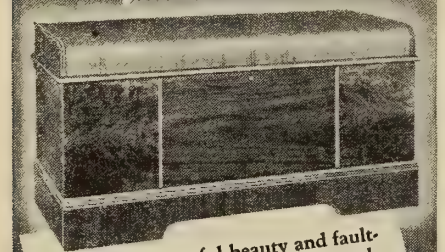
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Let the fine, graceful beauty and faultless workmanship of a West Branch cedar chest add distinction and charm to your future home. Its mothproof construction and *natural* cedar interior assures utmost protection for your most treasured possessions and fondest keepsakes. Model 7605AT (shown) equipped with Aeromold lid. WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

West Branch
CEDAR HOPE CHEST
The Present with a Future

rangers don't consider themselves, competent to pass on whether a song is good or not. That's a specialized art, and we leave it up to the professional publisher, who has spent a good many years learning it. Do you see?"

Ellen nodded miserably, her face a tight little mask of disappointment. I sat there and suffered with her, and wished desperately that I'd fallen in love with an adult woman instead of with a dreamy-eyed youngster who had yet to go through growing pains.

Mr. Waring was silent for a moment, considering her. Then he asked, "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Do you live in New York?"

"Yes." She added honestly, "I've just come. My home is in Mayville, near Chicago."

"If I were you, I'd go home and go to school, if possible . . . study music if you want to. And then in a few years, if you still want to write songs . . ."

That was about all there was to it. Ellen thanked him and shook hands, and we went out. Mr. Waring winked at me as I passed him, and I managed a kind of grimace that was supposed to be a smile. I couldn't thank him, although I knew he'd told her what she needed to be told, what I hadn't had the courage to tell her. But then—he wasn't in love with her, and I was.

IN silence we went out to the elevators, in silence rode down. In the lobby I found my tongue. "Honey, I'm sorry," I said humbly. "I should have told you. I mean that Waring is the man who's sponsoring me—and some thirty other fellows. I used to come to parties he gave for servicemen."

Of course, every word only made matters worse. Ellen marched on, a half-step ahead of me, her chin very high, her eyes wide and unblinking. As we came out on Broadway from the dim coolness of the building, the hot sunlight, the noise and colors of a crowded, traffic-jammed street struck us like a blow. Ellen stopped and turned on me, her face blazing. "I won't believe him!" she stormed. "Not a word of it! He was just talking, saying all the things that everybody says to try to discourage people—"

I felt sick, worse than at any other moment in that bad past hour. To have faith in yourself is one thing; to be unable to see and to face your own limitations is another. If Ellen was going to be one of those people who never face reality, who live always in dreams, there was no hope for her.

Then the anger went out of her suddenly, leaving her limp and spent-looking. "I'm kidding myself," she said, very low. "That song was an accident. It doesn't mean I can really write them. But, oh, Mac! I did so want you to be proud of me!" The last was a wail.

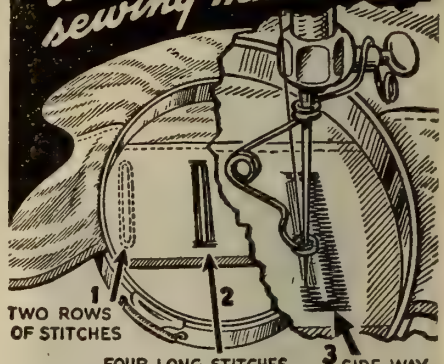
It hit me *bang*! She actually meant it. Knowing Ellen, I should have realized it before. She had started out with one kind of dream, and then she had fallen in love with me, and her dream of fame had merged with, had become a part of her dream of our life together.

"Listen," I said desperately. "Suppose I never get my name in lights. Suppose I go to teaching somewhere; suppose I can't even do that? Will you stop loving me, being proud of me?"

She stared, and then a light went up in her eyes; she switched like the wind. "Stupid!" she cried. "Why, I'd love you if you—if you dug ditches!"

They were the most beautiful words I'd ever heard.

New EASY WAY *Makes* BUTTON HOLES *with your own sewing machine!*



Darn Stockings, Mend Tears, Attach Zippers and Sew On Buttons, too!

NOW ONLY $1.00

Once dreaded by every woman, now button hole making becomes as easy as basting a hem with this sensational new invention! You'll get twice as neat results in half the time, too! Fits any sewing machine . . . attaches in a moment. Simple to operate. Comes complete with hoop for darning stockings, a button hole guide and easy directions in picture. Test at our risk now and realize a new thrill in sewing.

FREE NEEDLE THREADER. As a gift for prompt action, you will receive with your order the marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Don't wait but send your name today.

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER NOW. Just send your name and when you receive your button hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only $1.00 plus C. O. D. charges thru postman. Do this on the guarantee that if you aren't delighted in every way, you may return purchase for full refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage. Special . . . 3 for $2.50 NOW . . . Mail your name and address to

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Stop CORNS!

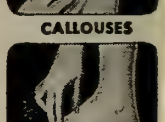


Instant Relief

NEVER wait! Immediately protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain vanishes—corns are stopped *before* they can develop! But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—instant-acting Dr. Scholl's will relieve them almost like magic.


CORNS, SORE TOES


CALLOUSES


BUNIONS

Remove Corns, Callouses

You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters.

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The *first touch* of Ambrosia on your skin—and you can feel the difference! Use Ambrosia to remove stale make-up...free the pores of beauty-marring matter; give your skin a chance to have that youthful appearance!



Send for Generous Sample! Write for Ambrosia Liquid Facial Cleanser. Enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover handling and mailing costs. Address: Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. B, New York, N.Y.

Nothing cleans like a liquid

AMBROSIA



Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 4*)

Moody. I started talking to him as Moody. Jack was so surprised he actually fell off the rubbing table."

Dennis, of course, did the character on the air and scored a personal hit.

The tenor has his own home in Los Feliz, near Hollywood and shares it with his proud mother and father. He is a bachelor and not too anxious to wed.

"I've got enough trouble with my new radio show. What do I want with a wife?"

One thing is certain though, Dennis insists, if and when he takes a bride she will not have any connection with show business.

"I want to be the only ham in the family."

* * *

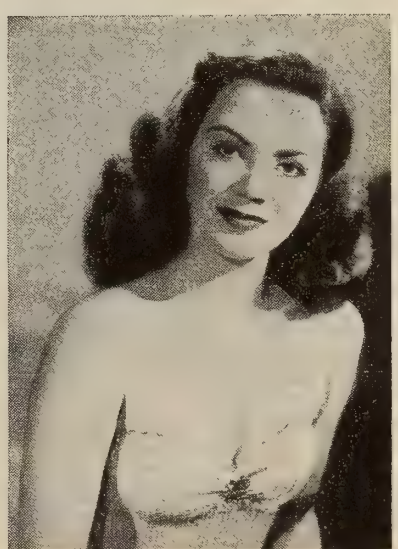
Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms have always been good friends. As a matter of fact when Dinah had to leave her show to visit her ailing father, Ginny substituted for her. But that may all be changed now. Both girls are working out new program formats this season. Both had their alert eyes on the lookout for new talent, and both wanted the new night club personality, Peter Lind Hayes. The bidding became hot and heavy but Dinah finally won out. If Hayes clicks on Dinah's show, Ginny might not be too happy about it, particularly if she hasn't got a suitable replacement.

* * *

Talking about feuds, the Tommy Dorsey fireworks with his former agent, Tommy Rockwell, were ignited all over again when the latter visited a ballroom on the coast partly owned by T.D., and the fiery trombonist did everything but physically throw his ex-associate out.

* * *

You probably won't hear Nelson Eddy on the air this Fall. His former sponsor replaced him with Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm and Nelson, being financially independent, won't take just any offer, insisting on a Sunday broad-



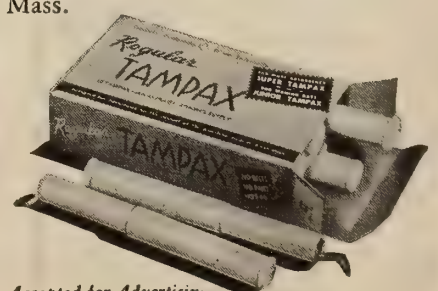
CBS's Holiday for Music has the voice—as pretty as she—of Kitty Kallen as a feature attraction.



"HOW does she keep up her pep and her spirits *all through* the month? Doesn't *she* have those depressing days too?" . . . Of course these smart, modern women have similar problems on "those days" each month, but many of them have discovered *Tampax* as a method of sanitary protection.

The first thing you notice about Tampax is its small size which permits it to be worn internally—in contrast to the bulky external pads with their belt-and-pin supports. Perfected by a doctor, Tampax comes with individual applicators and is made of pure surgical cotton throughout. It is easily disposable and simple to use. No odor forms. No chafing possible. No bulges or lines "show through" under your dress and you need not remove the Tampax in tub or shower!

A whole month's average supply of Tampax fits into your purse. The drug stores and notion counters sell it in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. Buy today—it's good for your peace of mind. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

NEW creamy, white odorless LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR



Leaves legs smooth, alluring

1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR Cosmetic lotion to remove hair



49¢ plus tax

At Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores

NEW SECURITY PLAN Pays HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

PROTECTS YOU IN CASE OF SICKNESS or ACCIDENT ANY HOSPITAL, ANY DOCTOR



COSTS ONLY 3¢ A DAY

In case of sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Policy Provisions.

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You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70 . . . without medical examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. BE PREPARED! Sickness and accident strike suddenly. Insure now! Send for free details at once. No Agent will call.

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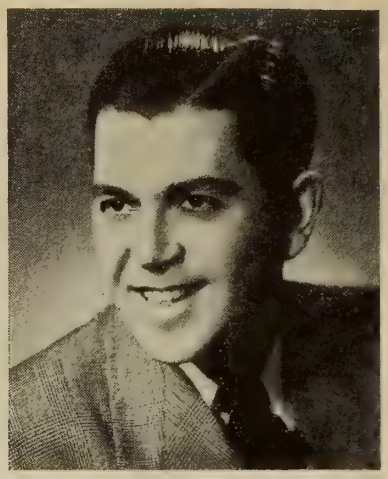
Identification Service Up to $100.00

Ambulance Service $10.00

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Dept. MC65-11, Wilmington, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....
Address.....
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Tenor Richard Paige has his own NBC show, and lends his voice to no less than seven other programs.

cast time and an orchestra of not less than forty-four musicians.

* * *

Desi Arnaz, the excitable conga drum king, may team up with his luscious redhead wife Lucille Ball in a new radio series.

* * *

Reaching the audition stage is a new series co-starring Harry James and Betty Grable, result of the radio marital clicks of Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard and the new Phil Harris-Alice Faye NBC combination.

* * *

Capitol Records have scored an important scoop. They have signed Paramount movie star, talented Diana Lynn, to record a set of piano solos.

* * *

Perry Como may change his broadcasting set-up come January. He desires a half-hour weekly show rather than three shows a week which he is now doing. Perry tells friends the current schedule interferes with his golf.

* * *

By the time you read this Al Jolson may be back on the air under big sponsorship.

* * *

Horace Heidt again scotched rumors that he was going to make a dance band comeback. He is devoting his entire time to running business interests on the West Coast, which include, of all things, a stammer-correction school.

* * *

Bing Crosby's transcription deal with Philco has started a rush of other sought-after radio performers for deals of a similar nature. Their advantages from such a setup include more free time and corporate setups to relieve their tax costs.

* * *

The Margaret Whiting-Bill Eythe romance has been punctured.

* * *

The late Fats Waller's wife was awarded a life income from the musician's estate.

* * *

Jimmy Dorsey will open the fall season at New York's Hotel Commodore.

* * *

Kenny Delmar, Senator Claghorn to you, will make phonograph records for Musicraft but will not be able to use his famous characterization on the discs.

* * *

Charlie Ryan, senior member of The Smoothies rhythm group, a proud pappa. Mrs. Ryan was a former Powers model.

* * *

One of the funnier shows of the new season is Henry Morgan's on ABC. The irreverent humor that won a large audience for his old fifteen-minute programs is even better taken in half-hour doses. You'll like Morgan.

* * *

Here's an inside story few know about. In the Columbia biographical musical film "The Jolson Story" Larry Parks plays the part of the mammy singer but, of course, it is actually Jolson's singing voice that is used. But there is one scene where you actually see the *real* Jolson as well as hear him. That occurs in the scene where Jolson sings on the old runway in the Winter Garden theater. Parks could not master this routine and the real Al Jolson had to step in and do it himself.

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden's favorites for the month:

TOMMY DORSEY: A distinctive arrangement of Kern's lovely "The Song Is You" paired with the familiar oldie, "Then I'll Be Happy." (Victor)

PEGGY LEE: Another contribution from a fine song stylist. Hear her sing "Linger In My Arms" and "Baby, You Can Count On Me." (Capitol)

LOUIS PRIMA: Plenty of bounce with "Vout Cowboy" and "Mary Lou." (Majestic)

CLAUDE THORNHILL: Welcome back after a Navy hitch is this fine pianist-arranger-bandleader, with a brace of tunes, "Night and Day" and "Smiles." (Columbia)

GORDON MacRAE: The fine young CBS baritone keeps up his fine record with "You Go To My Head" and "I Have But One Heart." (Musicraft)

HARRY JAMES: Dance music as it should be played with Harry's trumpet pacing "I Guess I Expected Too Much" and "And Then It's Heaven." Buddy DiVito is the vocalist. (Columbia)

PERRY COMO: Good grooving of "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby" and "Garden In The Rain." (Victor)

STAN KENTON: California bandsman tries to repeat his early hit with "Artistry In Boogie" and "Rika Jika Jack." Well done. (Capitol)

HARRY COOL: Dick Jurgens' ex-vocalist, now on his own, is well represented with this new disc, "It Had To Be You" and "Derry, Derry, Dum." (Signature)

KING COLE TRIO: The best rhythm group around now has turned out a whole album of hits. Recommended. (Capitol)

Hollywood's Sensational NEW Lipstick

Introducing a new kind of Lip Make-Up...
so S-M-O-O-T-H it gives your lips a lovely new allure!

FOR YOU, *Max Factor Hollywood* again creates something completely new and utterly different in make-up. Three lipstick reds for your type...Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red...correct for your colorings and correct for fashion. Think of it!..three exciting shades for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. These new exclusive reds are based on a new exclusive formula discovered and perfected by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Note the chart below. See for yourself the shades recommended for your type...then try this new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick today. See and feel the thrilling difference. In a modern-design metal case, $1.00



New kind of lip make-up...oh! so s-m-o-o-t-h

New original formula does not dry the lips

The color stays on until you take it off

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in
"SINBAD THE SAILOR"
An
RKO-Radio Technicolor Picture

THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE



	CLEAR RED	BLUE RED	ROSE RED
BLONDES	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

A NEW RAINBOW OF LIPSTICK REDS...

Max Factor • Hollywood

MIEHLE

Kitchen Successes FROM Pineapple Land

Imagination rules in the kitchen where these recipes were created. They're easy to follow and inexpensive—real "Kitchen Successes"—by Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist.



For refreshment, drink Dole Pineapple Juice.



PINEAPPLE-CHEESE ICEBOX PIE

Crumb Crust: Crush 4 cups corn flakes fine (makes 1 cup); add 2 tbsps. sugar, 4 tbsps. melted butter or margarine; mix well; press into 9" pie pan, reserving 3 tbsps. crumbs for topping. Chill thoroughly or bake 8 minutes at 375°. *Filling:* Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to ¼ cup cold water; set aside. In cold double boiler beat 3 egg yolks slightly, add 1 cup Dole Crushed Pineapple (syrup and all), 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 2 tbsps. lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar; cook over hot water, stirring, until thick; add gelatine, stir until melted, remove from heat. Put 1 cup soft cottage cheese through wire strainer, add to hot mixture; cool until begining to thicken. Beat 3 egg whites with ¼ tsp. salt; when stiff, gradually beat in ½ cup sugar, and fold into pineapple-cheese mixture. Heap in chilled crust, sprinkle with reserved crumbs, and chill 3 hours or longer. Serves 6.

DOLE RECIPE: 46-10.



PINEAPPLE CABBAGE SALAD

Shred crisp cabbage, not too fine. Heap on lettuce, arrange golden half-slices of Dole Pineapple as illustrated, and top with a strip of pimiento for color. Pass separately, cooked dressing, or this Pineapple Cream Dressing: Whip ½ cup sweet or freshly soured cream; stir in 4 tbsps. pineapple syrup (drained from the slices), 2 tbsps. vinegar or lemon juice, and ½ tsp. (or more) prepared mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper, also a little sugar if desired. Serves 4 or 5.

Love Needs No Reasons

(*Continued from page 41*)

wise for her to cut the apron-strings before he talked to her of marriage—well, things might have been different.

As it was, Lois defiantly and blindly picked University of Arizona. For the next year she threw herself into such a round of campus activities and dating that sometimes she felt like pinching herself and saying "Can this be really me?" Letters from Tucson to San Diego glowed with praise of Arizona's attractions and not the least of these were the sun-browned giants who posed with Lois in the snapshots she sent to her family—and to Art. Over and over he regretted his advice—yet, underneath, stubbornly felt that he had been right. Before he talked marriage he wanted Lois to be sure. He wanted to know that their love was something real and enduring. He wanted Lois to be on her own for a while.

It was fortunate that the torture only lasted a year, or radio might have lost one of its best entertainers. It's hard to be funny when you've got that all-gone feeling inside.

PALE and wan, Art met Lois coming home for the summer vacation. If that young lady had thought he needed a lesson, she had made her point. This time there was no casual talk of her going away from him, and he proposed as fast as he possibly could.

Lois had had enough, too. Arizona had been exciting, but she had never stopped loving that man. It had been a year of growing-up for her and, even though she dutifully asked her mother's permission to her marriage, it is quite possible that she would have married Art without it. She was a young lady now who knew her own mind.

Young as they were, there were none of the usual parental objections to their engagement. Her family had long since taken him in as one of them; Art had proved to their satisfaction, too, that radio could be a successful career. That summer he was Program Director of the San Diego Exposition's radio department and in the fall he was offered the job of Program Director of KGB—all at twenty-two! He was a young man going places.

He was also a man who knew his worth and, in spite of his young years, he asked $175 a month as his salary at KGB. The station countered with $150—and a raise to $175 at Thanksgiving.

So, in the fall of 1935, on Thanksgiving Day, Art and Lois were married.

The day was marked by an experience that would have sent most brides into hysterics. But Lois took it in her stride and thus proved herself a true radio wife, a partner to a man whose private, personal life would never be safe from public intrusion.

There was a young friend of Art's to whom he had sent a wedding invitation . . . a young man by the name of Bill Goodwin. A struggling radio announcer, Bill had not yet achieved his later fame that came with such programs as the Burns and Allen show—but he had already developed his own brand of impish humor. He read the wedding announcement over the air one night on his program, and urged his listeners to attend, assuring them they would be only too welcome.

They showed up—in droves. They were waiting on the church steps when the wedding party arrived. They filled



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Cushionized Furniture
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CHEERING ADDITION to any home is this new Kroehler furniture. Its beauty is breath-taking . . . its comfort superb, beeause it's *Cushionized.* Yet it's priced well within the modest budget. Ask your Authorized Kroehler Dealer.

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World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer



The Teens are Keen!

(F) No doubt about it, the teens *are* keen, and when there's a party cookin', the Park Avenue tumbler by Federal, is usually at hand.

(F) And why not! Everything about the Park Avenue's lustrous, lithe and spirited beauty just naturally appeals to the young in heart (of all ages). It's been given the glad hand by more people than any other tumbler ever made.

(F) Since the turn of the century, Federal-fashioned tumblers, tableware, beverage sets, occasional and ornamental pieces have graced millions and millions of homes like yours.

(F) It will pay you to look for the Shield (F) of Federal when you buy glassware. It stands for precision-engineered quality in smartly designed glassware whose matchless color, clarity and brilliance belie its very low cost.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY
COLUMBUS 7, OHIO



UTILITY *Glassware* *Fashioned by* **Federal**

ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE.

the chapel to overflowing. The ushers had their hands full and the lovely, blushing bride found herself being kissed after the ceremony by a bevy of cheerful, congratulatory people she'd never met in her life.

It was initiation for Lois and one she never forgot. While she has steadfastly kept herself always in the background of Art's public career, she, herself, is never thrown off balance by too-ardent fan letters to her husband, by persistent autograph-hunters, or by radio listeners who appear in person at the Linkletter home to meet their good friend, Art.

Art loves people, and Lois loves Art. And far from resenting his interest in others, the charm which he diffuses so freely day after day to his radio audiences, the long hours that take him away from her—Lois wouldn't have him any different. It is just this outpouring of his own good-nature and sense of fun that also makes him such a good father and wonderful husband.

In the first spring of their marriage Art was offered the exciting position of Program Director for the radio department of the Texas Centennial Exposition and there they went. They arrived in Dallas, Texas, in a broken-down old Dodge coupe with everything they owned in the rumble seat. When they had found an apartment and paid a month's rent, they didn't have enough left to pay for their dinner that night.

ACTUALLY, though, their married life has never been marred by the financial problems that so harass most people. Even in Dallas, as they sat supperless in their room that night, Art knew that in the morning there was his job waiting for him and an advance check when he wanted it. No, the Linkletter family has had its ups and downs and heartbreaks, but they have never been severe economic ones.

Back in San Diego in October, they found two offers of jobs for Art. One was a dazzling chance to jump right into a big Hollywood radio station as an announcer; the other was equally dazzling—as Program Director of the San Francisco World's Fair. Art consulted Lois and picked the latter.

It was a tough choice. World Fairs have a way of folding up after a few years and as a ladder to success San Francisco looked to have only one rung. But there were reasons for his choice, and Art has never regretted it. If he had taken the Hollywood post, he might today be a top-flight radio announcer—*of other people's shows!*

And that was just what he didn't want. Ever since he had been able to talk and hold a pencil, he had known the two things went together for him. He must be in a position to write his own stuff and say it, too. All through high school and college he had been training himself, consciously. At a time when most boys are thinking no farther ahead than the next Saturday-night movie, Art had set himself a goal and was working toward it.

He never let an opportunity go by for speaking or writing. He led assembly, he debated, he wrote a humor column for the college newspaper. He authored the college musical comedy "Pressure."

And, to him, the kind of responsibility thrust upon a radio Program Director of a big World's Fair would be the final, necessary polishing. No better training for an up-and-coming young ad-libber could be found than he experienced in handling the microphone at Treasure Island. He learned to handle any im-

promptu situation and handle it with aplomb. He got himself in and out of so many tight spots that he can never now be stumped for a word or phrase when needed.

Often, in the middle of a broadcast describing the glories of the Fair's exhibits, he would get a hurry-up phone call to bring the mike to the gates. A Governor was arriving—or a movie star, to be put on the air in five seconds flat without a rehearsal—or a foreign diplomat—and Art would have to invent the necessary protocol to cover the situation.

From this, and from his past experience at the San Diego and Texas Expositions, he learned to mingle with and know the American people. He uncovered their differences and their samenesses and he found he spoke their universal language—be they an Iowa farmer's family or a President's daughter.

San Francisco was a wonderful place to the young Linkletters. The zippy climate matched their own zest for living and their own drive for going places. Here was opportunity. Here nothing could stop them.

JUST the same, there were mixed feelings of excitement and trepidation in Art when he came home one night. He had a plan. He was sure—but how would Lois like the idea?

"I know I can do it," he told her, after he had explained his dream-idea to her. "But it's a gamble."

Her eyes were shining. "If you know you can do it, and I know you can do it—where's the gamble?"

And so it was decided. Art was going "on his own." The World's Fair was well-launched by now, so Art, taking his own and Lois' courage in his hands, up and quit. He opened a free-lance production office—from their home—and originated, wrote, produced, was master of ceremonies, and sold his own radio shows.

From the start the venture was a complete success. He did as many as twenty shows a week, sometimes, some of them dramatic, most of them ad-libbing. And the name of Art Linkletter began to spread throughout the radio world.

Meanwhile, Lois was having some ventures of her own. Arthur Jack was born November 25th, 1937; and his little sister Dawn, December 1st, 1939. Much later, in 1944, came along Robert, and a couple of months ago there arrived still another little Linkletter—a girl, Sharon. Girl or boy, it doesn't matter to Art or Lois. They love children and Lois is convinced Art would welcome a dozen.

By 1940 Hollywood was calling, insistently. Art Linkletter had become the fair-haired boy of radio now, and offers flooded in from Southern California. So once again, light-hearted, the family set out on its travels and headed for Hollywood.

But here the upward-spiraling success story of Art and Lois took a downward spin. The next year in Hollywood was just one of those inexplicable disasters that do occasionally strike for no reason at all. Everything went wrong—*everything.* Sponsors became as coy as debutantes and seemed to use whimsy instead of discretion in their manner of buying or canceling shows. If Art did get on the air, the broadcast was sure to land on a day and a time when the President of the United States was speaking. His programs were shifted or canceled without reason or rhyme. His newest, which he had originated—called People Are Funny—developed temperament troubles with another cast member.

Is your mirror ashamed of your skin?



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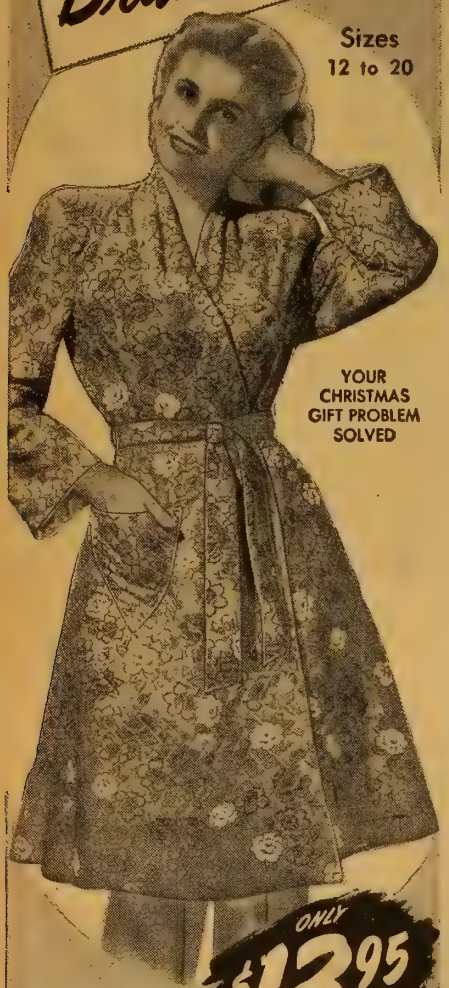
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Dept. HJ

And Hollywood, which had a while before held out its arms, now turned a cold shoulder. He had just as much to offer—he was just as popular with audiences—but he was "jinxed."

Fortunately a sixth sense had made him hold onto his favorite San Francisco program Who's Dancing Tonight? and he had commuted there every week to do it. So when he finally shrugged off Hollywood, he could still go back to the Bay City and pick up the pieces.

He did more than that. He never worked so hard in his life. He was like a man driven to prove himself, to prove to Lois and the world that one year of hard luck didn't mean he was through. Day and night, on big stations and small ones, in audience shows, in dramatic performances, as master-of-ceremonies, for four years Art appeared in every conceivable show he could find or write himself.

Lois' courage matched his own. Daytime she was never far from the telephone and in spite of the care of three small children and a home, she was always where Art could reach her by telephone for a word of praise or criticism. She listened to all his programs. She was—and is—his best and severest critic. He tested his new idea on her and if she said no good, it went into the scrap-basket.

In the evenings she sat in the sound booths watching and encouraging. Their hours were irregular but Lois was equal to both midnight dinners or early-breakfast shows. The home was her job and she did it well—but she refused to allow it to separate her from Art.

HER recipe for marriage is a simple one. Make a home for your husband and make him all-important in it. If she has to make a choice between her children—whom she adores—and her husband, it is always Art who comes first. "They'll grow up someday and have lives of their own and marriages. This is the only one for Art and me," she says, wisely.

And if their marriage has one distinguishing feature it could be called *lighthearted.* Asked often if Art is just as effervescent, just as gaily cocksure at home as he is on the air—Lois truthfully says yes. He has his serious moments, but never a blue one he can't talk his way out of. His humor is natural and unforced and is just as apt to break out over some incident with her or the children, as it is to send an audience into gusts of laughter.

Lois has never intruded herself into his radio existence. She prefers the obscurity of the sound engineer's booth to ever standing on the stage beside Art. And Art knows and respects her desire for privacy.

Only once did he break this rule. Lois was sitting in the front row of the House Party show, with some out-of-town guests. As usual, Art was wandering among the audience chatting with this one and that, when he spied her. He just couldn't resist—and suddenly he stopped short just in front of her, thrusting the microphone at her.

"Are you married, madam?" he asked.

Lois was panic-stricken. Nothing—nothing—was going to make her admit her identity—to force her into being the center of all eyes as Mrs. Art Linkletter! "N—no!" she stuttered.

"You aren't? Oh, yes you are!"

"I am not!"

"You are, too. You're Mrs. Art Linkletter!" For the second, outraged, Art had forgotten the audience. His own wife refusing to acknowledge him—and then the howling audience recalled him

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LANTEEN MEDICAL LABORATORIES, INC., CHICAGO 10

to himself. But he never again turned the spotlight on Lois.

In 1945 Hollywood called again. And this time it came humbly with contract in hand and a sign-on-the-dotted-line. Art's own show, People Are Funny, which he writes and owns with his partner, John Guedel, had become nationally prominent on NBC and it needed Art's own personality to spark it. And a new sponsor, through CBS, offered him a five-a-week transcontinental coast-to-coast show—the House Party.

That last week in San Francisco, Art had the time of his life playing Santa Claus. All the shows he had so painstakingly, tirelessly built up, he now tossed away right and left, like a kid throwing confetti, to one radio friend after another. But he was set now and on his way to Hollywood.

Have the Linkletters settled down at last? They have a lovely home, a life that affords them more leisure time for themselves and for being with their children, for the few close friends they enjoy. Well—maybe. Art's writing a book now; he just finished making the motion picture "People Are Funny" for Paramount Studios and he's had his first try-out in television. Maybe they'll stay in Hollywood—but they won't settle down. There's too much to do—too much that's important, and fun, and can't be sacrificed.

ART would like to make an occasional movie; write more books; go more and more into television. But his first and real love is radio and his real ambition is just to get better at it.

Lois has discovered in herself a latent artistic talent. She has helped design the interior of their own and friends' homes and she makes beautiful and unusual jewelry.

At night, when they come home from a broadcast or an evening out, they always step into each child's room and wake him to say goodnight. The fact that they can do this—that the children expect it and love it and can go right off to sleep again—is proof of the healthy, unregimented life the Linkletters live. Arthur Jack and Dawn and Robert know a mother and a father who are wonderful people—who are fun, who are understanding and tolerant—and they have learned to make adjustments to a Daddy who doesn't go to work at nine and come home at five as other Daddies do.

And there is that wonderful game that Arthur Jack and his father play. It's called "radio." First, Art invents a character and a situation and his son interviews him just as he would if he were on a stage in front of a microphone, and when Art gets the character into an impossible situation—they reverse roles and little Arthur Jack must get the fiction hero out of it.

The Linkletters have a unique record of all the children. Not, as other families have, a photographic record—but a phonographic one. Long before any of them knew the meaning of it, they were talking into a microphone. Their first words, their first sentences, their first connected conversations—all are recorded on black shiny discs.

And for Lois and Art, their marriage—which began, so oddly, an attraction of contrasts—has become a union strongly forged. Art has his roots and his family now. Lois gave them to him.

And in return she has had a part in the exciting, enchanting world of make-believe that is radio, and—if that's not enough—a love that has surrounded her always with tenderness and gaiety, with laughter and dreams.

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What About Television?

(*Continued from page* 19)

for sure what would make good video, but we were determined to find out.

Now, late in 1946, we believe we have put some valuable experience under our belts. Not only the matter of producing good shows, but, just as important, producing good shows economically, because top-flight video is going to cost more than radio entertainment of comparable quality, and commercial interests are concerned with the problem of buying the best at the lowest cost.

To achieve this, we have attempted with considerable success to discover which of the important radio shows on the air now may be adaptable to television. We tried the afternoon audience-participation show, Ladies, Be Seated, and that program earned the highest audience rating of any show ever presented from WRGB, in Schenectady. We tried our great public service feature, Town Meeting, and we won again. Then we lifted from radio the daily ABC comedy show, Ethel and Albert, and the video viewers liked that one, too. Result: instead of starting from scratch, with all the attendant headaches and overpowering costs, we started with entertainment of proved merit, and thus served a dual purpose—programming efficiency and economy.

But television must also provide adequate coverage of spot news and news features. Such attractions as the United Nations meeting in New York, the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, the National Aircraft Show, the Automotive Golden Jubilee in Detroit—all these were brought into the homes of our video audience to prove that ABC will not only build good programs but will cover the news-front as fast as the tele cameras can be wheeled about.

All this has been done here at ABC on the premise that, when fans ask us what we think of color against black-and-white or demand that we make similar predictions along the technical line, we may be a bit cautious with our answers, but when they want to know whether we are going to give them something worth looking at, we are prepared to return an emphatic reply. True, we are still learning, still experimenting. But we're leagues ahead of our 1944 starting post and our progress in programming during the remainder of 1946 and 1947 should become vastly accelerated. And the guiding word in our shop will continue to be—

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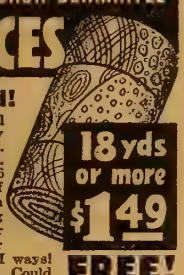
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Cover Girl

(*Continued from page 3*)

presented it to Margaret just before she headed for a Hollywood contract.

Maybe one reason for Margaret's continual open house is her childhood. She hails from Baltimore, Maryland. She is one of four bustling children born to two bustling parents—her mother a pianist, her father a jack-of-all-trades in the entertainment world. He was one of the first radio actors in radio history; he wrote songs; he authored the patter for Thurston the Magician. And under his gay and talented wing the four grew up.

Margaret was the actress of the four—from the age of six, when she acted in a grammar school play. One brother, "Ace," is just out of the Army and undecided about his career. The other brother, Lester, was the author of books on aviation until his death last year. The youngest girl, Janice, is—of all things!—a missionary, now working with an Indian tribe in the interior of Mexico.

As you can see, each child and each parent had different objectives in life. Margaret followed hers through Forest Park High School in Baltimore and Johns Hopkins University. While going to college, she worked at the May Company department store in Baltimore, as a window decorator and fashion coordinator—and very nearly wound up a buyer instead of an actress. But just before she went into the Life Average, she did a quick U-turn into the Vagabond Players in Baltimore. That led to Summer stock, then to Broadway—and finally to Hollywood, where she acted in the movies "Night of January 16th," "Sullivan's Travels," "The Glass Key," "They Got Me Covered," and "The Lady Has Plans."

But she is now back in New York, rotating between stage plays (her record: 4 flops this year) and radio—in which she is nothing but successful.

As far as radio is concerned, she most enjoys acting in My True Story programs. From an actress's point of view that's most understandable—where and how else could one get experience so varied as in a broadcast where she must alternate old characterizations with young, gentle, sympathetic characterizations with vixens?

You may know her by her dressing idiosyncracies: always a gold watch as her sole piece of jewelry; always flat shoes, in all colors; always tailored dresses—and never a hat. When she turned up at the studio to have her picture taken for Radio Mirror's cover, for instance, she wore a magnificent dress of cream-colored gabardine, accessoried with a wide brown belt and a huge shoulder-bag. And the flat shoes, of course.

And you may bank on her getting into the Milky Way of stardom. Want to know why? Well—she got her New York apartment, in the midst of the housing shortage, while she was on a trip to Chicago! Yes, she ran into her friend and fellow actress Virginia Gilmore. The two girls began moaning—Virginia wanted an apartment in Hollywood, Margaret one in New York. Then Margaret remembered that she had an idle 6-room apartment in Hollywood . . . and after that memory, to swap was easy.

That should give you the idea. Margaret may do things the hard way, but she does them. And if she found a New York apartment in Chicago, she'll find stardom anywhere at all!



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Cinderella, Inc.

(*Continued from page* 21)

daily become more necessary. An art school for Marilyn, for one thing. Marilyn has had her fingers in ink or paint almost since she was able to toddle. This summer she's been going to an art class at the Waterbury Girls' Club, but she's nearly twelve, and she should, soon, have really serious instruction.

And a bigger house—that's our dearest dream, one that sometimes seems impossibly far from realization. Our six-room Dutch Colonial, with its green lawn and beautiful scalloped picket fence, seemed perfect to us when we bought it years ago. It still does, but since our family has grown, it's fairly bursting at the seams. We need a workshop for Bud, where he can keep his tools and his paint cans and where he can putter when he comes home from the store. We need more room for the children. They're crowded enough now —what will it be in a few years, when the boys are half grown and the girls are in high school? Each year Bud and I have told each other, "Perhaps next year we can manage; next year we'll really make the budget stick and get a start on saving for the new house." And then the next year the doctor or the dentist or unexpected bills would snow under the dream of the new house.

I'VE helped every way I could, without sacrificing good living for the family. I've watched expenses, done all my own work, and I've always been useful with a needle. I've made most of the clothes for the children, and last Christmas I made toys for babies—little bunnies and dolls out of babies' stockings—and sold them. In January, when the last check came in, we added up the total.

Even I gasped at the amount. I'd worked long hours, many nights until after twelve, over those toys, but still I hadn't dreamed that so many had been sold.

Bud glowed with pride. "It's starting the year right," he said, "thanks to you. Maybe this time things really will begin to come our way."

And indeed, it seems as if they are.

Everything, big and small, has gone smoothly for us this year. There've been pleasant little triumphs, like Marilyn's posters for the Bunker Hill parade winning not just first prize, but first, second and third prizes. There was the big surprise of my winning a trip to New York for the letter I wrote to the Cinderella program.

I *had* to write that letter. Ever since I was married I've felt that my major task has been to keep my husband happy, my home in ship-shape order, and my children clean, healthy and happy. And a pretty good job I was doing, too, I thought, until suddenly Marilyn would make some remark like, "Mother, why aren't you helping out at the church supper?" Or Elizabeth would say, "Ellen's mother is president of the P.T.A. Why aren't you?" And even my husband, not long ago, said, "You should know more about what goes on outside the home."

At that I *did* feel a little like "poor Freda." Then I laughed, and told myself that it just went to prove that there was no chance to grow smug when you're surrounded by an alert and outspoken family. And they were right—I realized that when I stopped to think it out. I hadn't been out very much, hadn't done anything on my

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own since longer than I cared to remember. And how could I? I defended myself. My job isn't one you can quit when you feel like it. It doesn't allow for annual vacations.

It was then that the Cinderella program ceased being something to daydream over and became a very real—if only barely possible—answer. I sat down and in about ten minutes wrote my letter, explaining why I wanted the trip to New York. Words spilled off my pen. I told them about my family, told them that my family expected me to be a person as well as a wife and mother. I told them how much it would mean to me to get away for awhile, to rest and relax and regain my former self, how much it would mean to see new people, new surroundings. Why, I'd be gaining a world of knowledge I could transmit to my youngsters! In bettering myself, I'd be doing something for my family, and—yes, for everyone in our community.

I sealed the letter and posted it



I've got four sons and—like any parent—I want to see them lead a healthy, happy life in healthy, happy surroundings, whether they're at home or far away from home.

They're four good reasons, also, why I so strongly endorse the USO and the Community Chests of America. It's not hard to figure out that when everybody's kids get the chance to spend their energies wholesomely in youth centers and summer camps and when community health is guarded and improved,—well, that produces an atmosphere which makes you feel good about living. That's the kind of atmosphere the Community Chests are striving to create.

Remember, too, that for the serviceman who's a stranger in your town, the USO is a touch of home and the folks he left behind. What's more, the USO goes overseas, into far-off and inaccessible places, and into veteran Army and Navy hospitals to bring GI's there, too, some of the community atmosphere and friendly feeling we've come to associate with the American way of living.

So give to the USO and your Community Chest as generously as you know how.

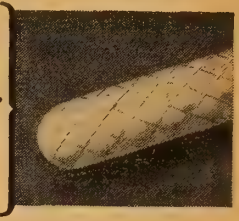
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FIBS have rounded ends

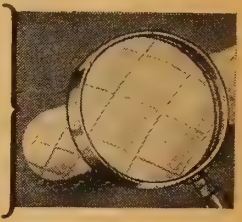
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←Style AA775W $5 ea. Both for $9



←Style AA808E

BRIDAL SET: Solitaire 3 Genuine Diamonds 10 Kt. Yellow Gold mounting . . . AND 3 Genuine Diamonds 10 Kt. Yellow Gold matching band.

←Style AA808W $5 ea. Both for $9



←Style AA897E

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quickly to WBRY, our local station. Then I forgot it, thinking that nothing would come of it.

The next week WBRY called me to tell me that I'd been chosen to be one of the Cinderellas. I listened in a daze while they gave me instructions, told me to come to the station the next day to have my voice tested. I hung up still not really believing that it was true. Bud laughed at me when I told him about it.

"Of course it's true," he said. "Why shouldn't they pick you? And besides—remember, this is our year."

I looked around at the familiar rooms—suddenly dearer than ever before; I thought of leaving Bud and the girls to cope with meals and housework and laundry for a whole month, and I knew a moment of cold panic.

"I don't want to go," I said miserably. "I just *can't* leave."

But of course I knew that I would, even as he reassured me.

THE next Thursday I was in New York. I was the first of the Cinderellas to arrive at the New Weston Hotel, where we were to meet. The others came later in the day—Marjorie Young of Poland, Ohio, a plump, pleasant looking woman with twinkling blue-grey eyes, Polly Phillips of San Antonio, Texas, tanned, fair-haired and forthright, and very young, very pretty little Jean McFee of Asheville, North Carolina. We all liked each other instantly, and we were soon chattering away like old friends. If there'd been the slightest hint of stiffness, volatile Mrs. McFee would have dissipated it. She kept interrupting her unpacking to run to the window and peer down into the street.

"Ah've been so excited all week," she declared in an accent thick enough to spread, "and you know—Ah *still* don't believe Ah'm really here!"

It was how we all felt.

And it was strange how the feeling persisted—for me, at least—through the crowded days that followed. We had dinner in our rooms that first Thursday night, and the next morning—oh, luxury of luxuries!—we were served breakfast in bed. Then, in the afternoon we were taken to the Iceland Restaurant, from which the Cinderella program is broadcast, to meet the Cinderellas whose four weeks were up that day. We were all scared, and sure that we'd have a fatal case of mike fright when our turn came to speak, but excitement, and the assurance of the departing Cinderellas, pulled us through. Four weeks ago they had been just like us—facing a microphone for the first time.

On Saturday morning, silver-haired, beautifully groomed Hanna Connor of CBS, who was to be guide, chaperone and confidante to us throughout our stay, started us off on a tour of the city. From a sight-seeing bus we saw the colorful shops and the narrow, twisting streets of Chinatown, and the shabby, once-tough section known as the Bowery, and then we went on downtown through Greenwich Village to the harbor, where the Statue of Liberty guards the meeting of the two great rivers and the sea. Uptown, we saw the solid gray dignity of Grant's tomb and the breathtaking span of the Washington Bridge, and the timeless beauty of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

We were all goggle-eyed, but the trip meant something special and personal to two of us—Jean McFee and

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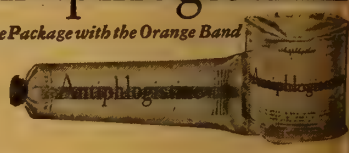
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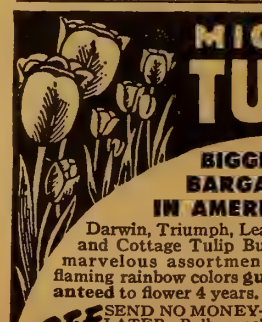
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me. Like me, Jean had been in New York before—for a few hours, when she was traveling through with her husband, who was then in the Navy. "We got in at five in the afternoon," she told us, "and of course all the big stores were closed by then. We did get to go on a tour of Rockefeller Center, but they took us through so fast I couldn't remember much about it afterwards. And that night, when we took a bus ride, everybody was very kind and tried to point out Grant's tomb and the Washington Bridge—and all I could see was a blob of black for the tomb and a string of lights for the bridge. Now," she sighed contentedly, "when I go home I can tell my husband I've finally got to see all the things we missed."

As for me—well, the trip included a visit to the Little Church Around the Corner. I was disappointed to find that Dr. Randolph Ray, who had married Bud and me, was away on his vacation. I had wanted to talk with him a little to tell him about Marilyn and Elizabeth and Edward and Robert. But it was a satisfying and heart-stirring moment when I stopped at the altar, where I'd stood with Bud so many years before, and realized anew how good, how blessedly good, all those years had been.

ON Saturday, too, we moved to the Hotel Victoria, where we were to live for the rest of our visit, and then we had what remained of the weekend to ourselves, for rest and shopping and sight-seeing, to get us used to the city and to accustom us to finding our way around.

On Monday we stepped into a whirl of activity that was a little like stepping up on a merry-go-round that never stopped. There was the broadcast every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. Bob Dixon, who conducted the program, was so genial and understanding and so adept at drawing us out, that we soon got over our first self-consciousness and were talking away, telling our experiences and taking part in the quizzes and the foolery, as if we'd been on radio programs all our lives. There were beauty treatments—our hair re-styled and permanented where permanents were called for, and facials and manicures—once a week at Charles of the Ritz. Polly and Marjorie and I emerged from the first one with our hair piled sleekly and curled high on our heads; Jean's long blonde bob had been cut short to a fluffy golden halo. She kept shaking her head, touching the shorn ends with her fingers.

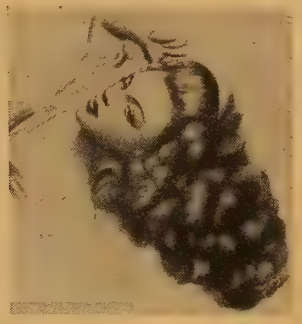
"Don't feel like myself any more," she said. "George said he might not know me when I came home again—and I'm beginning to think he may be right."

I looked carefully at myself in the mirror. My new coiffure was essentially like my old one, and I'd always prided myself on taking good care of my skin and my hands, on keeping myself well groomed for my family. But I had to admit there was a difference. I had a smarter, more finished look.

There were exercises and massage and steam baths twice a week at Reilly's gymnasium in Radio City. We accepted doubtfully the information that exercises were better than just plain resting when one was tired out from housework, but after the first treatment we felt so much better that we promised ourselves we'd follow faithfully the program outlined by Reilly's every day of our lives.

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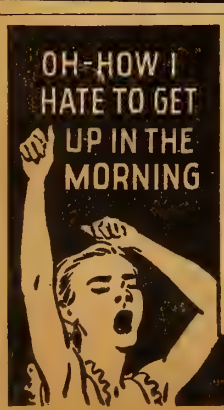
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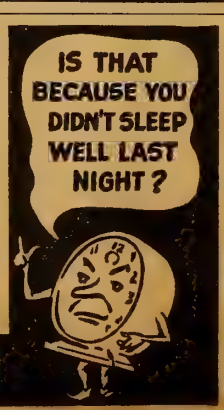
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MILES NERVINE

There were speech lessons from Professor Williamson, and lectures in interior decorating, and a trip through the Good Housekeeping Institute that was like all the home economics courses of school days rolled into one. We were outfitted with new hats by Florence Reichman, and dresses by Molly, and shoes from La Valle. It didn't matter, we agreed, which of us would win the grand prize—to be awarded at the final broadcast—for having benefited most from her trip; each of us *felt* so much different from her former self.

And the gifts that were showered upon us!—especially upon the one day each week when, in turn, our home towns shared the broadcast with us. Gifts for our husbands and for ourselves and for our homes, everything from wristwatches to electric roasters to bath towels—far too many to begin to list. Polly Phillips said that it was like having a whole month of Christmases.

"Imagine," said Marjorie Young, "being dressed up and going places every minute you aren't just sitting back and taking things easy. I'd always wondered what it was like to live that way, and now I know." By that time we had seen several shows—*Carousel* and *Born Yesterday* and *Show Boat*—and every night we weren't at the theater we visited a night club or a restaurant—Tony's Trouville and the Bal Tabarin and the Golden Horn, and the supper room at the Hotel Roosevelt.

I DIDN'T say anything. I felt guilty for it, but I still had the inexplicable feeling of not being wholly a part of things, of missing something. I didn't understand myself at all. Here I was, having my longed-for vacation, and one so wonderful that just a day of it would have been a treat to remember for the rest of my life—and I still wasn't whole-heartedly enjoying myself. Perhaps, I told myself, it was just too much to savor all at once.

Not the least of the good things was getting to know the other Cinderellas, learning how much alike we were and yet how different in our problems and the things we wanted. Polly Phillips spoke for all of us when she had no ambitions for herself—only for her family, for her husband, Ernest, and her two girls, Evelyn Jo and Mary Katherine. Now that they'd just bought the home they'd wanted, she said, one big desire remained to be fulfilled: Ernest wanted his own business, a watch repair shop. Jean and I listened enviously when Polly talked about her house. Housing was as scarce in Asheville as it was everywhere else, and what Jean wanted most of all was a three-room apartment for herself and her husband, George, and their eleven-months-old Malcolm Roger.

"We've been living with my mother," she told us. "She's been wonderful, but it isn't the same as having a place of our own. Maybe by the time George gets through school . . ."

George McFee, like many young veterans, was going to school under the GI Bill of Rights. And Jean, like so many young veterans' wives, was trying to get her life settled into the pattern of peace-time living. She had been sixteen when she had married George. She had worked two years in a war plant, and then had followed George's Navy travels until, toward the end of the war, she had gone back home to care for her invalid father and to await the arrival of her son. She seemed such a youngster compared to the rest of us; it was hard to believe



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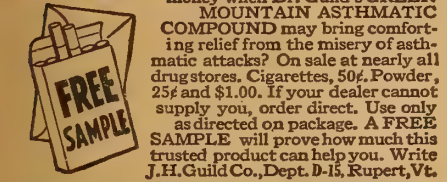


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sometimes that she'd carried so much on her slim shoulders.

Marjorie and Bob Young and their two boys, Larry and Chester, live on a farm near Poland, Ohio. Bob Young is a millwright who divides his time between his farm and his night-shift job, and Marjorie's days must be scheduled so that she can be with her boys when they come home from school and with her husband when he is home from work.

"It doesn't give me much time for myself," she told us, half amused and half wistful, "—or for my novel."

Marjorie was the talented one of our quartette. Injured by a fall from a horse, she had been an invalid for many years—years she had spent writing poetry and short stories, some of which she had brought with her to New York. She had, she explained, long since recovered from her accident, but she was afraid that she'd never quite recover from the bite of the writing bug.

YOU can see that New York in some ways meant the same things to all of us—a vacation from household routine, an opportunity to devote our time and our attention to ourselves, to see new places, new people. And yet each of us had a different and personal reason for coming. Jean McFee had wanted to see more of the city she'd had only a glimpse of when she was there with her husband. Marjorie Young wanted the help and the advice in regard to her writing that she couldn't get on her Ohio farm. Polly Phillips had wanted to come because her husband, in the course of his work during the war, had been sent to New York for a month at a time when she had been unable to accompany him; he had returned to Texas to talk so much about New York that she felt that she must see it, too, to share it with him.

It was on the evening of our second Monday in New York that I talked to my family. I'd telephoned Bud several times since my arrival, but always, as it happened, late at night, after the children were in bed. We four Cinderellas had spent the weekend on the Jersey shore, at Asbury Park. With Mary Pontario of CBS, we had rooms at the Berkeley-Carteret overlooking the water, and the hotel had outdone itself to make our stay pleasant. We returned Monday morning feeling pampered and deliciously sun-soaked and wind-blown—and all I could think of after that wonderful weekend was that I was back at the Victoria early enough to telephone the children.

They were bubbling over with questions—and with emphatic demands for presents from New York. Marilyn wanted a set of oil paints and canvas. Domestic Elizabeth wanted a Didy doll and a Taylor-Tot for it. My baby, Robert, wanted a scooter and a lawnmower—"one that really cuts, Mother," he urged. And Edward, in no uncertain terms, asked for a *real* machine gun. Blood-thirsty as he sounded, I knew what he meant. A *real* machine gun was no wooden facsimile, but a metal gun with a cylinder that turned and made a lethal-sounding chatter.

I hung up feeling choked, feeling foolishly close to tears. And then I knew what was wrong with me, knew why everything in New York was somehow not as vivid as it should have been. I was just plain homesick.

I didn't say anything about it to the other women. I guess I was ashamed to. We'd all talked endlessly about our homes and our husbands and our

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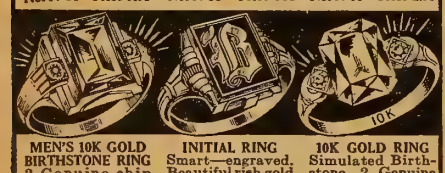
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children—but none of them had owned up to anything as silly and childish as homesickness.

Monday, too, was Polly Phillips' day—that is, San Antonio day—at the broadcast, and an especially hilarious time it was. We were all made honorary Texas Rangers and presented with lapel pins that were keys, set with brilliants, to the city of San Antonio. Bob Dixon whooped and made all the appropriate noises upon being made a Galloping Cowboy, complete with Stetson hat and cowboy boots and belt. Among our other presents were the makings of a Texas dinner—and a live steer. The steer arrived at the Iceland accompanied by a cowboy, and we were relieved to be told that it wasn't going to be reduced to beef on the spot; it was to be returned to a port in Texas from which it would be shipped to Europe as a present from the Cinderellas to the U.N.R.R.A.

We had dinner that night at the Roosevelt Hotel's supper room, and afterward we went to the musical comedy, *Call Me Mister*. And none of it—not the live steer, nor Bob Dixon as a Galloping Cowboy, nor the excellent dinner nor the quick-paced, really funny show—served to raise my spirits. I kept thinking of my house in Waterbury, and my green lawn with the scalloped picket fence, and of Bud, and of the children.

BACK in our rooms at the Victoria, we gossiped as usual before going to bed. And then, out of a little silence and apropos of nothing at all, I heard myself saying suddenly, "You know—when the station at home called me to tell me I'd won this trip to New York, I didn't want to come."

"Neither did I," said Polly Phillips promptly.

Jean McFee shook her blonde head, and her accent broadened as it always did when she was especially in earnest.

"You know what Ah did when they called me?" she asked. "Ah was doin' the washin'—and Ah turned off the washin' machine and picked up mah baby, and Ah just bawled!"

Marjorie Young's lips twitched in a little shamefaced smile. "I didn't want to come, either," she said. "I woke my husband up in the middle of the night to tell him so."

There was another silence—longer and more thoughtful. Somehow, the other women hadn't sounded as if they felt they'd been awfully silly in that last-minute panic before coming to New York. They sounded—well, as if they might be feeling exactly the way I was feeling. I made an even bigger admission.

"I'd go home tomorrow, if I could," I said.

And the others chorused longingly, "So would I!"

We looked at each other, and then we began to laugh, realizing all at once how foolish we were being—and how human.

"It just goes to prove," Marjorie paraphrased, "that you can take a housewife out of her home, but you can't take the home out of a housewife."

"We're the wrong crowd for a trip like this," said Jean. "We're all too much in love with our husbands and our homes."

Polly Phillips chuckled. "This is when my husband would say 'just like a woman.' Here we are—we're all having everything we wanted and dreamed about, and more . . . and we're all complaining and refusing to enjoy our-

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selves because we can't be two places at once!"

But I knew then that I was going to enjoy myself from that moment on, that I—and the other women, too, I felt—would surely live every minute of the remaining two weeks to the fullest. The little laugh at ourselves had cleared the air, had given us perspective. The thing to do about homesickness, we'd discovered, was to look it squarely in the eye.

They passed all too quickly, those remaining wonderful days in New York. Then it was the last week, and we made our last trips to Charles of the Ritz and to Reilly's, and then it was the last day. Marjorie Young's husband came from Poland, Ohio, and my whole family drove up from Waterbury to take me home.

The only trouble with a family the size of mine is that you can't hug everyone at once.

"The Lions' Club," said Bud, over the babel, "wants you to speak at a luncheon next week. And the Bunker Hill Women's Society—

I JUST nodded. I was too excited at seeing my family to think of anything else just then. They came to the final broadcast at the Iceland that afternoon, and sat at a table facing me. It was the most wonderful family in the world, I thought proudly.

I'm afraid that because of them I didn't pay much attention to the broadcast, exciting as it was in itself. We were introduced to the four new Cinderellas who were to take our places, and the final votes were tallied as to which of us had benefited most from our trip. Polly Phillips won first place and received a breath-taking list of prizes. Marjorie Young was second, Jean McFee third. Jean and I looked at each other and nodded as the winners were announced. We'd expected Marjorie and Polly to win. And Asheville had changed the name of one of its avenues to "Cinderella Avenue" in Jean's honor!

But one person was disappointed. "Mother," Edward burst out when I sat down with the family after the broadcast, "didn't *you* win *anything?*"

"Edward!" I gasped, and was about to remind him of the room full of presents at the hotel when Bud broke in.

"Did you really," he asked, grinning, "think that there was much room for improvement in your mother?"

I didn't need anything else to make my day perfect. Bud was teasing, of course, but he sounded as if he meant it.

Polly Phillips and Jean McFee and Mrs. Neumann of the Victoria and I stayed that afternoon to have dinner with Bud and the children at the Iceland. Marjorie, leaving with her husband, stopped to say goodbye and to repeat the promises we'd made to keep in touch with each other.

"I can't believe it's over," she said. "It—it's strange and sort of sad to think that it is."

I agreed with her, knowing exactly how she felt—and yet, somehow there seemed something more to say. I kept thinking about it all through dinner, and thinking, too, of the invitations to speak and all I'd have to do and everyone I'd have to see when I reached home—and all at once I understood. Our trip really wasn't over. Perhaps no experience that is genuinely important and valuable is ever really finished. Our Cinderella journey had already made changes for us; it would go on being an influence and an advantage all the rest of our lives.

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Little, But, Oh My!

(*Continued from page 6*)

great inches from your height. Because you're small, small prints and checks are meant for you as are small narrow belts, up and down stripes, straight rather than fitted jackets unless the latter are quite short or bolero in style. Dolman and full sleeves, very padded shoulders and skirts that are too full are also on your list of Must-Not-Wear. And the laws of proportions apply to your accessories too. No big bags, no large barbaric jewelry, but nothing insignificant either. With a full length mirror to guide you, even in choosing a hat, and a never-failing awareness of proportion, you can be and look important.

Now let's go into this question of charm a bit more deeply. Psychologists have, you know—they've considered the special personality problems of the small man, in particular, and have found that what a man may consider a deficiency in his height can be at the bottom of very serious maladjustments.

It's easy to see how such a thing would affect a man, in our culture where the ideal man is a tall, stalwart football type. It's not so easy, however, to understand the operation of such a complex in a woman.

But the personality problem does exist. A small woman may feel, subconsciously, that she is insignificant, weak, ineffectual. She may begin to raise her voice, in an attempt to command the attention she fears her appearance does not gain for her. She may develop a strut, an ugly chip-on-her-shoulder kind of walk. She may find herself always on the defensive, expecting people to take advantage of her and determined not to let them get away with it—watch a small woman in a subway or bus, during a rush hour, if you don't believe that! Or—and deliver us from this type above all others—she may become kittenish. The kittenish woman is usually one who develops her technique as a girl. All right, at that age—eighteen or so—it's more becoming. She can be coy and a bit giggly and get away with it, though even during those years it's not the most attractive type of behavior. But the chief danger is that habits developed then will hang on, and on, and on, long past the time when you have even a remote chance of getting away with them, until you're trade-marked as a fatuous creature who "doesn't know her age." Dignity and grace and smooth charm are the things you should strive for, and kittenishness, no matter what your age, should be shunned like the plague.

You just aren't tall, so let it go at that. There's no reason to feel second-rate because you're short. In fact, we don't see any reason to try and look taller than you are. Isn't it enough to be a perfect little person? The average American man is no giant so you'll have all the dancing partners you need if you're little—but oh, my!



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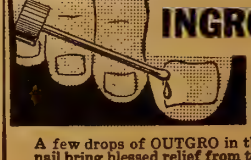
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Whitehall Pharmacal Company, New York 16, N.Y.

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PIMPLES



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TING is both fungicidal and antiseptic. It is a dainty, pleasant-to-use, non-greasy cream that kills certain types of fungi *on contact!* It may be just what you need to help clear up the skin condition that is bothering you. Even if other products have failed, get TING Antiseptic Medicated Cream today. Only 50 cents at your druggist.

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Half the Fun

(*Continued from page 50*)

Stuffed Beef Flank

2 lbs. flank of beef
1 to 2 cups leftover dressing
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
Bacon drippings

Have a pocket slit in the beef flank; stuff loosely with dressing (the quantity of dressing depends on the thickness of the meat and the size of the pocket). Fasten with skewers or toothpicks. Place in well greased shallow pan or baking dish. Rub with bacon drippings, dust with salt and pepper and roast in 350-degree oven until done (1 to 1½ hours). To prevent drying, baste frequently during roasting with equal quantities melted drippings and hot water.

Oyster and Dressing Casserole

1 quart oysters
2 cups leftover dressing
Liquid from oysters
1 tbl. butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Place half the dressing in a buttered casserole. Cover with half the oysters. Repeat layers with remaining ingredients. Pour on liquid. Dot with butter and dust with salt and pepper. Bake in 350-degree oven (about 45 minutes).

Creamed Onion Soup

1 can consomme or bouillon
1 to 2 cups creamed onions

Chop onions, not too fine. Combine consomme and cold water as directed on can. Pour a little consomme over onions and blend with fork to prevent white sauce from forming lumps. Gradually add remaining consomme and continue blending. Heat to boiling point and serve. If desired, pour over hot buttered toast and garnish each serving with grated cheese.

Turkey Baked Macaroni

For a really luxurious dish follow your favorite recipe for baked macaroni using these variations: Substitute diced turkey for half the usual quantity of cheese. Substitute gravy for half the usual quantity of milk. Add one small onion, minced and sauteed in butter. Bake as usual.

Fluffy Potato-Muffins

2 cups leftover mashed potatoes
6 tbls. milk
1 egg white, beaten
Butter

Break potatoes with a fork. Add milk and blend thoroughly to remove lumps. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Arrange in fluffy mounds in well buttered muffin tins. Dot with butter. Bake in 400-degree oven until well browned. Leftover mashed sweet potatoes may be served in the same way and are extra delicious if half a cup of nut meats are stirred in before baking.

String Bean Sauté

2 tbls. butter, margarine or cooking oil
2 tbls. minced onion
2 cups cooked string beans, well drained
Lemon slices

Melt butter in frying pan, add onion and brown lightly. Add string beans and cook until beans are heated through and starting to brown. Garnish with thin lemon slices dusted with paprika. Instead of minced onion, a garlic clove may be browned in the butter and removed before the beans are added.

Give me an EXTRA package... The wise housewife declared.



And then when COLD DISCOMFORTS came



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ADAM and Helen were young and fine—strangers to the sordid night life of the city. Yet fate brought them together in the "Silver Fox" where they both took jobs rather than starve. And there in the midst of frenzied night club gaiety and human corruption they found in each other the kind of love they were made for—honest, strong and beautiful. But Helen in her work as a hostess met Harry Fabian (one of the most loathsome yet fascinating characters in modern fiction) and become infected with his passion for easy money . . . began to dream of the security that comes from wealth and possessions. Adam, on the other hand, hated material success . . . wanted only to return to the creation of beauty as a sculptor. Could their love—strong as it was—stand this cleavage?

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REVLON'S "Ultra violet"

"Ultra Violet" Photo Fantasy by Cecil Beaton. Ultra Diamonds by Harry Winston

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Madly beautiful! Never before such a color! Violet? Like none that ever grew. Revlon created it! And it splurges matching lips and fingertips in splendour . . . transfigures your face with mystic-mauve powder! All with that very ultra Revlon "stay-on."



Face Powder, 1.00*

3-in-a-Match Box, 1.75*

*plus tax

Hear the Ultra Violet song!—colorful new recording of "Who'll Buy My Violets?"—sung by Columbia Records star Dinah Shore.

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RADIO MIRROR

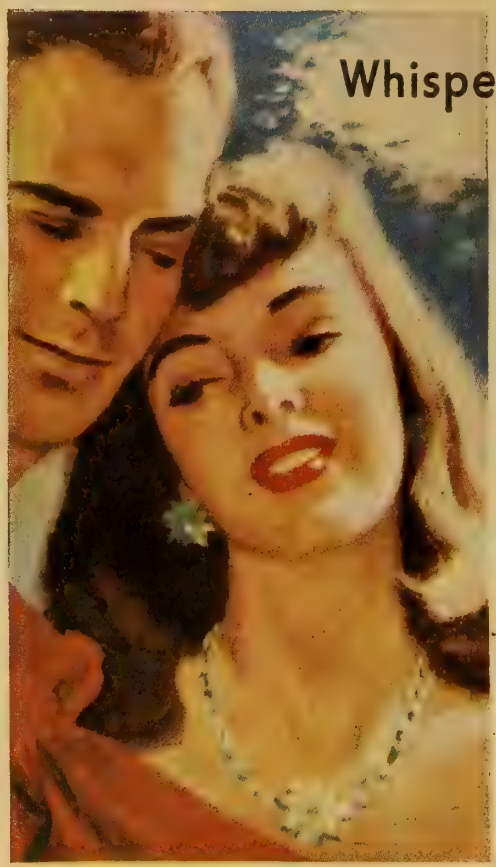
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Full Color Pictures—

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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS



Popular Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Face Powder, Talcum, in beautiful gift package. **$4.75**



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Handsome Dressing-table Set . . . Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum. **$3.15**



Perfume, Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Talcum . . . one of the most popular sets for Christmas. **$3.65**



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and Talcum, in beautiful midnight blue containers. **$1.85**



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Evening in Paris Perfume . . . **60c to $10.00**
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(All prices plus tax)

"How about a husband for Christmas, Sugar?"



GIRL: Why *sure*, Pint Size—why, sure! And how about handing me the moon, a million dollars and a sparkling smile, while you're in the mood?

CUPID: Are *you* kidding?

GIRL: Aren't *you?*

CUPID: Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

GIRL: *He* says! . . . look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

CUPID: *Maybe,* Baby, *maybe.* Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

CUPID: Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning *to see your dentist?* Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Massage. Gums again. I said it was my *teeth. Teeth,* Cupid. *Teeth!*

CUPID: Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *go to it,* Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!

never ignore "pink tooth brush"

For the Smile of Beauty
Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

DECEMBER, 1946

RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 27, NO. 1

Cover Girl



IF you're anxious to locate Mercedes McCambridge, it's easy: just look around New York City for a convertible station wagon with a brunette behind the wheel —who's obviously reciting a part! While she speeds she shouts in anger, murmurs in sorrow—and both hands gesture in tempo! That's Mercedes, all right. The same Mercedes you hear on Big Sister, Inner Sanctum, Grand Central Station and The Thin Man. Further statistics are that her curly brown hair is very short, her eyes are also brown, and she has an infectious grin . . . all of which explains why her "rehearse while you drive" ritual doesn't get her in terrible trouble with the New York police force.

You couldn't possibly find her except in her car or behind a microphone, because she has no home. She hasn't had a home for two years now, thanks to the housing shortage. For one year she lived (with her five year old son John) in the New York house of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wanamaker. But they finally sold their house, thus sending Mercedes scurrying into Connecticut to corent a house with radio actress Elspeth Erick. This haven only lasted a few months, though. So now Mercedes and son John are hotel - hopping whenever they aren't hopping into friends' guest rooms. Mercedes' husband and John's father? Oh, *he* has a home —he's a writer, busily at work on a book . . . in Haiti!

Mercedes hails from Joliet, Illinois. She was born on St. Patrick's Day; ever since then holidays have had important meanings for her. One Christmas Day five years ago, for instance, she was in Hollywood and of course on a radio program. She was due to be a mother any minute, but nevertheless, dressed in a flapping maternity dress, she staunchly recited "Tiny Tim" before an audience of 700 people. Her friend Bing Crosby improved the shining hours by rushing around NBC taking bets on whether she'd have her baby on the Red or Blue Networks. But she outwitted him. She had John exactly four hours after she finished reciting "Tiny Tim," and she had him in the proper hospital atmosphere.

Since he was born on Christmas Day, she found him a cocker spaniel with the same history. Named "Noela," he's been part

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ON THE COVER—Mercedes McCambridge, radio actress. Color portrait by Martin Munkacsi; story on page 2. Miss McCambridge's hat by Walter Florell; furs by Harry Trencher, Madison Avenue, New York.

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Your Cold... the part germs play . . . and precautions against them

***Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes*—YES.**

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



"Secondary Invaders" which cause much of the misery of a cold

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, gets a young member of his family off to an early musical start.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



On Sophie Tucker, her newest blouse, one that was designed and named especially for her.



It's Saturday nights at 10:00 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations, for Judy Canova's show.

BABE IN ARMS

THE veteran producer of the popular kiddies' show on WCAU, Philadelphia was as jumpy as an amateur. The big studio was filled with the usual mob of moppets done up in their Sunday bests and squired by anxious, anguished parents.

"What's the matter with you, Stan?" the engineer asked. "You would think it was your first kid show instead of your thousandth."

Stan smiled nervously, wagged a finger at the waiting announcer and the show went on the air. For almost an hour kids of assorted sizes and colors gave out as only precocious prodigies do. Then a freckle-faced, skinny kid with dark brown, close-cropped hair and deep brown eyes, sat down at the piano. He winked confidently at the producer and started to play. He played beautifully, improvising the melody with the authority of a true professional. He was easily the standout of the long show.

When the final chord melted into the microphone, the announcer had difficulty speaking over the thunderous applause. "Thank you, Elliot Lawrence," he said quickly, and breathlessly plunged into the final commercial announcement.

The producer grinned broadly, wiped his wet face with a damp handkerchief and then spoke to the open-mouthed engineer.

"Jack, you were right. I was nervous. You see, I had a right to be. That kid pianist is my son."

Stanley Lee Broza is still directing kiddie shows on WCAU, still discovering young talent like the Nicholas Brothers, the sensational Negro dancers, and Ezra Stone, "Henry Aldrich" to you. But despite the multiple talent discoveries he has made, his proudest alumnus is his own son.

For today, 21-year-old Elliot Lawrence and his band are on the road to dance band fame all in the short space of two years. Just recently the entertainment trade magazine, Billboard, in a poll of experts, counted Elliot's young group of musicians the third most popular band to come up since the war. They clicked in their first big league engagement, New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, spun a pair of best selling Columbia records, and have behind them a string of successful one-night stands and college dances.

This meteoric climb from the knee pants era in his native Philadelphia hasn't gotten Elliot off the beam.

"We're going after the college crowd, the kind of hep kids that want something different in dance music. It's the same appeal that helped start Glenn Miller," he told me one night between sets.

Lawrence mixes his music adroitly, playing mostly sweet stuff, broken by jump numbers.

"I think the fellows who have been away want to dance with their girls and put their arms around them tightly.

Are you in the know?



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ *A kingsize design*
- ☐ *A petite pattern*
- ☐ *Neither*

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too,* can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for *you.* What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.



For lip-appeal *plus*, should you—

- ☐ *Wear a sultry shade*
- ☐ *Use a lip brush*
- ☐ *Revise the shape of your mouth*

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra *protection,* Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

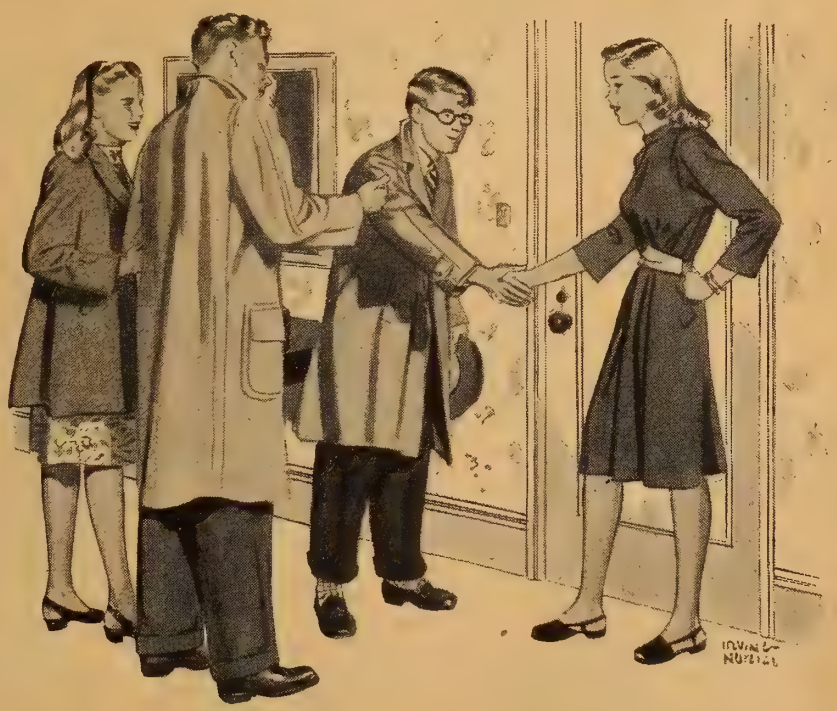
- ☐ *If it's more practical*
- ☐ *To show you're not stuffy*
- ☐ *Nay, nay, never!*

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ *Back out gracefully*
- ☐ *Make like a martyr*
- ☐ *Grin and bear it*

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it.* Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!





More women choose KOTEX

than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

R
M



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. *Your* hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! Watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

They don't want to be disturbed by hot music."

One of the basic things that has made Elliot's music different is the quite revolutionary introduction of symphony instruments into a dance orchestra.

Among the familiar saxophones and trumpets are French horns, English horns, bassoons, and oboes, blown by apple-cheeked youngsters. All this is paced by Elliot's own distinctive piano improvisations.

Unlike other bands, affected by turnovers of disgruntled musicians, Elliot has the six-man nucleus that started out of high school with him. His violinist, pert Rosalind Patton, started singing with Elliot when she was nine. She replaced another pigtail canary now a star in her right, Kitty Kallen.

Amazingly energetic and resourceful, Elliot has formed his own publishing firm, concentrating on originals by young, ambitious composer-arrangers.

"I know how tough it is for young composers and arrangers to get recognition from well-established music publishers. I tried myself," he explains.

Elliot was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania under the wartime speed-up two-and-a-half-year course. He won many scholastic honors but his biggest thrill was being invited to come back to his alma mater to play for the big interfraternity dance.

Unlike the more established maestros Elliot doesn't groan under a full schedule of one night stands.

"Sure it's rough," he admitted, "but how else can you come face to face with your fans and know what they want of you?"

Elliot first sat down at the piano at the age of four. A year later he was taking lessons. When he was eight he had infantile paralysis and was physically unable to resume his piano study for two years. He overcame the disease and then studied under Erno Balogh, concentrating on harmonies. At high school he organized his first band, calling it The Bandbusters; they got odd jobs around the Quaker City, earning the munificent sum of $1.50 a man. It was at the University that Elliot really hit his musical stride, writing college football songs, getting his band to play at student and graduate affairs.

Upon graduation his father helped him get the musical directorship of WCAU and when the band was given some full CBS network broadcasts, radio, recording, and music executives in New York and Hollywood took notice.

Elliot's younger brother, Stan, acts as personal manager, with their father playing the happy role of Counselor Emeritus.

Elliot's too busy to talk about romance.

"It's a thing that would interfere with my plans right now."

If all this wasn't enough to make Elliot a full-fledged personality, there will be additional acclaim when this winter Eugene Ormandy and the distinguished Philadelphia Orchestra introduce his Suite For Animals at a children's concert. About that work, Elliot is shrewdly reticent, thus:

"I don't want the dance fans to think I've gone longhair."

* * *

All radio row is still talking about Bing Crosby's spectacular transcribed broadcasting series, which, if successful, might have carloads of copycats next season, threatening the entire structure of network "live" broadcasting. The entire industry is following every move of The Groaner. Meanwhile, Bing revealed himself once again as a gracious guy and good sport. He refused to spot his recorded shots opposite his friendly rival, Frank Sinatra.

* * *

Speaking of Frankie, he is gaining stature every day and he is a far cry from the skinny singer of the swoon days. Recently in Hollywood he m.c.'d a very important political rally in Hollywood Bowl and held the vast audience spellbound with a stirring rendition of the difficult "Soliloquy" from the Broadway hit, "Carousel." A year ago Frankie wouldn't have dared to tackle the song in his own living room, let alone in the vast Bowl.

Frankie still has his whims, however. He likes to get certain personal things

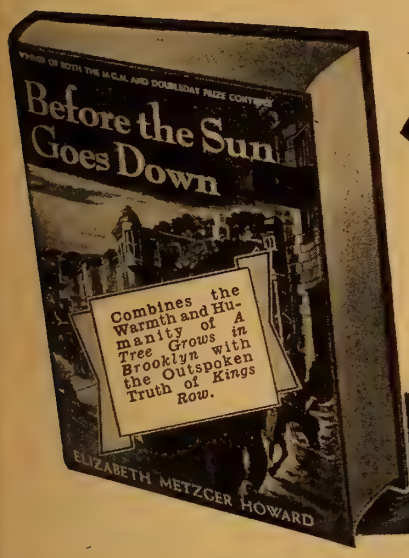


Write for booklet "ADOLA SECRET" — how to choose your bra and name of nearest dealer.
ADOLA • 31 W. 27 St. • N. Y. C.



Andre Baruch and Bea Wain (who is Mrs. Baruch) share a gay table with Singer and Mrs. Andy Russell (on the right) and their host Mark Warnow, at a party given recently by the conductor of CBS's Sound Off program.

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Free the year's $145,000 prize winning novel

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets—Yet Hid a Burning Secret of His Own!

DOCTOR DAN FIELD knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the scandals and the love affairs, the hopes and sordid regrets. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks in Mudtown—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together to learn the facts of life first-hand. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man!

This is the novel that tears the veils from small-town life, spotlighting the hidden fears and passions behind each family's door. And this important book of the year, which has won both the M-G-M award of $125,000 and the publisher's $20,000 prize, is yours absolutely free when you join the Dollar Book Club!



and ..as your first selection for $1..this best-selling novel of creole passion

THE FOXES OF HARROW

by Frank Yerby

In the "Wickedest City" in the World, He Built an Empire Out of Gunplay and Women's Eager Hearts!

FROM disgrace and the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city" in the world—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue, and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore his son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, who offered him a love which he spurned at first—then braved disgrace and ruin to get back! This is a gripping, million-copy best-seller, soon to be a spectacular movie. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* says, "Here are love and lusts and greeds, quadroon balls, voodoo, pistols at dawn. Fresh and fascinating." It is the book which the American reading public kept on best-seller lists for months—and it comes to you for only $1 as your first regular selection from the Dollar Book Club!

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THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB is the *only* book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only $1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail price. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of $1.00 each.

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Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called The Bulletin, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publisher's edition selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading The Bulletin, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each. There are no dues or membership fees at any time.

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When you see "Before the Sun Goes Down" and "The Foxes of Harrow," and consider that these books are typical of other values you will receive for only $1.00, you will realize the great advantages of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now.

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Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once "Before the Sun Goes Down" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection for $1.00 a copy of "The Foxes of Harrow."

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called The Bulletin, telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for $1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents handling and shipping cost.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

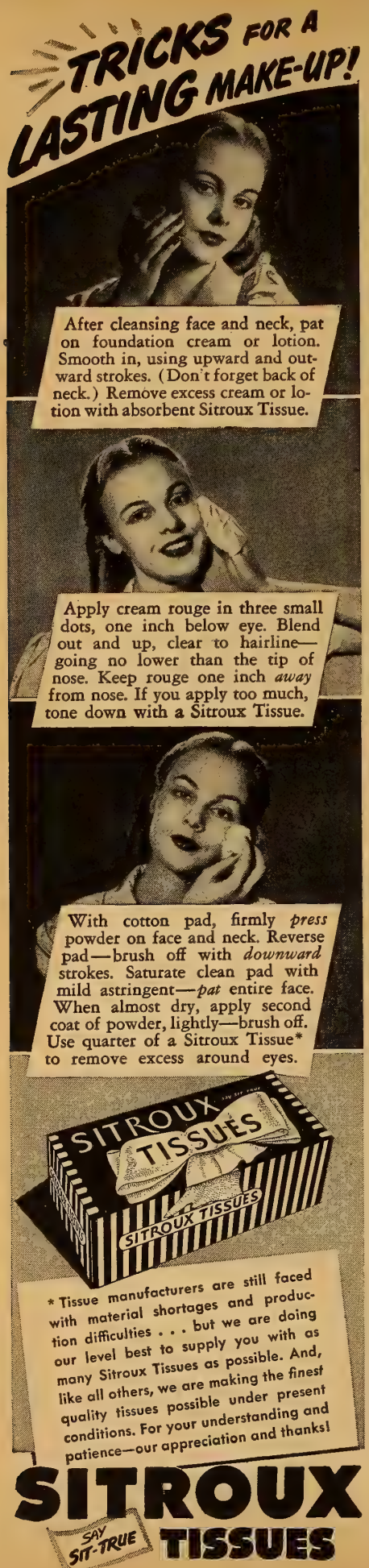
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*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

R M



done at odd hours. Recently his dentist was aroused from a deep sleep by a telephone call from his singing patient. Frankie wanted to drop over to the dental office for a few cavity-fills. It was 2 A.M. The dentist politely refused, set an appointment for a more normal hour.

* * *

Bing Crosby is not only a rabid baseball fan—he recently became a part-owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates—and a regular box patron at the Hollywood ballpark, but when at the games, tries out new tunes for his own amusement. Fans hear him singing to himself; later on the melody is publicly sung by Bing on his air shows.

* * *

Ginny Simms' new baby David is a real buster. He weighed in at birth at a plump nine pounds. All the infant clothes Ginny purchased before his birth had to be returned for special custom-made sizes.

* * *

Leonard Sues was suddenly replaced on the Eddie Cantor show by the veteran Cookie Fairchild. The young trumpeter is now toying with the idea of touring with the dance band he organized so successfully for a recent engagement at Ciro's in Hollywood.

* * *

How would you like to hear Mickey Rooney on the air regularly? Those who can swing it are moving heaven on earth to make it effective before the year is out.

* * *

Joan Davis may record an album of her famed parody songs including the now famous "'Tisn't Rain" take-off of "Let It Snow."

* * *

MCA, the world's largest booking agency for dance bands, is reported to be furious with one of its biggest money-makers, Harry James. Harry has turned down many lucrative theater and ballroom offers MCA lined up for him. The James boy prefers to remain in Hollywood with his beloved Betty. Can't blame him for that.

* * *

Freddy Martin was on vacation in Mexico recently and brought back a number of South of the Border tunes that he plans to stylize for American dance tempos.

* * *

Percy Faith, for many years brilliant musical director of NBC's Contented Hour, has given up the assignment, preferring to remain on the West Coast and concentrate on movie work.

* * *

Larry Adler, the harmonica virtuoso, is the proud papa of a baby daughter. Ditto for Donald O'Connor. Incidentally, Larry is trying to interest radio producers in his comedy talents. He's tired of being Little Jack Hohner.

* * *

Helen Ward, who used to sing so prettily with Benny Goodman's band, is now a production assistant at radio station WHN, New York, where curiously enough, her ex-husband, Ted Herbert, is a sales official.

* * *

Unless there's last minute sponsor signature, the air waves this season will be without John Charles Thomas, Jean Tennyson, and Nelson Eddy, a severe setback for serious music lovers.

* * *

Guy Lombardo copped another motor boat speed record at the recent Gold Cup Regatta. Another Lombardo enterprise, commuter planes for the Long Island polo set, is doing right well.



At New York's Copacabana, Frank Sinatra and Phil Silvers paid tribute to the late comedian Rags Ragland.



The brilliant piano of twenty-one-year-old Elliot Lawrence sets a lively pace for his orchestra, a growing favorite in the dance band field.

Florence Wightman, solo harpist at the Metropolitan Opera and ditto on several radio shows, ought to give up her harping and hire out as a "show barometer." She might as well start making money at it, because she serves in that capacity, willy-nilly, on the "Hour of Mystery" program.

Ken Webb, the director of the show, watches Miss Wightman's face all through rehearsals. He says that her facial expressions, which change in reaction to the script from moment to moment and action to action, are a perfect gauge of the way the audience will react. If she is amused during comedy scenes, the show is on the beam. If she becomes enraptured by dramatic scenes, Webb knows the script is foolproof. Webb means it, too. When Miss Wightman's reactions aren't what they should be, the script gets a thorough revise.

* * *

Lovely Patti Clayton and her producer-director husband are busy these days putting the finishing touches to Patti's dream house— a rambling stone place complete with water wheel and just fifty miles from New York. Patti has a flair for decorating and she's been doing the whole place herself, with husband Ace Ochs.

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden's Favorites for the month:

DINAH SHORE: "You Keep Coming Back Like A Song" by Irvin Berlin is a number that might reach hit proportions and Dinah gives it insurance, pairing it with "It's Gonna Depend on the Way That The Wind Blows." (Columbia)

TEX BENEKE-GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA: A dance-tingling grooving of "The Woodchuck Song" and the French importation "Passe." (Victor)

LOUIS PRIMA: A new treatment of two oldies, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "You Call It Madness." (Majestic)

COUNT BASIE: Solid sending with "The King" and "Blue Skies." (Columbia)

MEMORY WALTZ ALBUM: Exquisitely performed album (Capitol) of memorable waltzes, including "Three O'Clock In The Morning," "Wonderful One" and "One Night of Love" with Frank De Vol's orchestra.

CLAUDE THORNHILL: Distinctive dance tempos accentuating lovely melodies found in "Under the Willow Tree" and "Twilight Song." Good vocals by Buddy Hughes.

BOBBY SHERWOOD: Serious rug-cutting in "Sherwood Forest" and "Least That's My Opinion." (Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA: The Voice scores with "The Coffee Song" and "Things We Did Last Summer." (Columbia)

BETTY HUTTON: Gets in the groove with "Walking Away With My Heart" and "What Did You Put In That Kiss?" (Victor)

LOUANNE HOGAN: A new and capable canary sings a lovely song that should get belated attention. It's called "Autumn in New York." On the reverse is Kern's familiar "Look For The Silver Lining." (Musicraft)



"Moon-white" hands that do a baby's daily wash? Of course!

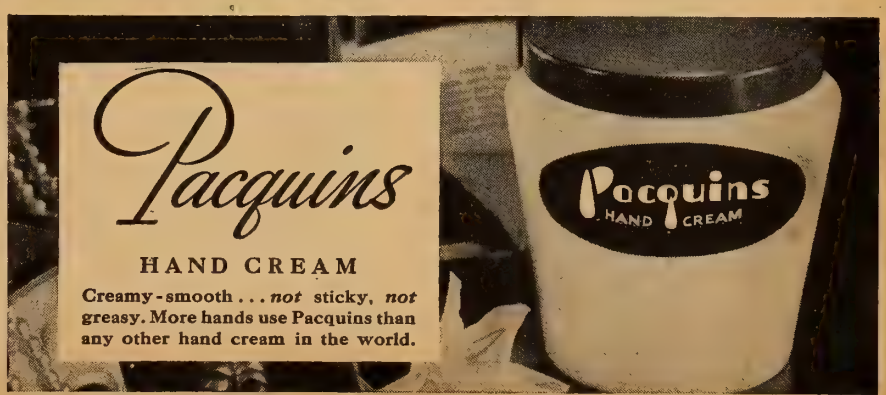


If you think that washing clothes *must* mean red, rough, flaky-dry hands... you're just not in the know! Snowy, fragrant Pacquins Hand Cream helps make that "housework" look disappear from your hands... in its place there's a softer, smoother look.



Doctors and Nurses were first users of Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. So, naturally, they need *extra rich* lubrication to help overcome the drying effects of soapy-water scrubbings. Pacquins was made just to answer that need. Super-rich... it quickly helps overcome the drying effects of hard work and rough weather.



HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... *not* sticky, *not* greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

R M

Pin-up Girl



It's as easy as fluttering your lashes, thanks to *DeLong* Bob Pins.

Just dampen your ends and roll into flat curls, fastening each one snugly with a *DeLong* Bob Pin. These dreamy Bob Pins make the task quick and easy—and their *Stronger Grip* keeps them from slipping out. Besides, *DeLong* Bob Pins are so comfy they won't disturb your beauty sleep.

When your hair is dry and brushed out it's as flattering as a halo and you look like a photographer's delight.

Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

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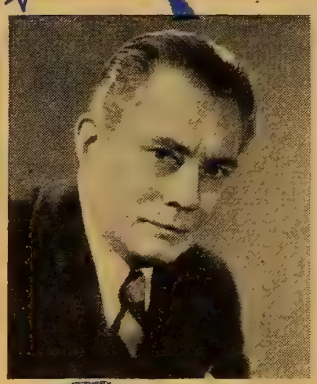


Harold Peary renders a love song for co-members of The Great Gildersleeve cast: Shirley Mitchell and Louise Erickson.

What's New FROM



Eloise Kummer is one of the leading lights of NBC's daily Guiding Light.



Raconteur Milton Bacon tells American folk tales on CBS's Time to Remember

BY DALE BANKS

THE Merry Season is upon us once more—and may it be merry for one and all. If it were possible for us to play Santa Claus to the world, we have in mind a few very special gifts that it would give us great pleasure to distribute. The gift of Freedom—that gift, for all men, everywhere, to be free to live according to their own lights, free of the fear of war, free of the fear of want, free of confusion and misunderstanding, free of distrust of one another's strangeness and differences. The gift of happiness and fulfillment—that gift to bring the gleam of pleasure and satisfaction in work well done, in rest well earned, into the eyes and faces of men and women in all the world. The gift of pride—that gift to make men walk erect and secure, proud of what they have achieved and prouder still of the future they will achieve. The gift of children—that gift of whole new generations who will grow straight and strong and sure of themselves, with laughter on their lips, untouched by insecurity, poverty, and with minds open to the whole of knowledge to be used and harnessed for their own future and the world's.

So our Christmas wish to you all is this—that in the midst of your merriment, in some quiet moment during your celebrations, perhaps you could think for a very brief time of the needs of your world and the world you want to build for those kids scrambling through the rustling, torn gift wrappings under the Christmas tree—and that you ask yourself whether there isn't something more you can do to ensure that kind of a world.

Then, surely, it would come about that soon there will be "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will" . . .

* * *

If you've left some Christmas shopping until the last minute, there are some sure fire bets in recordings. Kenny Delmar—better known to you, perhaps, as Senator Claghorn—has waxed some

COAST TO COAST

records for kids . . . Ditto Alec Templeton with some priceless waxings of Christmas Carols in an album which should delight the heart of everyone over five years of age.

* * *

Only one more holiday-time item—this one to do with Beatrice Kay, whose mind is running out of ideas for keeping her husband busy—away from their home in the country at certain hours. Miss Kay's husband is a camera fiend and her surprise Christmas present for him is a specially designed darkroom, which she is having built into the house. For months, Beatrice's efforts to keep her husband out of the room that's being converted and away from home while the workmen have been there, have taken the ingenuity and wit to have kept three hair raising serials running on the radio.

* * *

A sad, sad story. Lloyd Shaffer was almost, but not quite, signed to direct the music for another series besides the Supper Club programs. The sponsor liked what Shaffer does with music—But—the sponsor had to turn him down because it was a beer company and it didn't seem a hot idea for said company to hire a man whose name is the same as that of a rival beer company.

* * *

Remember a while back we wrote an item about radio actors being worried about their future earnings because of the large number of audience participation shows that were replacing big production programs? Well, back in those days, radio actors always had television to fall back on, provided they were photogenic. Now the audience participation fever is taking hold in the television field, too. After the success of Stop the Clock, a video quiz show, the television boys are coming up with more and brighter ideas.

* * *

The devotion of fans is always a thing to marvel at. Lionel Barrymore, thanks

If Your Little One Has A Cold—



Tonight Relieve His Distress This Way—*As He Sleeps!*

It's easy to understand why most young mothers depend on this modern way to relieve distress of children's colds. It's so easy . . . and it brings such wonderful relief. What you do is rub warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Its 2-way relief-bringing action (shown below) starts to work *instantly* . . .



PENETRATES into upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors.



STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a good, warming poultice.

This wonderful, special penetrating-stimulating action (brought to you only by Vicks VapoRub) quickly relieves discomforts and invites restful sleep.

WORKS DURING THE NIGHT

For hours the special penetrating-stimulating action of VapoRub keeps on working during the night to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness and tightness and bring grand relief. Try it yourself the next time a cold strikes.

Used by 88 out of 100 Rochester Mothers

In a special door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y. — a typical American city — 88 out of every 100 young mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub when a cold strikes in their family. So profit from their experience—get VapoRub today and rub it on at bedtime when your child catches cold. Just be sure you get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.



Best-Known Home Remedy
You Can Use To Relieve Distress of Colds. For Children or Adults

BLONDES!



Don't let time darken your hair!

• Why envy the girls in your crowd who have been able to keep their youthful blondeness when it's so easy now to lighten and brighten time-darkened hair with the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Then those admiring glances, attracted by glamorously golden hair, can be yours too.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette, or redhead, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash enables you to obtain the exact degree of lightness you desire. Perfected by experts in hair care, the improved Golden Hair Wash is not a dye and is complete in itself for use at home. Remember, no matter what shade your hair is now—even if it is dull or streaked—you can make it as gloriously blonde as you like.

P. S. The new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is ideal, too, for lightening unsightly arm and leg hair.





Lovelier Nails with
TUFFENAIL

Enhance and glorify the *natural* beauty of lovely nails . . .
Hollywood's own daily nail-care with easy-to-use applicator. Nails stay lovelier longer . . with *TUFFENAIL.* 25¢

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By Simmons
SOLID GOLD MOUNTING
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE!



Here's a darling ring any girl would be proud to wear. It's a full cut diamond set in 10 Kt. yellow gold and sells for the unbelievably low price of $4.98. (Ring is stamped 10 Kt.). Send no money. Pay postman $4.98 plus postage. If you send $5, cash or money order, we pay all postal charges.

FREE GIFT
It saves us considerable time and trouble to mail cash orders. If you send $5 cash or money order we will show our appreciation by including with your order a Surprise Jewelry Gift FREE.

$4.98

Give ring size. Wrap strip of paper around finger.

GUARANTEE: Examine ring—if not delighted return same day and get your money back.

SIMMONS CO. (*Home of Fine Jewelry*)
30 Church Street, Dept. D-83, New York 7, N. Y.



Membership drive of the Camp Fire Girls is launched by a songfest, led by an old member of the group—Patrice Munsel, who sings regularly on CBS, Sundays at 5 P.M. EST.

to said kind of devotion, is now the possessor of a practically priceless photograph. It is a carefully preserved snapshot taken around the year 1886—a still-clear picture of the great composer, Johannes Brahms, looking out of the window of the room in which he composed his greatest music. The snapshot came from a fan who knows of Barrymore's own deep interest in composing.

* * *

Those Mr.-and-Mrs.-at-Breakfast shows have come in for a lot of razzing, but now there's a real beef going the rounds of Radio Row. Seems many of the top Hooper rating programs that pay huge sums for guest stars are definitely irked because these morning Mr. and Mrs. teams manage to headline star attractions without paying for the appearances.

* * *

It's a joke, son. We've been invited by some smarties among New York's radiolites to join a very exclusive and very social club. So far, we haven't been able to make the eligibility test—the dues are: One Ulcer.

* * *

Maurice Copeland, popular Chicago radio actor, writes us that he's received a fan letter that's probably covered more territory getting to him than any other letter ever has. It was from a fan on the island of Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands. The letter was postmarked Maui, then Oahu, Brisbane, Australia, then Oahu again and finally Chicago. It took four months to arrive. Apparently the letter got on the wrong boat, went to Australia and had to return to Oahu before starting over on the right track again. Copeland hopes the letter and picture he sent in return will go more directly.

* * *

This is a plug and we're not ashamed to admit it. The House of Mystery is again earning well deserved praise from educators and parents and from this department. It's a show for kids, but its aim is to demonstrate that ghosts, witches and other unearthly phenomena are actually non-existent, that belief in such things results from a lack of knowledge and understanding of certain natural causes. The program combats superstition and fear and does it in a remarkably adult, sane, and yet extremely thrilling and dramatic fashion. We recommend it highly—Sunday, MBS, 4 P.M., EST.

* * *

Everyone learns a different way. Paul Marion, who specializes in dialects on the radio, is an ardent fan of the movie newsreels. The information he gets there is only incidental—his main object in going to the newsreel theaters is to improve his dialects. Recently, Marion was able to switch on a perfectly authentic Philippine dialect and he says he learned it by listening to a newsreel speech made by General Romulo until he had it down pat.

* * *

You know about Grauman's Theater in Hollywood. You just aren't anybody in the movie colony until your hand prints, or footprints are encased in the cement before the theater. Here's a switch on that. Robert Merrill, that handsome singing character who always wanted to sing like Bing Crosby, but his mother wouldn't let him, had us out to his Long Island home recently. He took us outside to show us his own version of the Grauman Theater gag. Seems a couple of months ago the streets were repaved in his neighborhood. The morning after Merrill's front sidewalk was paved, Bob went outside and discovered what he showed us—a big heart, obviously scratched into the not-dry concrete, in which were placed his initials and those of T. G. and F. C. And Bob thought that by moving out to Long Island he could escape his bobby sox fans!

* * *

Met Jackie Kelk the other day and he told us this cute tale. A couple of months ago, he and the other members of the cast of The Aldrich Family, were asked by our own RADIO MIRROR to go out and pose for a series of pictures to be used in a picture story. Usually, actors hate this kind of thing. They take a lot of time and trouble,

What's New FROM COAST TO COAST

what with make-up to worry about, and locations to find. But the cast of The Aldrich Family enjoyed every minute of it.

The kicker on the picture piece was that Homer (Jackie Kelk) and Henry (Ezra Stone) had to pay for their "sins" in the story by making like bellhops in a hotel to work off a huge bill they'd run up. Jackie and Ezra borrowed the uniforms from bellhops in one of New York's better-known hotels and hied themselves down to the lobby to have their pictures taken in action.

And of course you know what happened. Of course, there had to be a real customer in a hurry who wasn't taking any sass from a bellhop. Of course, he had to pick on Jackie Kelk to carry his suitcases out of the lobby to a taxicab. Of course, Jackie fell into the spirit of it and earned himself a nice fat tip. And, of course, Jackie kept the tip.

* * *

Phil Baker still hasn't got over the fast thinking of contestant Sgt. Bruce Shaw. Shaw was so fast on the answers that Phil Baker couldn't bear to stop when he got to the $64 question.

The Sarge picked the category that required him to name the baseball team after Baker had given the name of the pitcher and catcher. The sergeant snapped out the answers steadily, before Baker could even pronounce the second name. Phil was so astounded that he offered to double the $64, if the sergeant gave the right answer to the next question. He did. That made $128. Still incredulous at the contestant's speed and accuracy, Baker offered to double the $128 and pulled a nifty, hard one out of the hat. That's right, Sgt. Shaw got that one, too, and walked out of the studio richer by $256.

So—maybe it pays not to be ignorant.

* * *

We've always suspected that a very great many people nursed secret desires to perform on the radio—but we never had much idea just how many. Even now, we probably haven't scratched the surface of probability. But we have one figure. Bessie Mack, who handles auditions for the Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program, says that close to 3,000 telephone calls alone are received from people interested in auditioning for the show. That's only telephone calls. There are more people who write in and a goodly number who hang around the studio and dog Arthur Godfrey's footsteps.

Songs sometimes get their names in peculiar ways. For instance—David Rose was burning the post-midnight electric to turn out an original tune for Holiday for Music. It was a last minute deal and a copyist stood by frantically to snatch it from Rose and have it copied in time for the show. Rose, finally, finished it with a hurried flourish—and then realized it had no title. He looked at his watch. It was 4:20 A.M. That became the title. Anyway, it's brief, and it's the kind of thing you're not likely to forget!

* * *

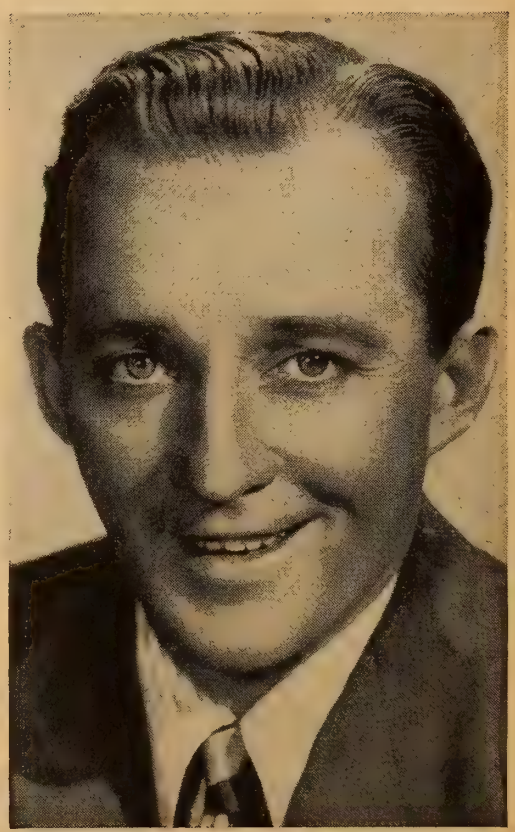
We hear that so many requests for pictures of the Old Dirt Dobber's garden poured in that the sponsors of the Garden Gate program are offering a 16-mm color film of the garden for showing by garden clubs and other civic groups. Titled "A Year in the Old Dirt Dobber's Garden," the movie shows seasonal changes of blooms, as well as the most advanced horticultural techniques developed by Tom Williams, the "Dobber." The film runs for 40 minutes. There are seven prints of the picture and those are booked solidly through January by more than 300 clubs. Probably more prints will be made, if the demand keeps up.

"How to handle teen-agers"

by BING CROSBY

starring in Paramount's new hit film "BLUE SKIES" in technicolor





"Teensters are *positively* people! Remember, they have a lotta problems...mainly parents. When their jive talk gives you the heebie-jeebies, and their rootin'-tootin' clothes (*Look who's talking!*) make you despair for 'civilization'...better *bear* up and *shut* up. They'll get over it, even as you and I.

"Scratch most teen-agers and you'll find a solid citizen. And when they sound off with ideas for improving the world *we* made...well, maybe us parents could learn sumpin if we'd stop snooting the kids and listen."

Bing's tip to parents is one of a series presented by Fleer's to promote understanding among families, friends, nations.

Teen-agers and parents *both* agree Fleer's Gum is mighty fine gum. There's a trend to candy-coated... and Fleer's leads the trend. *Extra* flavor. Delicious! Enjoy it today!





Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885



KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor

the SOOTHINGEST way

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

It's Effective! Gives lasting protection.

Won't Rot or Fade Fabrics. Better Fabrics Testing Bureau says so.

No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, **10¢, 30¢, 60¢**

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The GENTLER cream deodorant

yodora

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sweep Easier Faster

Patented Combs clean Brush for *Better, Easier* "PICK-UP"



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WAGNER Komb-Kleaned Sweeper

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., DEPT. MW, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

HAVE A *Beautiful*





RADIO MIRROR'S

TO make this Christmas the kind you had as a child—memorable, exciting, perfect—let's follow in the footsteps of Mrs. X, a purely imaginary lady who makes a fine art of Christmas. She is, of course, too good, too imaginative and charming to be true, but she makes the season so happy, so gay and wonderful for others that we can learn a lot from her.

Mrs. X, for instance, doesn't wait for those nagging little signs to goad her into thinking about Christmas. Long before she's warned there are only so many days left till Christmas, she has started her shopping at least on paper. She keeps a tiny notebook in which she jots down bright ideas for gifts which she gets throughout the year. All you have to do is mention casually you like a certain thing, or talk about your newest hobby and she makes notes. You then get something you really wanted and her shopping has been streamlined and easy.

To her feminine friends and relatives, Mrs. X loves to give cosmetics at Christmas for she knows lots of women won't buy themselves dusting powder, for example, but love to receive it as a gift. Among her favorite gifts-to-give are the lovely little kits the cosmetic counters display at Christmas-time such as eye make-up kits, little sets of rouge, lipstick and powder, bathsets of luscious soap and dusting powder. And she buys them thoughtfully too—in shades that suit the person who will receive the gift or in odors she knows she'll like. Or sometimes she makes her own ensembles. Last year she gave a little cousin a miniature Christmas tree on which she'd tied all the fixings for a complete manicure. It was a gentle hint, because the child bit her fingernails—but she doesn't any more. Once she cooked up a gift for hair-doing, shampoo, tint, pins, comb, wave-set and hairnet and tied them in a pretty bandana. Another time she gave a friend a dram of perfume in a small bottle she'd found covered with dust in an antique shop.

Even the smallest gift that Mrs. X gives has a way of looking important. For her gifts are always wrapped beautifully. She loves colorful paper and unusual color schemes. One year she found some lovely gift paper with green pine branch and brown pine cone design. She used brown ribbon and tied real pine cones she found in the woods on top of each gift. Everyone says you can tell her gifts because they're so attractively wrapped and you'll notice it's hers everyone wants to open first. Granted she works hard

Christmas

Our story's heroine is a mythical Mrs. X, but because she's beautiful and bright and ready for a wonderful Christmas, why not Dinah Shore, Columbia's song-star?

HOME and BEAUTY

at Christmas, but think of the satisfaction she gets!

Mrs. X sends many Christmas cards and notes on pretty holiday note paper for, beside her friends, she remembers a lot of people who don't expect to hear from her—an old teacher, school friends who have drifted away, people she hadn't seen in years. Her notes carry a great deal of warmth and friendliness which make Christmas what it should be. Sending cards only to those who will send her one is hardly in keeping with the spirit of Christmas.

As we said before, Mrs. X is no one person we know but if she were real she's the kind of Christmas angel who gives Christmas parties for poor little children, who collects toys, food, clothing for needy families. She would, if she were real, love singing Christmas carols with all her heart and soul and would probably be the ring-leader in organizing some carol singing parties to stroll around your neighborhood on Christmas Eve. She'd give a sleigh-ride party with tree-trimming afterward.

She's something of a paragon, we admit, but wouldn't you like to steal some of her ideas this year? They're practically guaranteed to make your Christmas beautiful.

Bright tip for dull floors— a wax that's "Plasticized"!



Just swipe it on! Helping husbands are amazed at O-Cedar—the Self Polishing Wax that's "plasticized" for easier spreading and longer luster. Swipe it on . . . *and please—no rubbing!* Simply pull the applier toward you with an easy stroke. You'll get a more even luster if you *don't* bear down! Dries in 17 minutes.



Spills won't faze it! With this "plasticized" finish on your floors, you just wipe up splashes with a damp cloth! O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax has a far greater resistance to dirt and moisture. Gives you longer luster with less work!



Longer lasting! Weeks later, there's *still* a gleam on your floor—and a beam on your face! It's true—you'll save on waxings with this "plasticized" O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."



O-Cedar SELF POLISHING WAX



WHEN YOU WANT A PASTE WAX—Say O-Cedar, too. Its "balanced formula" makes O-Cedar Paste Wax *soft* enough for easy application, *hard* enough for longer wear. O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Can.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING"



KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor

the SOOTHINGEST *way*

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

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WAGNER Komb-Kleaned Sweeper

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E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO. DEPT. MW. Milwaukee 9, Wis.

HAVE A *Beautiful Christmas*



RADIO MIRROR'S HOME and BEAUTY

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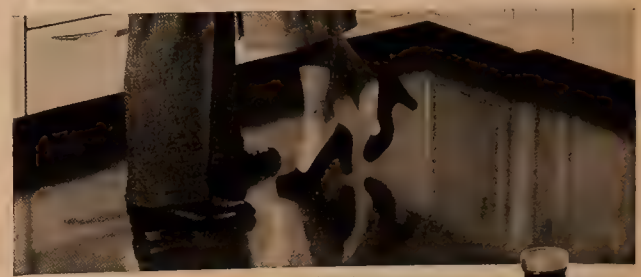
Bright tip for dull floors—a wax that's "Plasticized"!



Just swipe it on! Helping husbands are amazed at O-Cedar—the Self Polishing Wax that's "plasticized" for easier spreading and longer luster. Swipe it on . . . *and please—no rubbing!* Simply pull the applier toward you with an easy stroke. You'll get a more even luster if you *don't* bear down! Dries in 17 minutes.



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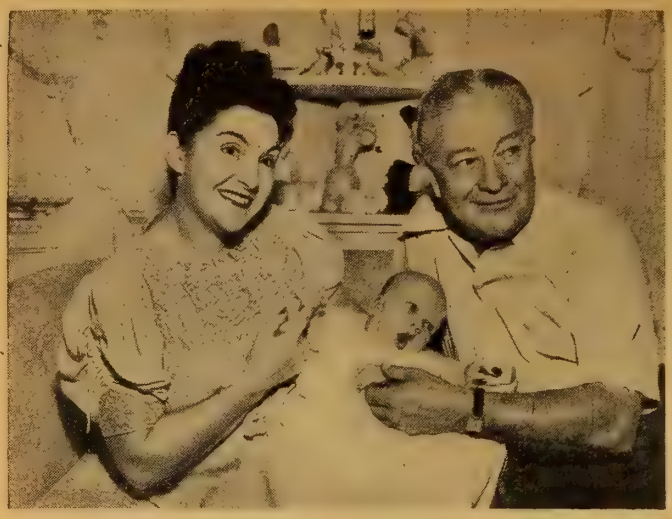




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O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING"

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Correll (he's Andy of Amos and Andy) prop up their new son, John Joseph, for his first meeting with press and public.



Roy Rogers now rides through his own all-western variety program, Saturdays on NBC.

(*Continued from page* 13)

If you have a Superman enthusiast in your home, you'll probably be heckled into shelling out quarters and half dollars pretty soon so the kids can go to the movies to follow their beloved hero. Columbia Pictures has completed arrangements to serialize the adventures of "Superman."

* * *

It never bothered us awfully much, because we always figured that kids as smart as the Quiz Kids could also be smart about handling all the money they earned on the program. But it is good to know that, smart or not, the law protects minors and their money. Seems Judge John F. O'Connell of the Probate Court of Cook County, Ill., has jurisdiction over the incomes of the Quiz Kids and that their parents are appointed by the court as their guardians. Which would appear pretty sensible, considering that these "guardians" must have been well equipped for their jobs, having turned out that brainy material.

* * *

We never stop marveling at the inventiveness of sound effects men. True, they have a million standard gadgets to make all the usual sounds that one can expect to hear on the radio. But when, for instance, a script calls for the sound of a tulip suddenly bursting into bloom—what would you do? Walter Gustafson solved the problem of making that sound—one, which, by the way, no one has ever heard—by puckering his lips and emitting a very soft "Puh," when the cue came. Another time he was called on for the macabre sound effect of a head being cut off by a guillotine and dropping into a basket. Walter had to prepare ahead of time for that. He soaked some rags in water and then filled the rags with wood chips. He crushed the rags together to imitate a guillotine cutting and then dropped a cantaloupe into a basket.

* * *

STUFF AND GOSSIP . . . Nila Mack's Let's Pretend program is sixteen years old and still going strong . . . Jack Smith has switched from Majestic Records to the now fast-rising Capitol outfit. His new type discs are swell . . . Vanessa Brown is a former Quiz Kid who's made good as a grown-up. She's working for Republic Pictures, her first a technicolor job . . . Remember the chiller-diller about the wife who is sure she's going to be killed and tries to get help over the telephone. Suspense show carried it four times, with Agnes Moorehead doing a bang-up job. You can get a recording of that show now at most music store counters . . . They're remaking "Tugboat Annie" out Hollywood way and Burl Ives is probably going to play the male lead . . . Lionel Barrymore, we hear, is composing the incidental music on his Mayor of the Town show . . . Enough of stuff, now. A Merry Christmas to you all—good holidays and a good year to come and all the good things in the world.



When mimic Arthur Davis does his "take-off" of Joan Davis, he uses tricks Joan herself taught him.



Animal-fancier is Edith Arnold, heard on CBS's Crime Doctor (Sundays at 8:30 EST).

Young Man in White

You may call him an "interne," but in name and in fact he's every inch a doctor.

He has his textbook education . . . his doctor's degree. But, in return for the privilege of working side by side with the masters of his profession, he will spend a year—more likely two—as an active member of a hospital staff.

His hours are long and arduous . . . his duties exacting. But when he finally hangs out his coveted shingle in private practice he will be *a doctor with experience!*



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE



● The makers of Camels take an understandable pride in the results of a nationwide survey among 113,597 doctors by three leading independent research organizations.

When queried about the cigarette they themselves smoked, the brand named most by the doctors was . . . Camel.

Like you, doctors smoke for pleasure. The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camels are just as appealing to them as to you.

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

From *New York to Hollywood*

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



TONIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD... after a 10-hour cross-country flight, glamorous Jackie Michel looks her loveliest. "Even this hair-do of formal curls is no trick to arrange," she says, "for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves my hair so smooth and manageable."

THIS MORNING IN NEW YORK ... Jackie rolled her hair into a bun for travel convenience. "I depend on Drene," she says, "to bring out the lively sparkle of my hair." Drene is not a soap shampoo ... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do ... removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

Breakfast in New York ... dinner in Hollywood, dancing among the stars ... your lovely, lustrous Drene-clean hair gleaming in all its glory! Let Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jackie Michel, prevue the travel thrills of the new air-age ... and the beauty thrills that can be yours when you use Drene Shampoo.

"I'm a Drene Girl," Jackie says, "because Drene leaves my hair radiant — alive with *all* its natural highlights — yet always beautifully behaved!" Yes, Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. No other shampoo leaves hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

About Marriage

1—EMOTIONAL MATURITY

Radio Mirror presents the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Anthony will discuss the problems of modern marriage, and give his views on the building of successful relationships.

NOT so long ago, divorce carried with it a certain social stigma. Today, very few divorced couples are faced with any degree of ostracism or criticism. In fact, today, divorce is accepted as a solution for many marital problems. If one marriage doesn't work out, you get a divorce and try again.

As far as I can see, unless the basic causes for failure in the personalities of the partners in an unsuccessful marriage are uncovered and cured, a divorce is no solution for either of them. They will take their weaknesses and failures with them, right into their subsequent marriages, and the whole thing will repeat itself. Add to this the fact that one failure at marriage always leaves behind it a sense of insecurity and insufficiency—failure at anything always does that—which can do much to hamper the free spirit of give and take that is so necessary in a healthy and happy marriage.

Go through the statistics of our rising divorce rate. You'll find many reasons given for divorce—infidelity, incompatibility, mental cruelty, nagging, excessive demands, lack of support. It is my belief that none of these reasons is the basic cause for marital difficulties, but they are obvious symptoms through which the real cause manifests itself.

In my experience, the most prevalent cause for divorce is immaturity. That seems like a contradiction. After all, in most states you have to reach your majority before the laws permit you to marry. But your age in years and your age in emotional growth can be two very different things, a discrepancy which can cause trouble.

Many marriages which go on the rocks could be saved, if the people concerned were mature enough to understand and appreciate what a good marriage means. But too many young people bring to marriage an adolescent attitude that dooms them to failure. Their heads are full of the romantic notion that love is a constantly singing thing that sweeps you off your feet and keeps you floating on a pink cloud forever after. They enter a marriage with this feeling—and it is right that it should exist at that stage of the game—but, when it begins to wear off, they are disappointed, disillusioned, unhappy.

Too many young husbands who are charged with infidelity—and, of course, they are unfaithful—are just seeking frantically, with one woman after another, to live over and over this first stage. The same goes for many women.

Like everything else, love goes through various stages of growth—and marriage is the open, proud expression of love. First there is the romantic stage described above. It is a fine and wonderful emotion, a mixture of awe, physical desire, wild fancies and illusions. This kind of love lasts, or should last, during the courtship and through the first months of marriage. (*Continued on page* 89)

By JOHN J. ANTHONY



Listen to John J. Anthony every Monday through Friday at 1:45 P.M. EST, on the Mutual Network.





If every day were Christmas

Joyce Jordan wanted her friends to make a place in their hearts for a young refugee. She didn't expect a miracle

I CERTAINLY don't intend to preach a sermon, telling you this story, but every year, when Christmas rolls around again, I think what a wonderful world this would be if everyone really lived according to that simple phrase—*love one another.* It can be done—I know; I've seen it happen. I saw anger and pride go out of a woman's heart, to be replaced by love and understanding. And I saw the look of peace and joy that came into her eyes when it happened. Maybe it was only fitting that it was on Christmas that I saw this woman finally accept the precepts that for so many years she had only professed. But if Christmas can do things like that for people, I wish every day were Christmas!

Let me tell you about it. It all started in the fall. I was comfortably settled in my own living room that day, idly thinking, as I recall it now, how pleasant, how peaceful it was to be Dr. Joyce Jordan of Centerfield. Thinking how satisfactory and rewarding a business it was to be a doctor—especially, I told myself, a woman doctor—in a small town where life goes its even way. The telephone rang, and I went to answer it, suddenly alert, as I always am when the telephone rings, for to me—to any doctor—it is more often than not the prelude to a cry for help. And that is what the summons was, this time, although I didn't recognize it as such, at first.

It was Miss Whittaker, the 7th Grade teacher in Centerfield, and one of my oldest and best friends, (*Continued on page* **62**)

By JOYCE JORDAN

Joyce Jordan is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST, on NBC. Joyce Jordan, at the window, is played by Betty Winkler.



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What Silent Night Means

May your Christmas be as joyous as



to Me

those Bing Crosby remembers



By BING CROSBY

HAVING always clocked in as a crooner who just goes along singin' whatever comes naturally, I've never thought I should sing a sacred song like "Silent Night". It's a little out of my league.

But once in one of my braver moments I took a flyer on it. And because folks have a habit of being highly charitable at Christmas time, you let me get away with it. The same reason that I've been getting away with it ever since, no doubt.

I guess the answer to that is that in addition to being a religious song commemorating a very sacred occasion, "Silent Night" is as much a part of musical Americana as is "Sweet Adeline" or "Auld Lang Syne". Just let somebody give the pitch and the rest of the family all climb aboard. From there on it's every man for himself. If you go off-key or don't wind up together nobody minds. You step back as proud of yourselves as though you'd copped off first honors at the Met. Chances are you'll sing five or six choruses, so everybody can have a crack at the tenor anyway.

We all own a piece of "Silent Night". And the dividends it kicks back to us whenever we hear or sing it connect with something that's happened in the past. It's the same all over. Whether you're in Hollywood, Keokuk or Amarillo, or sitting beside a pickle barrel with a wreath around it in a country store. It takes you back to a sad Christmas. Or a good one. The time you played a bit in the Christmas school play. The important occasion of trimming Junior's first tree. Christmas Eve in a thatched church in the South Pacific, the eerie chant of natives' voices trying "Silent Night." An Occupation troop standing duty in Frankfurt listens to a record in the Red Cross club and wonders what the gang's all doing back home.

For the most part, I think it takes us back to our childhood. The years fall away . . . in some cases a pretty steep drop . . . and we're kids again. We get a kick out of remembering the Christmases we had then.

"Silent Night" always rings that kind of a bell with me. Takes me back to those days when I was just a little groaner back in Spokane.

We lived in a sturdy brown house in a full Irish neighborhood where you could pass the blarney around with folks like the Hardigans, Sweeneys, the Kellys, and my good friend, Father Frank Corkey, who is president of Gonzaga University now. There was a sleeping porch that the Brothers Crosby usually scrapped for. A big kitchen with a table and benches on each side of it, where we took pride in ladling out our own hot breakfast mush. It was an old family custom to get your own breakfast. Mother was always busy commanding the whole morning layout, calling signals upstairs getting us all ready for the big push to school. There was a large living room where we held our Sunday night sessions, rolled up all the rugs, and (*Continued on page* 87)

The Bing Crosby Program is heard on ABC stations Wednesday at 10 P.M. EST., at 9 P.M. CST, MST, PST

What Silent Night Means to Me

May your Christmas be as joyous as those Bing Crosby remembers





By BING CROSBY

HAVING always clocked in as a crooner who just goes along singin' whatever comes naturally, I've never thought I should sing a sacred song like "Silent Night". It's a little out of my league.

But once in one of my braver moments I took a flyer on it. And because folks have a habit of being highly charitable at Christmas time, you let me get away with it. The same reason that I've been getting away with it ever since, no doubt.

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In Living Portraits

LORENZO JONES

The story of a family whose first million is always just around the corner



BELLE JONES has her own recipe for a happy marriage. It's simple: it just consists of being everything her husband isn't. That makes her practical, down-to-earth, with modest ambitions. But, being Belle, she's also sympathetic. She knew when she married Lorenzo that he would always have his eye on the moon, and she likes him that way.
(played by Lucille Wall)



LORENZO JONES is a dreamer. That's not what he calls it; he'd say he was an inventor, a psychologist, and a student of human nature. From a prosy, practical point of view, you might call him a mechanic: he works as one at the Barker Garage. But, to Lorenzo, that's merely a wayside stop on the road to more startling achievements.
(played by Karl Swenson)



FRANCINE PEABODY, having married Henry Thayer, finds that she can no longer spend her considerable income as she will—not with cautious Henry at the head of the household. Henry's maxims encouraging thrift are directed alternately against his wife and Lorenzo.
(played by Irene Hubbard)





ABBY MATSON, Belle's niece, has learned a thing or two from her aunt about how to be happy though your husband is an impractical visionary. For SANDY MATSON calls Lorenzo "Mr. Jones", and thinks of him as approximately the most extraordinary man in the world. There are few of Lorenzo's contraptions that do not earn from Sandy complete, absorbed attention and a breathlessly admiring "Terrific, Mr. Jones!"
(played by Jean McCoy, Joe Julian)

JIM BARKER, Lorenzo's employer, has troubles with Lorenzo that outweigh his problems at the garage. Why he continues to invest in Lorenzo's schemes, nobody who has heard Jim tear them apart will ever know—because his criticisms are always right, and he never gets his money back.
(played by Frank Behrens)



IRMA BARKER, Jim's wife, is a good friend of Belle's, but if she always told Lorenzo what she thought of him there would be trouble. However, she's not so forbearing with Jim, who frequently comes to Lorenzo for advice.
(played by Mary Wickes)



CLARENCE MUGGINS, local industrialist, has done business with Lorenzo. Bluff, hearty—and hopeful—Clarence is one who will not laugh at Lorenzo. Anyone who gets ideas at all, says Clarence, is liable to get a good one some day.
(played by Roland Winters)



Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Lorenzo Jones is heard Monday through Friday on NBC, 4:30 EST.



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Room with View

By ALICE REINHEART TREMAYNE

THE story of how Les Tremayne and I met and married is a zany but a merry one. And our marriage, which is now almost a year old, is equally merry—and equally zany. Somehow we manage to have the fullest lives of anyone I know (in the smallest space—a one-room apartment!), and it promises to be even fuller. It's even resulted in a husband-wife radio show, Abbott Mysteries, in which I play Jean Abbott and Les plays Pat Abbott. And, of course, I'm still Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, as I have been for eight years now.

But let me begin with the beginning. I first met Les two years ago, right here in my one-room apartment which is now our very crowded mutual home, thanks to the housing shortage. A friend brought him to call, and all I knew ahead of time about him was that he was from Chicago and had been in radio as long as I had. He'd been the leading man in First Nighter for seven years, the leading man in Grand Hotel for five years, a co-star with Bob Crosby two years on the Old Gold show, and Bob in Betty and Bob for four years. But I didn't have the faintest idea he'd turn out to be my leading man, at all!

At first sight I liked him. To thumbnail-sketch him, he looks like the hero of a drawing room comedy. He's sophisticated looking, with light brown hair, blue eyes, a moustache, and he's tall and slim, with big shoulders. He said later that he liked short, slim brunettes like me just as well as I liked him. But at the time neither of us mentioned appearances.

He looked around my apartment for clues as to what I was like, and he found lots of them. My grand piano had the star position in the big room, and my walls are hung with pictures brought back to me by friends from Bali, Japan, China, Mexico, England, Germany. On one table I have a marble cosmetic jar from Cleopatra's tomb. And my fox terrier "Weaf" was asleep as usual on the living room couch. Also (though I hate to admit this!) my garden hose was still strung through the living room, beginning in the bathroom and ending—via the living room window—in my little terrace garden! Even in New York, gardeners must garden. Furthermore, I was in the middle of knitting a baby sweater for a friend's child—I'm always knitting something.

All of this he noticed—but then, oddly enough, we were off on a discussion of art and music. We found out that both of us were museum prowlers, art gallery addicts,



The view that goes with this room is inside it, not out — a heart-warming look at two people in love





Cameraman Tremayne

and symphony lovers. So that was the basis on which he asked me on a first date. It was very soon after we met—and it was typical of the two of us. "How'd you like to go up to the museum at 125th Street?" he suggested.

I said yes. The first thing I did the day of our date was make a beauty shop appointment—I wanted to look my best for him. When he phoned to arrange where we'd meet, I asked him to meet me on a street corner near my beauty shop, at three-thirty in the afternoon. He agreed.

WELL, at three-thirty I emerged from the beauty shop, shining with grooming—I had carefully put on fresh make-up, and my nails were manicured and my hair waved to perfection. I walked to the appointed street corner and began waiting for him. I didn't yet know that he's invariably late to everything! While I was waiting, the New York weather played one of its famous tricks . . . one minute the skies were bright, the next they were inky black—and then came the deluge—and no shelter in view!

By the time Les arrived, I looked exactly like a drowned puppy. Any traces of my newly-acquired beauty had been washed down the nearest street drain. I looked out through straggling, wet hair from a water-soaked face, and saw him running up the street, equally drenched.

Well, even though our shoes squoshed every time we took a step, we went through the downpour up to that museum, and all through it. I don't think either of us really knew how wet we were until we came out again. Then both of us sneezed at once, and I suggested we repair to the fireplace at my apartment—which we did. And we talked, over a delicious dinner my maid Mary Herman got us, until almost dawn. Why not? There were two things to talk about—each other.

I learned that he had been born in London, and that his mother was at that time a British actress named Dolly Tremayne. He had acted in English movies until he was four and a half years old. Then he had lived in Oklahoma, and then Chicago. I discovered that he came from a sizable family—he has a brother who runs a restaurant in Chicago; a sister who works in an art shop in San Francisco; and a father who is an electrical engineer wherever needed. And, of course, he told me all about his highly successful radio career—and his hopes that here in New York he could change over to the theater.

And he learned that I came from San Francisco, California—and that I had been two odious things: an only child, and a child prodigy! Yes, I was one of those precocious twelve-year-old concert pianists; I had even gone to Europe to live and study music in 1924, and again in 1930. I moved to New York following that last trip and gave up my music in favor of acting in many Broadway plays, several movies, and dozens of radio shows. At various times I have owned a number of radio shows, too. And we had something else in common, besides our acting. Each of us had had a marriage that hadn't worked out.

That was our first date, and we saw each other steadily from then on. We saw plays, we heard con-

certs, we visited every museum, and we ate—how we ate! We ate Mexican food at the Mexican Garden in the Village, Turkish food at the Golden Horn, Chinese food at Lum Fung's or the House of Chan. But most of all we ate daily roast beef at Toots Shor's Restaurant—and once in a while we danced at the Stork Club.

It was after I'd known him several months, but neither of us had dreamed of marriage, that my mother and I went off on my annual two-weeks vacation to Mexico. While I was gone, my maid Mary took her vacation too, so Les had promised to come over daily and water my precious terrace garden. I will never forget my return, which was about eleven in the morning. My mother and I got off the plane, took a taxi to my apartment, opened the door—and there was Les, waiting.

And he hadn't been idle. He'd not only watered my tiny garden, but he'd painted a sign for it and posted it over the flowers: "Green Thumb Reinheart Botanical Gardens," it said. Most of all, he'd collected three presents for me which he handed me at once. One was a gold anklet which I never take off. It said "Chichi" on one side of it, and "Love, Les" on the other. The other two presents were very welcome then (during shortages) but nevertheless made me laugh—they were a carton of cigarettes and a big box of chewing gum!

I had presents for him, too: gold cufflinks and a tie pin from Mexico City. Also, because I'm a sort of shopping service for my friends when I'm in Mexico, I had brought back a serape for someone else—by order. But when Les saw it, he insisted on keeping it. He rushed it home, spread it on his bed, and ten minutes later his (*Continued on page* 78)

and gardener Reinheart carved out space for hobbies — somehow!





Between the Bookends

Christmas takes first place on these

CHRISTMAS WISH

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

May you, this season, find your happiness
In giving more than getting, for if ever
There were receivers one may cheer and bless
With gifts the time is now. Though it was never
More blessed to receive than give, today
The time is ripe for generosity
As it has seldom been before. So may
You kindle Christmas-fires across the sea,
Or put a Christmas carol into hearts,
Or Christmas bread on distant tables where
They would not dream of cake and jelly tarts,
Or give a lovely woolen coat to wear,
And more,—and find *your* Christmas shining through
Them, brighter than in gifts that come to you.

—Elaine V. Emans

SOME THINGS WEAR SUNLIGHT PROUDLY

Some things wear sunlight proudly—hold it high,
Gather it close, and find it warm and good:
Great, lonely peaks stretched up against the sky
And tall trees, rising from a dim, sweet wood.
Some things wear sunlight briefly—let it go,
As though to fondle it were secret pain:
Dewdrops and ripples. These will lift and glow
In instant fire, and then go out again.

Some hearts wear living proudly: length of years
Will come to these, and they will garner much:
Wisdom, tranquility, surcease from tears,
Will be their portion. But some hearts will touch
Only the fringe of living, and will break
Swiftly and silently for beauty's sake.

—Helen Frazee-Bower

BRING HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

The holly is a heartening tree;
Its blood-red berries glow
To cheer the path of Christmases
Across the winter snow.
And they who hang the holly wreaths
Against the window pane
Hold fast the priceless thread of joy
As Christmas comes again.

But mystic is the memory
Of silvery mistletoe,
Recalling white-robed Druids
In dim forests long ago.
And they who fix the pale green branch
Above the doorway, seem
To walk in an enchanted wood,
Still following a dream.

Each Martha brings the holly wreath,
Each Mary, mistletoe . . .
The world will have both bread and dreams
While Yuletides come and go.

—B. Y. Williams

RADIO RHAPSODY BY TRANSCRIPTION

I love the tunes of G. Rossini,
Bach and Mozart and Puccini;
But whereabouts, in fact or fiction,
Can you find this guy, Transcription?

—Pauline Saltman

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Bookends

pages, as it does in everyone's heart at this season



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a bargain better driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
His heart in me his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it abides.
His heart his wound received from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;
For as from me on him his hurt did delight,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

—William Shakespeare

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

—William Shakespeare

HE SEES THEM WALKING . . .

He sees them walking slowly by this stream,
Their brown hands holding books and dinner-pail;
They are awake to life; they do not dream . . .
They shout to wind; they mock the calling quail
With laughter ringing through the thin blue air . . .
As each runs for persimmon, pawpaw groves
To get the mellow fruit frost ripened there
To share it with the rose-lipped girl he loves
Revives the old man's dreams whose memories
Of life go back to forty years and more.
When coming home from school he pillaged these
Same groves for the lady by him in the door
Whose hair, like his, is white as moonlit snow . . .
Each morn and afternoon they watch them pass,
Remembering youth carefree as winds that blow,
And steps once light as raindrops on the grass . . .

—Jesse Stuart



HE MUST HAVE LAUGHED . . .

He must have laughed when Joseph proudly placed Him
Against a door-jamb, measuring "how tall;"
He must have laughed along with other children
Or with His Mother for no reason at all.
He must have laughed when one of His disciples
Took any trifling thing too seriously—
And I am sure he joked with troubled Martha,
Scolding her sister there in Bethany—
For had He lacked a vital sense of humor,
How had He been the Son of One whose mirth
Created tall giraffes and tiny fireflies
And hid bright gems so deeply in dark earth!

—Violet Alleyn Storey

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life and pass it on to other folk.

—Unknown

Lum 'n' Abner Mind Somebody



Abner (Norris Goff) and Lum (Chester Lauck) find that there's not much story written especially for Radio Mirror. Lum 'n' Abner are heard ever

THINGS had been very quiet all day at Lum & Abner's Jot 'Em Down Store and Library. The party line phone had rung three times for Mrs. Ward, down the street, but the first two times it had just been Mrs. Ward's eldest daughter, Annie Miller, asking her mother what to do about the new Miller baby's habit of sucking his thumb. The third time, Abner didn't even bother to listen in. Lum was checking over the store's stock in an aimless sort of way, and Abner was thumbing through a new batch of books they'd gotten in for the library from the auction up at the old Sumner place.

"Here's one looks pretty good, Lum," he announced, holding up a brightly colored book. "Still got the paper cover onto it, too. Called 'Sink Or Swim—Or, Never Too Late To Learn.' "

"Uhuh," said Lum from behind a shelf. "Who wrote it?"

"How do I know? Oh, yeah—it says right here. Feller by the name of Alger—Horatio Alger. You know him?"

"I heard tell of him. Pretty good writer. Likely the young folks will enjoy the book. Put it out in front."

"Yep, I'll do that," said Abner, and went on sorting books.

It was about that time that the front door opened and a young man walked in, a little uncertainly. Abner put the books down and whispered hoarsely to Lum.

"Psssst! Lum! Cash customer!"

Lum hurriedly made a check mark



y can really do for two stubborn young people in love, in this nday through Friday at 8:00 P.M. EST, on the American network.

They couldn't stay out of a love affair like this one: not when Betty and Harry were busy making a sad mess of their lives, and it would be so easy to help!

in his inventory book, indicating that the store was down to its last two bags of rock salt, and joined Abner in staring at the newcomer. Then he straightened up and began to smile.

"By grannies, Abner," he said, "that ain't no customer—that's Harry Johnson, home from the war. How you doin', Harry?"

The young man's handsome face brightened, and he stepped toward them with his hand outstretched. "For a minute there I was afraid you didn't know me," he grinned, showing a dimple in his left cheek. "I'm fine. How're you?"

"Tolable, Harry," said Lum, taking his hand and pumping it vigorously, "right tolable. I swan to goodness—it's fine to see you."

"I guess we kinda expected to see you in one of them there Major's uniforms," said Abner, reaching out his own hand.

"Oh, I got rid of that, first thing," said young Harry.

"You ain't even wearin' a discharge button," said Abner, looking him over closely. "I thought you had to."

"Nope," said Harry. "I'm out of the Army, the war's over, and nothing's required any more. The discharge button went into the ashcan along with the uniform. And good riddance, too. No more of that military junk for me. From now on, I'm just plain Harry Johnson—and darn glad of it."

"Yeah," said Abner, puzzled, "but how about all them medals—that DFC and the Silver Star we heard about, and all them locust leaf clusters? Ain't you goin' to wear 'em?"

"*Oak* leaf clusters," amended Lum and then, as he noticed the dark grimness that was gathering on the young man's face, he went on hurriedly. "Leave him be, Abner. Maybe he don't want to talk about it. Maybe he's just glad to be home."

The dark look lifted from Harry's face, and he turned to Lum gratefully. "That's right, Lum. I'm just glad to be home. (*Continued on page* 71)

Lum 'n' Abner Mind Somebody Else's Business

They couldn't stay out of a love affair like this one: not when Betty and Harry were busy making a sad mess of their lives, and it would be so easy to help!



Abner (Norris Goff) and Lum (Chester Lauck) find that there's not much they can really do for two stubborn young people in love, in this story written especially for Radio Mirror. Lum 'n' Abner are heard every Monday through Friday at 8:00 P.M. EST, on the American network.

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Maisie and the



Editor Maisie (Ann Sothern) at work in this story written especially for Radio Mirror. Maisie is heard on CBS every Friday night at 10:30, EST.



Maisie throws the man she love

LION HUNTER



Nobody expects it, least of all Bill (Eliot Lewis), but he comes out the hero!

"IT'S NOT that I don't like work, Maisie," blithely explained the tall, good-looking young man lounging on the corner of the desk, "it's just that I'm allergic to it." For all his blitheness, however, his eyes didn't leave Maisie's face.

The girl ran her hands through her golden curls, and one shapely foot tapped the floor in exasperation. "You are *so* right," she sighed. "Every time a job comes your way you break out in a rash of excuses and—brother!—can you run up a fever just dodging the boss! It wouldn't matter, Bill, but I don't see how we can get married on what you make collecting deposits on old milk bottles you find."

Bill squirmed. It was a lovely day and sunlight streamed in through the partly-open window of the Middleton Beacon newspaper office, glanced off the frosty panes to make dancing highlights in Maisie's blond hair. On such a day as this, why bring up such unpleasant things as work? "Maisie, darling—did I ever tell you how adorable you are? How your lips are like ripe cherries and your hair so butter-yellow and how your cheeks glow with that apricot color and your eyes sparkle like dew on ripe blueberries?"

Regretfully she dodged his kiss by shoving the typewriter between them. "I sound like the Farmer's Market . . . and that reminds me, what do we eat, if you don't have a job after we're married?"

It was no use. They were back at the sixty-four dollar question.

But now it was Bill's turn. "For your sake, darling, I'd take a job. But you know what it's like in Middleton now—I'm a marked man. I've been hired and fired from every job in town and for some reason no one seems anxious to take me back. The only offer I've had is for the doorman's job down at the burlesque show—"

"—over my dead body!"

"—so you see how it is. I'd do anything," and now he really warmed up, secure in the comfortable knowledge there was no danger of his promise being taken up—"anything at all, just to make you happy, Maisie. I'd take a job—"

The desk phone trilled and the petite editor-owner grabbed it.

"Middleton Beacon—oh, hello, Mr. Elspeth—now, you know I'm not *that* beautiful—well, if you say so—what!—you have—he did?—he didn't?—he said that?—he went—he is—? Oh, my. *Oh!* Thanks, Mr. Elspeth." She replaced the receiver quickly, and when she looked at Bill again there was a glint in her eye.

"Who was it, Maisie?"

"My secret agent, Operator No. 7 . . . Mr. Elspeth, the room clerk at the Middleton Hotel." But she spoke abstractedly and her eyes still held that thoughtful glint. For some reason a cold shiver went up Bill's spine.

"So you'd do anything—anything at all, for me, Bill? You'd take a job if it was offered you? Darling, never let it be said that I stood in your way . . . *you've got a job!*" She rushed on before Bill could protest. "Mr. Elspeth says there's a mysterious character acting very mysteriously who just registered at the hotel and Mr. Elspeth is sure this said mysterious character is sailing under false colors. (*Continued on page* 91)

to the lions . . . for his own good of course

Maisie and the LION HUNTER



Editor Maisie (Ann Sothern) at work in this story written especially for Radio Mirror. Maisie is heard on CBS every Friday night at 10:30, EST.



Nobody expects it, least of all Bill (Eliot Lewis), but he comes out the hero!

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Maisie throws the man she loves to the lions . . . for his own good of course



Alice Trimble (Irene Tedrow) tells a little less than the truth as she presents her cousin Adelaide to Jonathan (Gale Gordon) and young Mildred (Jean Gillespie).

JONATHAN TRIMBLE'S

In-Law Trouble



Two women keep a secret — almost too long

JONATHAN TRIMBLE, Esquire, tossed down his pen, cast an appreciative eye over what he had just written, and roared, "Martinson!"

Then, while he waited for his harassed assistant to come running from the printing press, he looked contentedly out the window of his office. Through its gold lettering, spelling out the words "Bellport Inquirer," he surveyed the compact town of Bellport, and contemplated again his endless work as editor and publisher of Bellport's most Republican newspaper. It was the year 1905, and he felt that he had contributed much to 1905's welfare in his part of the world.

But now Martinson stood patiently in the doorway. "Yes, sir," he said.

Jonathan said with gruff triumph, "Just finished my editorial against that benighted company of actors coming to our neighboring town of Flowerdale this weekend. Thought you might like to hear it."

"Yes, sir," said Martinson.

Jonathan rose to his feet, settled his gold watch-chain over his slight paunch, ran a hand over his thick graying hair—and began roaring out his editorial as if to a packed audience. It was a typically quiet afternoon, and snatches of his editorial carried as far down Main Street as the livery stable, two blocks away.

"Actors and actresses are of such low character, morale and influence that (*Continued on page* 54)

Listen to Jonathan Trimble, Esq., over stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System.



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Listen to Jonathan Trimble, Esq., over stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Henry Aldrich TAKES



1. Henry and Homer are ready to take off. Henry has autocratically put himself in charge of everything, even Homer's money and railroad ticket, to guard against all mishaps. The boys are too busy checking up on all the details of their trip to pay proper attention to Mr. Aldrich's repeated instructions to go straight to the Abbot City Hotel when they reach Abbot City.

2. As the train pulls out, Mrs. Aldrich gives way to tears and doubts, but Mr. Aldrich reassures her. Henry may think he's on his own, but really everything's arranged. The Abbot City Hotel's manager is a friend who will watch over the boys. Henry has four tickets to a basketball game and the boys have a date with two Abbot City girls. What can possibly go wrong?

The Aldrich Family is heard Thursday nights, 8:00 P.M., EST, over stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

A TRIP

If only that genius, Homer, hadn't had quite so many bright ideas!



THE Aldrich Family could be any American family whose life is complicated by the trials and frenzies of adolescents. For years, Henry Aldrich has been getting himself and his family into and out of scrapes which have an all too familiar ring to delighted listeners.

Henry is suffering through the pangs of growing up. He's driven by a strong urge to prove himself a self-sufficient, independent "man." For a long time, Henry's been heckling his parents to let him put himself to the real test—namely, to be allowed to go for an out-of-town weekend with his friend, Homer Brown. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich have given in, although they have many doubts as to the wisdom of the whole thing.

(Henry is played by Ezra Stone; Homer by Jackie Kelk; Mr. Aldrich by House Jameson; Mrs. Aldrich by Katherine Raht.)



3. Henry is conscientious about his responsibilities. He's duty-bound to upbraid Homer for letting his coat be brushed off. That cost a whole nickel tip! They're not traveling businessmen! But Homer ignores the lecture. He's way ahead of Henry. As soon as they get into their hotel room, Homer's going to call room service and order as much food as he can hold, just as a starter.



4. Henry's economies suffer another threat. There's a doorman at the Abbot City Hotel. And doormen also have to be tipped! The doorman won't let Henry and Homer carry in their own bags and Henry is determined to avoid shelling out any more money in tips. In desperation, Henry decides they'll go across the street to the Queen's Hotel. There's no doorman there—no tip.



5. Evening and the end of Mr. Aldrich's peace of mind. All day, Henry's been pursuing him by phone. Henry has lost his wallet and the boys have no cash and no ball game tickets. Henry is frantic, but his father wants him to solve his own problem. Anyway, the boys are at the Abbot City Hotel, Mr. Aldrich thinks, and can charge their meals. At least they won't starve.



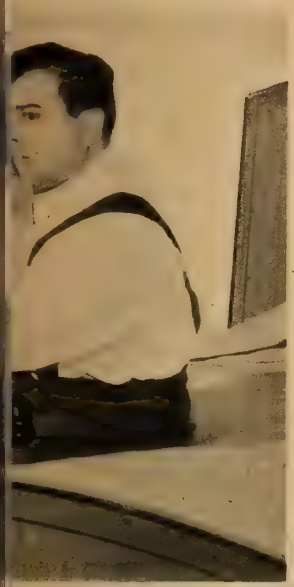
6. As per Mr. Aldrich's instructions, the boy
But they still have to buy the tickets for the
of brilliance. Why not invite the girls to dinne
the check and collect the cash the girl will bring



8. Homer's had another brain wave. They will have to earn the ticket money. So, while Ruth and Doris wait at the box office, Homer and Henry are trying to rustle up the needed green stuff by selling hot dogs, said hot dogs also having been charged to their account at the Queen's Hotel. But Homer's appetite interferes with their sales.



9. Comes the awakening! Not only did their girls find other escorts, but the manager of the Queen's Hotel has caught up with Henry and Homer. It comes as a great blow to the boys that the manager has never heard of Mr. Aldrich and wants the charge account paid—but now! This looks like the end!



harged a big meal. Homer has a spasm hotel—Dutch—sign needs is deftness.



7. So far, everything has gone according to that genius Homer's plan. Ruth and Doris not only agreed to have dinner—Dutch—but they have even accepted all Henry's and Homer's suggestions and chosen the most expensive items on the menu. But now, while Henry is secretly signing the check for all their meals, the girls have put their cash on the small silver tray presented by the waiter and that worthy is walking off with the money, in addition, thanking them for the generous tip. The boys don't know it yet, still think they're pretty sharp.



10. Henry's parents, alarmed on learning that the boys never turned up at the Abbot City Hotel, arrive in time to see Henry and Homer taking their first bitter pill. The boys are learning the first lesson of maturity —that independence is a hard won thing and frequently gained only by very hard work.

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Come and Visit



What color is ivy? Brown, if it's on the wallpaper in the Sparks's well-blended dining room.

You've met her often, as Blondie. You'll like her even better in her more important job: as Mrs. Bob Sparks

VISITORS to California who take the bus tour of fashionable West Los Angeles to see the movie stars' homes look in vain among the imposing Georgian town houses and the pillared colonials for "the house that Blondie built."

For the unpretentious Spanish bungalow where Penny Singleton, her husband, RKO Executive Producer Robert Sparks, and their two daughters live the most relaxed life in movietown is far off the beat of the sight-seers.

If there is anything "different" about the house, Penny is wont to explain, it is that there are a million more in Southern California just like it.

Like all the other houses on its particular block in the flat, suburban San Fernando Valley, the house is one-story, U-shaped, its red tile roof and open patios borrowed from the Spanish settlers, its compact arrangement of bedrooms, bathrooms and living quarters the contribution of more recent migrants to California who built their houses for comfort and not for show.

"We've been through all that," Penny and Robert will tell you if you wonder that one of the most successful young actresses in pictures and radio is content with less than an English manor house complete to its pair of Dalmatians. "It's the bunk."

Penny's house expresses Penny—which is a nice thing to express. It's a friendly, down-to-earth house with no pretentions. Just as in all the other bungalows in the block, the "den" rather than the living room is the heart of the family's life. Just as in all the other bungalows in the block, the bronzed baby shoes warrant a place of honor among the objets d' art. Just as in all the other bungalows in the block, the brand new "post-war special" washing machine is the most prized—and probably most expensive—possession.

It could be—wait, it is—the home of Blondie herself.

The people who live there like it.

If you drop in early on any warm evening, the family is apt to be sitting together in the little outdoor patio, Penny and Robert relaxing after a rugged day in the studio, comfy in slacks and soft shoes, waiting for Sally, the Negro cook, to call them in to dinner. Dorothy Grace, their eleven-year-old daughter, and Suzie, who is three and one-half—who have their supper earlier—will be waiting with much less patience for the sound of the Good Humor bell, which heralds ice cream cones for everybody. On cooler nights, the

Penny Singleton

This is as close to a formal family portrait as the Sparkses will ever get, for they're a happily informal family.



grown-ups plop into the squashy green leather chairs in the den, listening to a re-cap of the races or glancing at the evening's headlines in the paper, while the girls hold forth in their own rooms—where each has her own radio-phonograph, her own books and records, her own clutter.

The visitor is expected, of course, to look in on Dorothy Grace and Suzie before settling down to more adult relaxing. There is always a project of some proportions in work which merits serious attention.

Suzie is likely to be re-arranging her record collection which is her particular pride despite the fact that most of the discs are hand-me-downs from Dorothy Grace and on the scratchy side. Dorothy Grace, sprawled on the counterpane of her frilly (even monogrammed!) bed, the radio blasting out swing music in her ears, can often be caught in the act of pasting new clippings in her Cornel Wilde scrap book. She has a collection of photographs and news-clips about Guy Madison, too, but Cornel is top-favorite.

Sometimes Dorothy's friend Gretchen comes over and they cut up movie magazines together. ("I have to hide them," Penny will tell you, "or they don't last an hour in one piece.") The conversation that blows down the hall from that twosome is more fun than gin-rummy. Penny and Bob say eavesdropping is their favorite indoor sport.

"What phase are *you* going through now, Gretchen?" Dorothy Grace was heard to inquire one night, adding "I'm going through the motion picture phase myself. Mummie took me to Lucey's yesterday for lunch and I saw Randy Scott. He's really dreamy."

Gretchen and Dorothy Grace devote a lot of time to the Little (*Continued on page* 61)



Dorothy Grace, eleven, and Suzie, almost four, have a specialist right on hand when questions of beauty come up.





For efficiency—and for exercise—Penny often handles household delivery herself.

Penny Singleton, as Blondie,
is heard Sunday nights at 7:30 EST, over CBS.



Landscaping detail: Penny and Bob and an infant tree go to work on a bare bit of the Sparks acre.



She does her own wash in her own washing machine.



Which cat is real, which fake? Small Suzie is somewhat confused. Below, Sally calls a conference, and gets a blue-ribbon opinion.



Minor repair? Mrs. S. is equal to it.



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LIFE CAN BE *Beautiful*

Papa David chooses

THIS is the season of the year when a mood of gaiety, of good will, of kindliness, settles over our land. It is an infectious spirit, passing from heart to heart in all peoples—not only among those whose chief religious holiday it is, but in the heart of everyone. For the thing which is called "the Christmas spirit" seems to transcend the boundaries of race and creed to include all people whose faith leads them to trust in a wisdom higher than mortal wisdom, a guidance more sure than man alone can devise.

In reading this first letter, the true beauty of that Christmas spirit, the true meaning of the phrase, "men of good will," came clearly into my mind—as it will into yours, I think, when you read it. The writer will receive this month's RADIO MIRROR check for one hundred dollars.

Friend of Little Children

Dear Papa David:

My parents were always very poor. We lived on a run down farm and had no money for tools or much of anything else. My parents worked hard but with a family of nine children there never was money to go around.

The year of 1920 seemed to be the blackest of all years. That summer our fields dried up and crops died because of no rain. Our pigs got cholera and died.

My folks's farm was right close to the railroad tracks. Daily trains passed and we children loved to run out and wave to the railroad men. Soon they began watching for us and would give the whistle a tug as they passed and wave to the nine little urchins lined up on an old wooden gate. We tried never to miss a train. At night or stormy days we took an old lantern and swung it so they would know we were there.

I've already told you how our crops and pigs died that summer and taxes were due or we'd lose the farm. Poor as it was, that farm repre-

Life Can Be Beautiful, which is written by Carl Bixby an



ry of the truest Christmas spirit: the spirit of giving

sented everything we owned, and we couldn't lose it. So my father took a job in a town twenty miles away. He made the trip daily. One day they had a flat tire and as my father crawled under the car to adjust the jack, the man he rode with accidentally hit the gear shift and the wheel ran over my father. Crushing his chest and breaking some ribs. That laid him up for three months and we had no money to buy anything. But it seemed our bad luck was not at an end. For my Dad had only been back at work three weeks when he fell and broke his right arm and hand. That was bad enough but that same fall, my Dad contracted strep throat and was so ill that we were sure he would die. And there was no money for doctor bills or anything else. No coal, little food to keep going and no money for clothes for us children and December in a northern town means continual ice and snow.

But the day before Christmas is a day we'll never forget. For that morning the train pulled up to a stop at our very gate. Several of the crew got off carrying large boxes and packages and gave them to my mother along with a bulging envelope. Then wishing us all a "Merry Christmas," the train started on its way again.

When the boxes and envelopes were opened we all learned that Life can truly be Beautiful. For there was money for doctor bills and medicine for my sick father. Money for coal and wood and credit at a nearby store for one hundred dollars' worth of groceries. And in the boxes were clothes, including underwear, and hose and shoes for our bare feet and other things. And one box brought happiness to tiny tots who thought Santa would forget them this year. For there were candy, nuts, oranges, fruit, gum, and a toy for each child.

Our Christmas that year was one we'll always remember. For those railroad men through their great kindness gave us back our Daddy. He would have died without medicine and care. And most of all they proved to a poor family that "Life can be Beautiful" and we should never give up hope and our faith in God for friends' help in time of need.

MRS. N. N. H.

The following letters will receive RADIO MIRROR'S fifteen-dollar checks:

The Good Samaritans

Dear Papa David:

Three years of war, six months of which I spent convalescing in a Hospital Plant in England, had so embittered me that I had lost all faith in mankind. The hurt inflicted by the enemy had been far deeper than my flesh wounds indicated.

This insalubrious state of mind continued long after I had been released from the hospital. I avoided my buddies on (*Continued on page* 80)

Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

ker, is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, PST; 1:00 P.M., MST; 2:00 P.M., CST; and 3:00 P.M., EST, over NBC.



LIFE CAN BE *Beautiful*

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But the day before Christmas is a day we'll never forget. For that morning the train pulled up to a stop at our very gate. Several of the crew got off carrying large boxes and packages and gave them to my mother along with a bulging envelope. Then wishing us all a "Merry Christmas," the train started on its way again.

When the boxes and envelopes were opened we all learned that Life can truly be Beautiful. For there was money for doctor bills and medicine for my sick father. Money for coal and wood and credit at a nearby store for one hundred dollars' worth of groceries. And in the boxes were clothes, including underwear, and hose and shoes for our bare feet and other things. And one box brought happiness to tiny tots who thought Santa would forget them this year. For there were candy, nuts, oranges, fruit, gum, and a toy for each child.

Our Christmas that year was one we'll always remember. For those railroad men through their great kindness gave us back our Daddy. He would have died without medicine and care. And most of all they proved to a poor family that "Life can be Beautiful" and we should never give up hope and our faith in God for friends' help in time of need.

Mrs. N. N. H.

The following letters will receive RADIO MIRROR'S fifteen-dollar checks:

The Good Samaritans

Dear Papa David:

Three years of war, six months of which I spent convalescing in a Hospital Plant in England, had so embittered me that I had lost all faith in mankind. The hurt inflicted by the enemy had been far deeper than my flesh wounds indicated.

This insalubrious state of mind continued long after I had been released from the hospital. I avoided my buddies on (*Continued on page 80*)

Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

Life Can Be Beautiful, which is written by Carl Bixby and ... is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, PST; 1:00 P.M., MST; 2:00 P.M., CST; and 3:00 P.M., EST, over NBC.

Very, Very Merry



Let setting your table be the only just-before-eating task. You can, if you follow Kate Smith's plan which allows you, as well as the family, to enjoy Christmas dinner.

WHAT shall we have for Christmas dinner? What shall we serve to celebrate this best-loved of holidays? These are the questions uppermost in our minds as the great day draws near and luckily for all of us there is a variety of deliciously satisfying answers—chicken or duck, goose or that favorite of favorites, turkey. Whichever you prefer, the dressing will be of major importance so here are a number to choose from together with a few cooking tips to help you to the very merriest of Christmases.

Bread and Sausage Dressing
(for chicken or turkey)

2 cups stale bread crumbs
½ cup hot water
2 or 3 sausage links
1 medium onion chopped fine
¼ cup minced celery leaves
¼ cup minced parsley
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. sage

Cover bread crumbs with water and allow to stand about 10 minutes. Break sausage with a fork and add to crumbs. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. This is sufficient (about 2 cups) for a 4-lb. chicken. Increase proportions to make 6 cups for turkey.

Mashed Potato Dressing (for any fowl)

2 cups hot mashed potato
1 tsp. sage
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 tbl. melted shortening
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup milk

Add seasonings, shortening and beaten egg to milk. Combine mashed potato and beat well. About 2 cups. (*Continued on page* 90)



By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night variety show, heard over the Columbia network at 6:30 EST.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wild, pianist
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfro Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		9:30	MBS:	Tone Tapestries
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
8:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
		10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
		11:00	MBS:	Bible Institute
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
		11:15	MBS:	Pauline Alport
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Eternal Light
		12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour
		12:30	ABC:	String Orchestra
		1:00	MBS:	George Carson Putnam
		1:00	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	People's Platform
		1:00	NBC:	America United
	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Leo Durocher
		1:15	MBS:	Opportunity U.S.A.
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Singing Sweethearts
		1:45	MBS:	Jimmy Farrell
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Private Showing
8:00		2:00	ABC:	Warriors of Peace
		2:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
		2:30	NBC:	Harvest of Stars, James Melton
11:30		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45	MBS:	What the Veteran Wants to Know
12:00		3:00	ABC:	Danger, Dr. Danfield
		3:00	MBS:	Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
		3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs
12:45		3:45	ABC:	Samuel Pettingill
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	The Quiz Kids
	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Are These Our Children?
		4:00	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller
		4:30	NBC:	Lucky Stars
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Hour of Charm
1:30		4:30	ABC:	Right Down Your Alley
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00	MBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
2:00		5:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		5:00	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
12:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Adventure of Ozzie & Harriet
	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Phil Davis
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
		6:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		6:30	ABC:	The O'Neils
		6:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
		6:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson
4:00		7:00	MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
9:00		7:00	CBS:	Gene Autry
		7:30	MBS:	Star Show
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Dark Venture
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:00	ABC:	Paul Whiteman
		8:00	CBS:	Adventures of Sam Spade
		8:30	MBS:	Special Investigator
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
6:15	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Louella Parson's Show
8:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
6:45		9:45	ABC:	Policewoman, drama
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take it or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theatre Guild
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Don Ameche Variety Show
		10:00	MBS:	Mystery Is My Hobby
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	Serenade for Strings
	10:30	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
10:30	11:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



HEROINES MAKE THEMSELVES . . .

Bess McCammon would be the last person in the world to accept herself in the role of a heroine. Bess, who plays among other radio parts the one of Aunt Agatha in The Romance of Helen Trent (CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 12:30 P.M. EST) is calm, grey-haired, green-eyed.

Yet, in her gentle way, Bess McCammon has had to face life and fight for it, for herself and her two sons.

Bess was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, brought up in the American tradition that the greatest career for a woman was that of being a good wife and mother.

For seventeen years, she acquitted herself very well. She ran her home efficiently and happily. She had two sons.

In 1932, that well being was shattered by the untimely death of Mr. McCammon and the startling realization that she had a seventeen-year-old son to see through college and a ten-year-old son to help through his formative years.

Outside of her home making, Bess had training for only one thing, the theater. Bravely, she tackled the powers-that-were at the Schuster-Martin School of the Drama and, with no trouble at all, she was hired as a faculty member of the school and shortly made the director of the school's children's theater. This was a job and hard work, but it didn't quite fulfill all the needs of her little family in terms of salary. It was this need for more money that turned Bess's efforts toward radio, which was just beginning to get a foothold on the nation at that time.

In no time at all, Bess was appointed to the dramatic staff of station WLW. For the next six years, she handled two jobs—one at the dramatic school, the other at the radio station, scrambling a bit to meet all her commitments without sacrificing her children to her career. And any woman who has had to work for a living and raise children at the same time, knows what a strain that can become at times.

By 1940, Bess was so much in demand for radio work that she was able to give up her staff work at the school. In the early spring of that year, she moved with her sons to Chicago, where for the next four years she was one of the busiest actresses on the air. In 1944, she moved to New York, that being the next port of call in her career, but also a place more accessible for her sons, who were both in the Armed Forces by that time. The war years were not easy for Bess, yet worry over her boys while they were overseas never ruffled her quiet, calm nature. She would still laugh, if anyone called her heroic.

Monday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Jack Berch
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:10	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
11:30		10:45	ABC:	Club Time
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington Sings
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Holiday On Wings
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	Naval Academy Band
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:45		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
		4:45	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:15	CBS:	Woman's Club
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	4:45	5:30	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Bob Hawk Show
7:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
8:30		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Fighting Senator
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Case Book of Gregory Hood
7:30		9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theatre
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Benny Goodman
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
		9:30	ABC:	Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room
6:55		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Tommy Dorsey's Play Shop
		10:00	ABC:	Doctors Talk It Over
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

Tuesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	9:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Alan Scott
		10:00	NBC:	Jack Berch
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
1:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
1:00	2:45	4:00	ABC:	George Barnes' Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:45	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt, marimba
		6:15	CBS:	Frontiers of Science
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
3:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Blue Barron's Orchestra
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Songs by Warde Donovan
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		8:00	MBS:	Under Arrest
		8:15	MBS:	Inside Sports
7:30		8:30	ABC:	Henry Morgan
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Mel Blanc Show
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Amos 'n' Andy
		9:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Boston Symphony
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee & Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
		9:30	CBS:	Hollywood Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
		10:00	CBS:	Talent Scouts
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Open Hearing
		10:30	MBS:	Dance Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
		11:15	CBS	Frontiers of Science



FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

When a radio producer in Chicago needs a mad cockatoo, a pink elephant, an overworked and complaining horse, or an alligator noise, his automatic choice for an authentic portrayal is Wilms Herbert. Wilms is also greatly in demand as a leading man and character actor, being heard daily and weekly in many shows. He plays Keith Armour in NBC's Today's Children, Mr. Garrett in NBC and CBS's Ma Perkins and is the narrator on the NBC series, Tales of the Foreign Service. In addition, he portrays all the different animal characters that turn up in Mutual's Those Websters.

All this versatility isn't just a knack. It's the result of research, study and hard work. Wilms loves all animals and spends much of his time at the zoo, watching and listening to them and absorbing every nuance of the sounds they utter. That's what makes his animal imitations so authentic. His dialects come from intensive reading and wandering about the city listening to the way people speak.

Wilms, an attractive bachelor of some thirty-odd years, was born in Chicago. He began his acting career early, working as a professional actor while he was still a student at Lake View High School. He toured during the summer with Chautauqua and Toby shows.

The restlessness in him, which is now satisfied by wanderings in and around Chicago, was always with him. On one of his tours about the country, he stopped off in Hollywood for several years. There he ran a dance studio, at the same time singing in the Los Angeles Opera Company and the Light Opera Company, with flyers in musical movies, both singing and dancing before the cameras. During his spare time—what there was of it—he wrote dance reviews for the *Los Angeles Daily News*.

A wanderer at heart, Wilms tired of staying in Hollywood and began traveling, arranging and booking musical units for movie theaters throughout the country. He finally got to Milwaukee and, in 1940, took over the stage direction of the Milwaukee Opera. He still commutes to Milwaukee once a week, where he is narrating for a children's opera company.

In 1942, Wilms decided to try his hand at radio and, after a very short time, he had a leading part in Lonely Women. Since then, he has developed into one of the busiest actors in Chicago.

He's not sure how long it will last, but for the moment, Wilms has settled down in Evanston, Illinois, where he lives with his mother and brother. One of the things which may anchor him for some time is his fine collection of rare birds and the modern, scientific aviary in which he breeds them. You can't just walk off and leave such a hobby to gather dust, while you gallivant about the country.

Wednesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
		10:00	NBC:	Jack Berch
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Jill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Meet Me in Manhattan
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00	CBS:	George Barnes' Orchestra
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
		4:15	MBS:	The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:15	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Word From the Country
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Jose Bethancourt
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof
4:00		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week
8:00	8:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
7:00	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Battle of the Commentators
		7:30	NBC:	Carolyn Gilbert
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson
		8:15	ABC:	Listen to La Guardia
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	It's Up to Youth
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		9:00	ABC:	Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Pot o' Gold
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	CBS:	Dinah Shore
7:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
9:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Bing Crosby
		10:00	MBS:	Concert Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS	Information Please
		10:30	MBS	Author Meets Critics
		10:30	ABC	Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Jack Berch
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
7:45		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
5:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45	MBS:	U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
2:45	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
1:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
		2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Meet Me in Manhattan
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
1:00		4:00	ABC:	George Barnes' Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:45	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Cliff Edwards
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	5:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
		7:30	ABC:	Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dennis Day
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30		8:30	NBC:	Aldrich Family
		8:00	MBS:	Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Burns and Allen
		8:30	MBS:	Vic and Sade
		8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. in Peace and War
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
		9:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Pot o' Gold
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	By Popular Demand
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley with Eve Arden
		10:00	ABC:	Sammy Kaye
		10:00	MBS:	Eddie Dooley's All American Football Roundup
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:30	ABC:	Ralph Norman's Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		10:30	MBS:	Crime, Cause and Prevention
		10:30	CBS:	Phone Again Finnegan



CHATTERBOX

Fran Allison's characterizations of genial, gossipy, gauche "Aunt Fanny" on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday broadcasts of the ABC Breakfast Club (weekdays 8 A.M., CST), are so realistic that Fran's mother, back in Iowa, is in a constant dither for fear that kinfolk might be offended.

Fran says that this puzzles her because the quaint people and rural events she describes a la Aunt Fanny are purely fictitious. There are really no such persons as Lutie Larson, Bert and Birdie Beerbower, Nether Hennicut and the rest of the rustics that pop up in her monologues. Fran makes them up out of her own head. When challenged, however, she does admit that certain characters are composites of actual people she has met and watched and listened to—but that's something else again. Where else should an artist go for material, if not to life itself?

Fran was born in La Porte City, Iowa, and spent her girlhood, as she puts it, ". . . in the shadows of the tall corn." She went to Coe College in Cedar Rapids, majoring in music and education. As a member of the college glee club, she discovered that she had a flair for putting vitamins into undernourished ballads, which talent resulted in an early debut as a singer on a local radio station.

Like so many successful characterizations, the creation of "Aunt Fanny" was spontaneous. Fran had strolled casually into the studio one day while an announcer was giving forth on the air. As a break, the announcer interrupted his program to remark, "Why, here's Aunt Fanny—why don't you come over and say hello to the folks?" The "Aunt Fanny" clicked in Fran's inventive brain and she went to the microphone and for five minutes ad-libbed her first, hilarious Aunt Fanny routine.

Once born, Aunt Fanny took a firm hold on listeners who kept writing in for more of the loquacious lady. From that moment, Fran led a dual life, singing as Fran Allison and chattering as Aunt Fanny.

In 1937, Fran moved to Chicago, where she and Aunt Fanny became fixtures on the Breakfast Club.

Fran is a warm, friendly and unaffected person, who prides herself—as well she may—on maintaining an even temper at all times. That even temper is being sorely tried, these days, too. Through the last two and a half years of the war, while her husband, a lieutenant in the infantry, was overseas, Fran spent most of her spare time trying to locate an apartment that had a lease of more than three months. Her efforts were valiant but not very fruitful. Fran claims that she spent most of that time changing apartment and phone listings. And now that her husband is back home again, she'd like to settle down and cook for him—a chore she loves—and get an efficient person to keep house.

Friday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York
		9:15	CBS:	This is New York
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Jack Berch
		10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	Faith in Our Time
12:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	MBS:	The Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington Sings
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request
		12:30	MBS:	Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
		12:45	MBS:	Division Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Big Sister
		1:00	MBS:	The Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Road of Life
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Winner Takes All
12:30		3:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill
1:00		4:00	ABC:	George Barnes's Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Sky King
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Report From Washington
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Baby Snooks
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody Paul Lavalle
		8:00	MBS:	Voice in the Night
		8:15	MBS:	Inside of Sports
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Alan Young Show
9:30	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Endorsed by Dorsey
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your F.B.I.
9:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
		9:30	CBS:	Durante and Moore
7:00		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
		10:00	MBS:	Spotlight on America
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	It Pays to Be Ignorant
		10:30	MBS:	Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie

Saturday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Phil Cook
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	Musical Novelty Group
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00	ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
		9:00		Percolator Party
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling
		9:30	NBC:	Camp Meetin' Choir
		9:45	NBC:	A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00	ABC:	Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
		10:00	MBS:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		10:00	NBC:	Adventures of Frank Merriwell
		10:30	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30	ABC:	Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Elizabeth Woodward
4:30		11:00	NBC:	Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:15	MBS:	Vacation Symphonies
		11:30	ABC:	Tell Me, Doctor
		11:30	CBS:	Give and Take
		11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Quaker City Serenade
		11:45	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater Today
		12:00	MBS:	Saturday Symphonies
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30	ABC:	American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Home is What You Make It
		12:30	MBS:	Luncheon With Lopez
		1:00	NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
	12:00	1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS:	Checkerboard Jamboree
		1:00	ABC:	To Live in Peace
		1:30	ABC:	Football Preview
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	County Fair
10:00	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		1:45	ABC:	Football Game
4:30	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:30	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:30	NBC:	The Baxters
		2:30	MBS:	Palmer House Concert Orchestra
		2:45	MBS:	Game of the Week
		3:00	MBS:	Football
		3:00	CBS:	Assignment Home
		3:00	NBC:	Saturday Showcase
		3:45	CBS:	Cross Section AFL
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors at Home
		5:00	CBS:	Matinee at Meadowbrook
1:00		5:00	ABC:	Saturday Concert
		5:30	MBS:	George Towne's Orchestra
		5:30	NBC:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:00	MBS:	Paul Schubert
		6:15	ABC:	Jimmy Blair
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Columbia Workshop
		6:15	MBS:	Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30	MBS:	Eddie Howard
		6:30	CBS:	American Portrait
2:45		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00	ABC:	It's Your Business
		7:00	CBS:	Sweeney and Marsh
9:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Green Hornet
		7:30	NBC:	Curtain Time, drama
4:30	4:30	7:30	CBS:	Tony Martin
		7:45	MBS:	Korn Kobblers
		7:45	MBS:	Crime Doesn't Pay
8:30		8:00	MBS:	20 Questions
		8:00	ABC:	Stump the Authors
		8:00	CBS:	Hollywood Star Time
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
7:30		8:30	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	MBS:	Juvenile Jury
		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
		8:30	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
9:00		9:00	MBS:	Gold and Silver Minstrels
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Roy Rogers
9:00		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
		9:30	ABC:	Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
R 6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
M		10:00	ABC:	American Melodies
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Old Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown

Jonathan Trimble's In-Law Trouble

(*Continued from page 39*)

no self-respecting town like Bellport should permit itself even a sidelong glance at a neighboring town that would harbor a reportory company—a town such as Bellport's neighbor, Flowerdale," the loungers around the stable heard. "Therefore we fully expect that all the refined and cultured people of Bellport will keep away from Flowerdale this weekend, when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be exhibited on the stage . . . Women's and children's innocent minds can be warped beyond redeeming by so much as a glimpse of the charlatans and thieves who call themselves actors . . ." And so on.

HE wound up in a crescendo of shouting, and Martinson was duly appreciative. Jonathan felt fine. Contentedly, he clapped his bowler hat on his head, picked up his gold-tipped cane, snapped it against his gray spats, and barged homeward through the wide and tree-lined streets of Bellport. As he passed the livery stable, he bowed warmly to his unknown audience of loungers. Only one thing on the way home wiped the happy expression off his face—a sign advertising the acting troupe coming to Flowerdale. But once past that, Jonathan's face resumed its contented set. And once settled at the dinner table at his home, he was more than content—he was beaming.

As he ate his way through soup, fish, roast beef, creamed chicken, salad, two vegetables, potatoes (sweet and Irish), and a chocolate steamed pudding, he listened pleasantly to the conversation of his wife Alice, his twelve-year-old son Morgan, and his attractive almost-grown daughter Mildred. And he roared "A fine meal, Norah!" to the Trimble maid-of-all-work as she carried in, at last, the coffee. If his wife seemed to have been watching him with closer attention than was her wont, he didn't notice it. And if she seemed to clear her throat unduly before she asked him a direct question over coffee, that too missed his attention.

"Dear," she said then, "will it be all right if we have a house guest over the weekend? I know it's rather sudden."

Jonathan turned his contented countenance her way. "Depends on the house guest," he remarked cheerfully. "A man—no. A beautiful woman—yes."

Alice looked relieved. "It's a woman, but I don't know how beautiful because I haven't seen her since I was six," she said. "It's my cousin Addie. She's English, and this is her first trip back to America since then—I received a telegram this afternoon."

"Fine with me," Jonathan nodded. Then, pouring a little brandy in his coffee, he added, "What's she doing in Bellport this weekend—why the sudden visit?"

"Uh—I don't really know," Alice stammered, with uncharacteristic vagueness.

But Jonathan missed this too. He picked up his cup and headed for his library. Over his shoulder he called back, "Why, I'd be delighted to show an Englishwoman a real American home. She'll find out we've got more breeding and culture than her country ever dreamed of." He paused in the doorway and added, "The only thing more ignorant than a Britisher is—an actor!" Then he made a triumphant exit, on the wings of his near-epigram.

Behind his back, Alice jumped as if she'd been unexpectedly pushed, and a guilty expression hurried across her face and disappeared again. But she said nothing to her lord and master, who was now roaring out a song from Gilbert and Sullivan in his library as if he had forgotten that those two gentlemen were English—and also tarred with the theatrical brush.

The following Thursday's luncheon was a meal Alice was sure she'd never forget. It was the day her cousin Addie was due to arrive, and she had spent the morning scouring the house with Norah's aid. She sat down breathlessly at lunch wearing a dust cap over her hair—and listened in mounting horror to the news Jonathan had brought home.

"Bellport," he shouted, as if he were addressing a meeting of the town council instead of three Trimbles, "is to be honored tomorrow night by an unofficial campaign visit of our fine Governor!" He looked around for approval, reaped awed interest, and continued. "He's arriving on the 9:00 P.M. train, and the town council had an emergency meeting this morning to decide how to introduce him to all his loyal Republican followers in Bellport. It was finally decided to give him a garden party reception at a leading citizen's home."

He got ready for his punch line. "And now, my dears—guess whose home was chosen for the honor of giving that party?"

Alice croaked out the answer. "Our home—and I think I'm going to faint."

JONATHAN said, "Nonsense! Take a deep breath." Then he went back to his triumph. "Our home was picked for two reasons—one, we have a magnificent garden; two, I edit the most outspokenly Republican newspaper in this part of the state!"

"That's fine, dear, and I'm proud of you," his wife said feebly. "But let's get down to details about this party. What do you want it to be like?"

Jonathan wanted it to be tremendously successful, that was all . . . with sixty jack-o-lanterns decorating the grounds, plenty of chairs rented from the funeral parlor, a small stringed orchestra rented from the hotel, and the customary refreshments—ice cream, fruit punch, cake, lemonade, and so on.

He got up from the table, ready to head back toward his office for his afternoon's work, and paused. He had just recalled that their house guest was due that afternoon.

"I hope your cousin is presentable enough to fit into the party tomorrow night," he said. "Being British, it's hard to say. By the way, Alice, what's her name? Might as well begin memorizing it so I can introduce her around tomorrow night."

"Well . . ." his wife answered. Then she squared her shoulders, seemed to win some inner struggle, and said firmly, "Her name is Adelaide Summer, just as it always was. *Miss* Adelaide Summer."

Jonathan looked displeased. "Oh, one of those British old maids," he stated. Then he added with a shrug, "Still, that's a pretty name. Easy to remember too. Adelaide Summer . . . say, haven't I heard that somewhere before?" He frowned, concentrating. "I don't know . . ." (*Con't'd on p.* 56)

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(*Continued from page* 54) Alice answered faintly.

"Oh, well," Jonathan dismissed the subject. In the doorway he turned to deliver a final speech. "There's only one blot on the Governor's coming—those disgusting signs along Main Street advertising that cheap theatrical troupe."

With that he left his home and set out to walk back to his office. On the way, he passed one of the repugnant signs advertising the arrival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He read it absently as he went past it, continued walking on for a few feet—and then made an abrupt U-turn and hurried back to study it. He had not been wrong. There was the name "Adelaide Summer" listed as one of the troupe!

HE hastened right back home, trying to hold his agitated gait down to a trot. Once at his own house, however, he threw dignity to the winds and galloped across the lawn, over the porch and through the front door. As he went he was roaring, "Alice! What is this outrage! Don't tell me that your fine-feathered British cousin is a vulgar member . . ."

He got that far in his speech, and his fiery progress had led him into the living room, when he came upon Alice. She looked as horrified as he—but for a different reason. She was sitting talking to her just-arrived cousin, Adelaide Summer . . . who was as beautiful a woman as Jonathan could have wished for a house guest.

Jonathan took in this scene and stopped his speech in full-stride. But if Adelaide had heard his denunciation—and how could she have missed hearing it?—she gave no sign. She said, "So this is your handsome husband! You're so kind to put me up!"

"Er—ahem—of course," stuttered Jonathan. But he looked like a man who was smothering. Finally he bowed stiffly to her, shouted to Alice, "I'll see you upstairs!", and charged from the room. On his way through the hall he couldn't resist stealing a look at himself in the mirror to check on his handsomeness.

But his attitude on her career was unchanged, as he roared to Alice the minute she appeared in their bedroom.

"Of course I cannot refuse to put up a female relative—no gentleman can do that," he shouted at her. "But I can and do refuse to have the town know I am putting up an actress. I shall have a talk with her about it."

Without waiting for Alice's answer, he tore open the bedroom door, advanced down the hall to the guest room door, and gave it a series of crashing knocks.

"Come in," called Adelaide sweetly. Once inside, he found his daughter Mildred watching Adelaide unpack with her eyes starting from her head.

"Look, Father," she called to Jonathan the second he entered. She held up a box overflowing with lovely jewels. "Look at Cousin Adelaide's beautiful gems—and see, some of them are engraved in their gold settings: 'With love from Gilbert.'"

This news flabbergasted Jonathan. With his last breath, he said shortly to Mildred, "Please leave so that I can speak to my wife's cousin alone." He could hardly wait for the door to close on Mildred's reluctant back. Then he faced Adelaide.

Jonathan explained to her that the immorality of theater people was no secret to the world, although *he* was broadminded about it, of course. "But as a father and husband, I must ask you to stop flinging the trophies of your romances in my innocent family's face!"

"Yes, Jonathan," said Adelaide. Her lip seemed to be twitching unduly, and she clamped her handkerchief to it.

This was easier than he could have hoped for. He went on. "Furthermore, based on the fact that some people in Bellport regard all theater people as beyond the pale—it would help my standing in the community a great deal if there were some means of concealing your livelihood from Bellport. You are obviously a charming woman in yourself," he added graciously. "But as an actress you might be misunderstood."

ADELAIDE settled this problem promptly. She explained that the play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she would be playing in black-face; no one would recognize her.

"But there's still another problem," she added, working at her twitching mouth with her handkerchief again. "And that is how to get me to the theater? If I hire a carriage in Bellport, the driver might spread the word around . . ."

"Impossible!" roared Jonathan. Then, after a moment of fuming, he announced that he himself would drive her to the theater. "I'll have time to get back before my party for the Governor begins; and by the time I have to call for you after the play, the party should be over . . . Too bad you'll miss it," he added with obvious relief.

Everything was settled satisfactorily. He started for the door, then swung around. "There's the problem of your name! We'll have to introduce you occasionally to our friends, and the name Adelaide Summer is obviously wrong if you are to be incognito." Thinking, his eye lit on her jewel box. With his lips tightened, he said, "Now, if we could call you Mrs. Gilbert—er—something . . ."

Adelaide choked back what sounded like a giggle—probably of hysteria. But she said demurely, "Let's call me Mrs. Gilbert Reed. How's that?"

"That's fine!" Jonathan beamed. "You are a good sport, Adelaide, even if you are British and—er—an actress," and went from the room with satisfac-

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tion in every line of his black broadcloth suit. Downstairs, he boomed to the assembled Trimbles that for reasons best known to himself and Adelaide, she would be known as Mrs. Gilbert Reed to Bellport. And no mention of her acting would be breathed outside the house. Alice was to relay this news to Norah in the kitchen, too.

By the next evening, when he was due to drive Adelaide to the theater, Jonathan arrived home to find his household disrupted. All day the women had been getting things ready for the party that night—and Adelaide's influence was marked. Alice took him on a tour to show him the wonders her cousin had wrought—based on the British way of doing things. Jonathan found that Norah had made a special kind of caviar canape that was delicious. But the cost! Also, Adelaide had herself mixed a champagne punch that was sheer nectar. But again the cost! She had also arranged Mildred's hair in a new way, and fitted out Alice in one of her own fashionable gowns. "Makes you look like a London hussy!" Jonathan fumed, but he couldn't help admiring his wife's appearance nevertheless. And he had to admit that the garden, strung with jack-o-lanterns and set up with chairs and tables, looked beautiful.

BUT meanwhile he had made his bargain to drive the upsetting influence to the theater, and he was braced to carry it out. After gulping a sandwich, he helped Adelaide into the carriage —together with two suitcases of costumes and a make-up kit—and they were off for Flowerdale.

Once started, Jonathan made a chilling discovery: half of Bellport's finest carriages were on the road to perdition —headed for the theater in Flowerdale. He had almost turned into the main road to Flowerdale before he observed this unexpected turn of events. At once he yelled, "Whoa!" to his horses, and then, after a moment's thought, he turned resolutely around and headed the carriage in another direction.

"What are you doing?" Adelaide demanded anxiously. "We haven't any too much time, you know."

"I'm taking you to Flowerdale, all right," Jonathan told her. "But by the back roads. I don't want my fellow townsmen to think I too am made of clay!"

Adelaide said nothing more. But as they jounced along on rutted back roads she kept glancing at the tiny diamond-studded watch pinned to her shirt-front. And finally she told Jonathan that they were going to be so late that she would have to begin putting on her make-up in the carriage—she wouldn't have time, once they reached the theater.

"A thousand times no!" Jonathan roared at her, outraged. "You might as well take a bath in public!"

But in spite of him, she opened her make-up kit and began smearing charcoal on her face. It was half-on, and Jonathan was still bellowing his disapproval at her, when the unbelievably tragic happened—while they raced down a narrow back road lined with high hedges. Jonathan, still shouting at Adelaide, galloped his horses recklessly around a corner and ran smack into another carriage! And even as the crash sounded, Jonathan's carriage sagged to one side—a wheel had been torn off.

What made things worse was that Jonathan instantly recognized the face

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that poked from the other carriage. It belonged to Dunny Turner, the Mayor's son . . . and Mildred's most ardent beau. Right now, Dunny's round face expressed two thoughts in quick succession: the first was recognition of Jonathan, and the second was open-mouthed astonishment at sight of Jonathan's beautiful companion—whose beauty was still evident, even if the left side of her face was coated with charcoal!

Jonathan sat transfixed in his lopsided position in his broken carriage for a long moment, peering at Dunny. Then he opened his mouth for a roar, changed his mind and sighed instead. Very quietly he said, "Dunny, will you be kind enough to drive this lady to the theater in Flowerdale?"

Dunny's gaping mouth closed, then widened in an interested grin. "Surest thing you know, Mr. Trimble," he said. "Fact is, I was sort of heading that way myself. Quietly."

THERE was something about the way he said "quietly" that jolted Jonathan back into his customary personality. He began roaring that yes, this was his wife's cousin; yes, she was an actress; and that if Dunny could keep his mouth shut in Bellport about her identity *and* the errand, Jonathan's answer to Dunny's marital hopes toward Mildred might be yes too!

"Yes, sir," said Dunny, instantly respectful—and instantly active. In a second he had helped Adelaide into his carriage, packed her suitcases around her, and promised to drive her back again after the theater. His carriage drove off in a sudden flurry of dust and excitement.

It took Jonathan an hour to fix the wheel to the carriage again. He finally drove home grimy, boiling with pent-up emotion, and an hour late to his own party. From his bedroom window, as he hastily attired himself in his white tie and tails, he could see the back garden already sparsely dotted with people dressed in their best, and lit by the bobbing jack-o-lanterns strung through the trees. He was just wrestling his tie into place when Alice came rushing in, her prettiness a little blurred by agitation.

"Jonathan!" she wailed. "It's not going well! The Governor seems—well, sort of listless. He's hard to talk to. I'm afraid he's hurt because the crowd is so small. Where *is* everyone, Jonathan? Could they possibly have gone to that—that theater in Flowerdale?"

"They could positively have gone to that theater in Flowerdale," said Jonathan glumly. He followed her down to the garden and joined in her efforts to make gay conversation with the Governor. But it was indeed an uphill task. The Governor seemed withdrawn and indifferent. Finally he looked openly at his watch and asked a flat question of Jonathan.

"Are these all the Republicans in Bellport?" he demanded.

"No—there will be lots of others here," Jonathan said unhappily. "They're—detained somewhere."

The Governor made his decision. "I too shall be detained somewhere," he said with finality. "I shall be detained in my hotel room bed." He added that it had been a charming party, but that he had to get up to catch an early train—and it was time to go. With Jonathan and Alice trailing him unhappily, he started for the front garden.

There, just for a moment, it looked as if the party might yet be saved. For just as the Governor reached the front driveway, so did the first of a long string of carriages that began pulling up in front of the Trimble home . . . all of them splashed with the mud of Flowerdale, Jonathan noticed grimly.

But even this new rush of people couldn't turn the tide of the party. Despite everyone crowded around him, the Governor firmly refused to be guided back toward the back garden again. "No, I have to get to bed," he said truculently. Then Jonathan saw further disaster headed his way!

Out of the corner of his eye he observed Dunny's carriage driving up—with a beautiful Adelaide inside it. As she put one small foot on the carriage step, Jonathan said pleadingly to the Governor, "Please, sir—back to the punch-bowl!"

He was too late—the Governor's eye had caught sight of Adelaide too. And once sighted, she remained sighted. The Governor stared at her as if hypnotized. Then, suddenly, he gave a shout.

"Strike me if it isn't Lady Gilbert Reed!" he yelled heartily. "I haven't seen you since my trip to London."

Jonathan felt as if his knees were about to turn to jelly. Amazed, he stared at his wife, who stared amazed back at him. Meanwhile, the Governor was now holding Adelaide's hand and inquiring how dear Lord Gilbert was.

"Fine," said she, "and so are my two children."

Jonathan felt a slight giddy feeling in his head. But as the Governor swept Adelaide around the house and into the back garden, talking and laughing to her and followed by a swarm of guests, Jonathan tottered after them. He got there just in time to hear the Governor say that he must drink a toast in Adelaide's honor. With which he climbed on a chair and waved a glass of punch in her direction.

"I WANT to introduce everyone in Bellport to Lady Gilbert Reed, one of England's most charming hostesses," the Governor announced into the waiting silence of the party. He bowed toward Adelaide. "She is also, as you must know, one of its most gifted actresses, under her maiden name of Adelaide Summer. To Adelaide Summer, then, alias Lady Gilbert Reed!"

A mixture of astonishment and fascination held every face at the party. Jonathan still felt as if he might faint any minute.

"And now a toast to our host, Jonathan Trimble, Esquire!" the Governor boomed. "A man so broadminded that while he denounces the stage in his newspaper, he cordially receives such relatives of his who act into his own home!"

Alice nudged Jonathan, who bowed suddenly and dizzily to his guest of honor and to his guests in general.

And then, suddenly, he was playing a new role. He found himself on a chair drinking a toast to the Governor—and offering to take His Honor and twelve guests to the theater tomorrow night to see Adelaide play . . . if the Governor would stay over another day in Bellport.

"It might be arranged," the Governor said, gazing with pleasure at Adelaide.

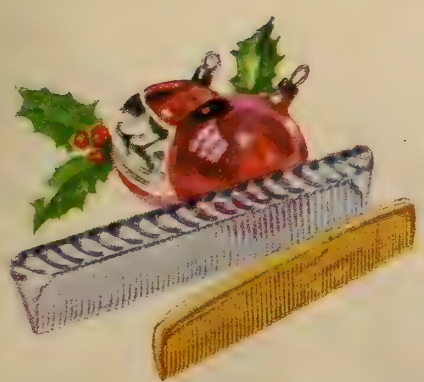
Young Morgan Trimble elbowed his sister Mildred knowingly. "Definitely," he whispered, "the old man has landed on his size-twelves again!"

"Morgan!" said that young lady reprovingly. But she had to admit it was true.

If she cares for lovely things . . . she'll treasure

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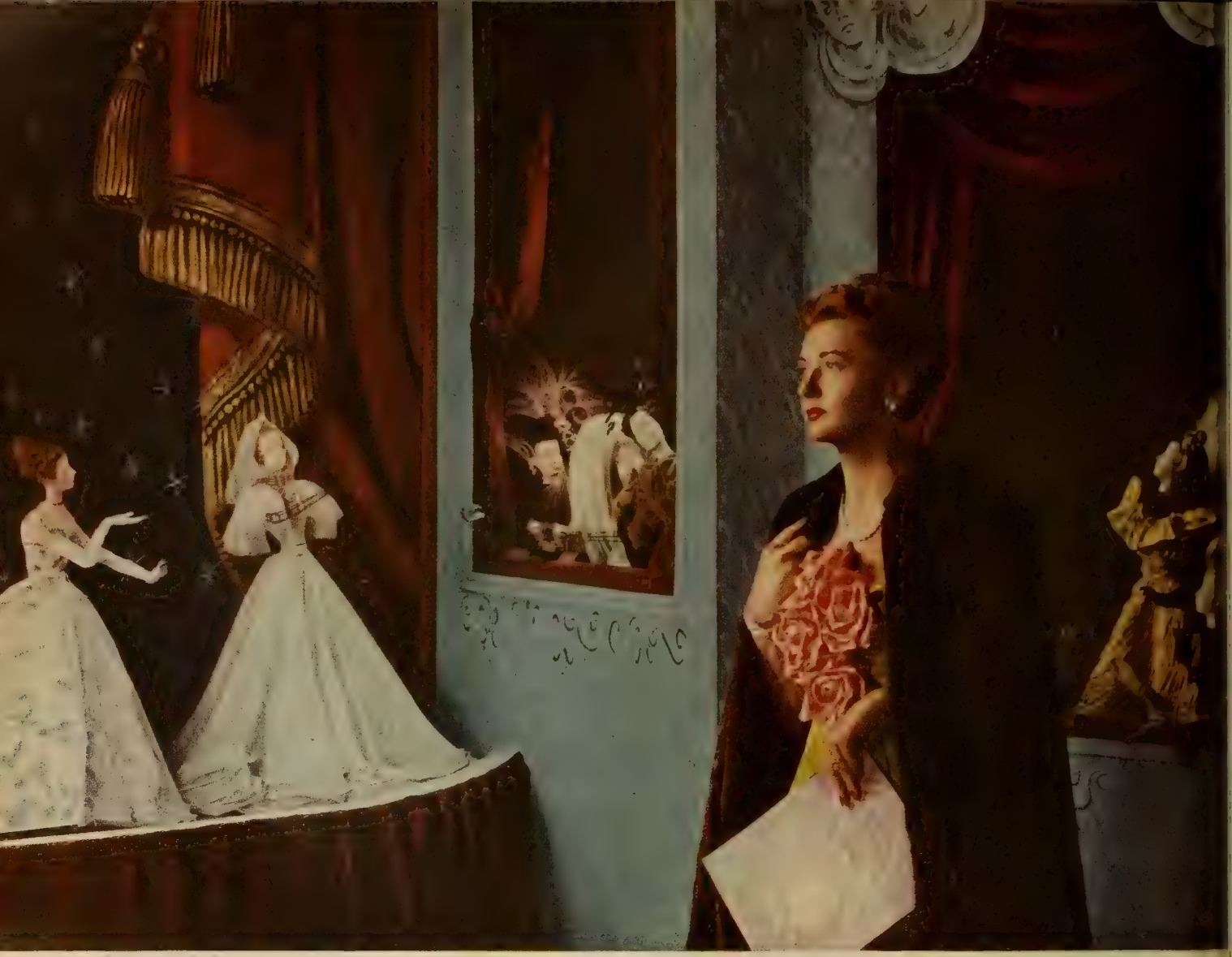




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Come and Visit Penny Singleton

(*Continued from page 47*)

Sister Problem. Dorothy's cross is the heavier to bear.

"Your sister is *eight* and you are eleven," Dorothy has been heard to complain, "and that's only three years difference. But *my* sister is three and a half—not even four yet. That is eight years difference. Why, that's as old as your sister *is!* Why, I just *broil,* all the time."

Suzie, far from being stung by this light opinion of her worth, is scornful right back at her big sister. "Movie stars!" she snorts.

"But you like movies too, Suzie," her mother will remind her laughing.

"Sure," Suzie will reply, "Smoky. Black Beauty. Horses, horses, horses."

Which, in turn, reminds her that there is an errand she wants her daddy to do for her the next time he is near the book store. "Have him bring me *Black Beauty and the Beast,*" she demands. She's crazy over horses.

Bob Sparks is a friendly and forthright fellow whose relaxed and casual manner in the family environment belies his important position in the motion picture business as an Executive Producer at RKO.

He is terribly proud of Penny, but insists upon staying in the background in so far as her career is concerned. He would never tell you—but Penny would—that she might never have *been* Blondie were it not for Bob.

He was the first producer of the "Blondie" films, and it was he who conducted the search for an actress to play the most beguiling young matron of the comic strips. When Penny's manager took her in to Columbia studios for an interview with Bob, she looked anything but the part . . . she had quite dark hair, and a look that was anything but young-matronly. But Bob felt that the voice—the personality—were what he was looking for. Penny was sent out for a peroxide job, made tests—and there was Blondie!

He has had a comprehensive career in the theater and films which covered the departments of exploitation, public relations, writing, stage managing and producing. At home, however, he is anything but the executive. It is he whom Suzie calls on to fix her radio when—as often—it breaks down. It is he who must take both kids to every circus, carnival and side show which comes to town.

The recent polio epidemic which, for safety's sake, restricted going-out activities somewhat, was hard on the youngsters—*and* on Bob, who has as much fun as the children when they're all turned loose together. But he tried to make up for it by arranging shows of his own, Mickey Mouse movies and Donald Ducks, in the projection room at his studio. Suzie, though grateful, was wistful for the glamorous past when children could go fearlessly into crowds.

"Donald is funnier," she said—her father thought, very discerningly—"when lots of people are laughing at him."

Still, it's the horses Suzie prefers above all else. She wishes the magazines would print more stories about horse movie stars, so that she could have a clipping book of her favorite actor, just like her sister's.

If you insist, Penny will show you around the house, although she warns you that it's nothing fancy. Until she can build her post-war dream castle—an S-shaped house with all the workparts, kitchen, laundry, pantry separated from the fun parts, living rooms, bedrooms, sun space by a long, tactful hall—the bungalow in the valley does just fine.

The outdoors is the best part of the valley house, so you look first at the vegetable garden, and the orchard with walnut, apricot, peach, avocado and fig trees—all bearing like mad.

Inside you start with the living room, which is cheerful with chintz—red mostly, with greyed accents of blue and yellow. Your eye catches the glint of Penny's collection of old pewter mugs. The handwoven rag rug in bright, primitive colors spills over, out into the hall and on into the other living areas of the house.

The dining room is early American, but not self-conscious about its antiques. Penny chose the *brown* and white ivy wall paper "just to be different."

If you have time, you'll come upon some of Suzie's handwork in the linen drawers. When a fan sent Penny a set of hand-crocheted lace table mats in a handsome oak leaf pattern, Suzie determined to improve upon the original. With her crayolas, she carefully stained every leaf green.

"A *leave* isn't a *leave,*" she protested, "unless it is green." The green leaves look very nice with the brown and white paper.

Down the hall from the dining room is a little room which the Sparks will tell you is the real reason they bought the house. It houses the stamp collection. Both Penny and Bob are impassioned philatelists, and not all the stamps they collect are from Penny, Kentucky, or Singleton, Texas, either!

Besides the big green leather chairs, the den has a vast and comfortable glazed chintz sofa, books and the radio, a red leather bar. The childrens' rooms are not "decorated," except by the girls themselves. Penny and Bob, however, gave some thought to their own room, which is warm and inviting with its maroon and white printed wallpaper, the soft blue chaise, and canopied four poster bed. Most important among the decorative effects is the collection of family daguerrotypes with all the Sparkses and Singletons framed and on display from Grandpa Sparks, through Penny herself prim in white organdy for her first Holy Communion, to Suzie on her christening day. Other decorations come and go. Current exhibit is a group of three "paintings" by Dorothy Grace Sparks: one of Johnny Toothbrush, the others versions of Dorothy's own invention, the Candy Cane Tree. Very good they are, too, if Penny does say so as shouldn't.

The house isn't complete as yet. The Sparkses bought it when they were evicted from a rented house during the war. (As who in California wasn't?) They had to make a fast move. They moved in with three beds—period—since their furniture and belongings were stored at that time in the Navy warehouse in Quantico, Virginia.

Little by little since then they have got together the essentials for living—with emphasis on that new washing machine, which Penny loves so much she won't let anybody else touch it.

The war years were, all in all, fairly vigorous ones for the Sparks family. Bob was called into the service early, in the Marine Corps, and ordered to Quantico as a Major. Penny and Dorothy Grace joined him there for the only thirteen-week period Blondie has been off the air in eight years, giving Suzie the distinction of being the only "movie" child to be born in a Naval hospital.

When they returned to Hollywood, they went in for ranching on a big—and patriotic—scale, and Penny was A.W.O.L. from her radio program for the one and only time in her life when they were snowbound at the ranch for nearly a week in the spring of 1944.

The ranch now has gone the way of the big and lavish houses in the Sparks's past. "Too much like work," sighs Penny, who as Blondie of films and radio probably does more solid, hard work than any actress in Hollywood.

Penny hopes there will be no more moves for awhile. It's pleasant in the San Fernando valley—and plenty ritzy enough for the Sparkses and all their friends who will continue to be urged colloquially to "come right in and make yourself to home."

"Home is where you can let your hair down and relax," to hard-working Blondie.

There should be more such homes—and there would be fewer broken families—in Hollywood.



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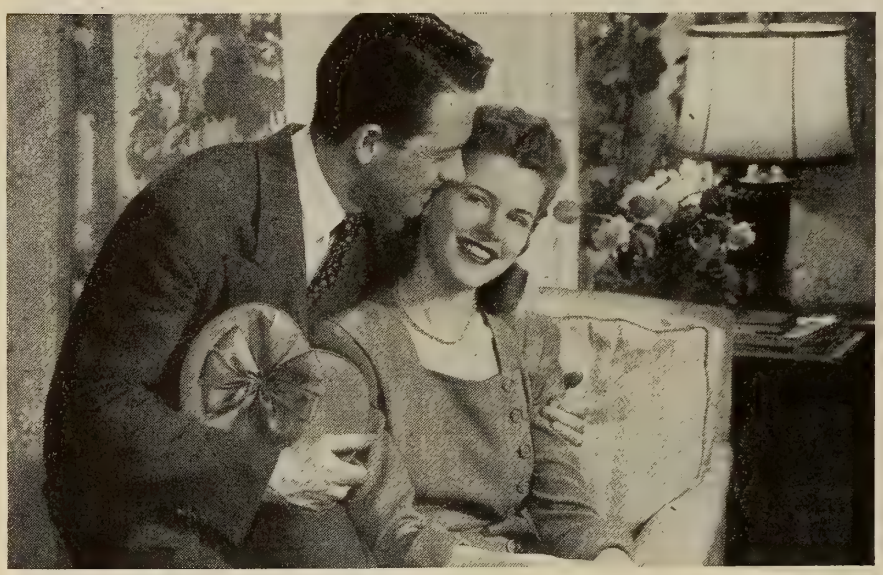
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If Every Day Were Christmas

(*Continued from page* 21)

phoning to ask me to drop in at her house that afternoon. She told me to bring my "little black bag" because the call was to be at least partly professional. That's all she told me over the phone, but when I arrived at her house, she pulled me gently into the hall and explained in a whisper that she wanted me to look at a friend of hers who was in the guest room upstairs. It was a girl, she said, a refugee girl who had arrived just the day before from Europe.

"Not Dorothy Meyer?" I asked in surprise. I knew how long Whit had been working on getting Dorothy Meyer over to this country. Dorothy had been the ward of Whit's Polish friend, Marya Valenti. Whit had evidently forgotten how much she had told me about Dorothy in the past few months, and I could see relief spreading over her face now.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"SHE'S so thin and tired looking. And frightened. She's been in a Displaced Persons camp in Poland. I don't know much about what happened before that—she won't talk about it—but her whole family is dead. Marya Valenti told me that. It was just sheer luck that Dorothy wasn't killed, too. Her friends managed to keep her hidden during the worst of the war years. Poor thing. We'll probably never know what she's gone through."

I don't know what I expected to see in Whit's big canopied bed in the guest room, but as we went in and Whit opened the window curtains to let in the bright sunshine, I was aware of a sharp emotion of pity and surprise. The girl on the bed was one of the most beautiful creatures I'd ever seen—or would be with a few weeks of proper food and care. Shining coal black hair framed a small oval face. And out of that face, with its clear-cut, almost transparent structure of flesh and bone, stared unwinkingly two huge wells of eyes—deep brown, they were, and looked as though they'd witnessed every sorrow on earth.

Whit was introducing us now, and the girl's sensitive mouth shaped itself into a faint smile as she said, "How do you do," in low cultured tones with just a faint hint of an accent. We drew up chairs, and as I came closer to her, I saw the fatigue and nervousness that overlay her beauty like tarnish on a silver goblet. Her small hands lay clenched at her sides.

I knew this was no time for a prolonged question and answer session so I merely said that I was glad she was here and that we'd been waiting for her for a long time. "And," I went on, "since I'm a doctor, I'm also going to see to it that you get well and strong and healthy so that you can enjoy life over here."

She brightened up at that. "Oh, you have studied medicine? How nice. I had a friend at the University. . . ." her voice trailed off then, and she turned her face away for a moment. When she looked back at me, I could see that her lips were set to keep them from trembling. With a visible effort, she went on, "But she's gone now. And they say I mustn't think about it any more. She was—she was—Jewish, too."

I tried to hide the shiver that went

through me as the import of her words struck me, and went on quickly to tell her that her most important job now was to get lots of rest and good food. Then, when she felt stronger, there would be plenty of time for her to make some friends, and figure out something to occupy her time and mind.

"Oh, yes," she responded eagerly, "I want to be doing something useful. I can't just sit and do nothing."

When we got back downstairs, Whit said anxiously, "She's going to be all right, isn't she, Joyce?"

"Yes," I said, "it won't take long to get her back on her feet physically. She's just fatigued, and rest and food will take care of that. But I think the real problem is—well—her soul has been hurt, Whit. Anyone can see that. She's been hurt so badly that it'll take a long time for those inner bruises to heal. We'll all have to help her."

Whit's steady eyes looked into mine and she nodded her head slowly. "I know what you mean, Joyce. We'll do our best, won't we?"

I saw Dorothy almost every day for the next few weeks, and grew very fond of her. Gradually, as the rest and quiet and good food and sympathy began to take effect, the veil of fatigue and terror wore away. She had a true little voice, without a great deal of volume, and I used to love to sit and listen to her. She really knew music—Whit told me once that she had studied music most of her life—and her repertoire was made up of snatches of the great symphonies and concertos, Polish folk songs, Hebrew chants, and even bits of modern music that had been popular in Europe before the war. One day she came across some old Church hymnals in Whit's book-case and for the next few days all we heard was familiar Sunday-School music.

It soon became evident that it was time for Dorothy to broaden her horizons a little. She'd had enough solitude and convalescence and was beginning to get a little restless. I felt that she was strong enough now, so Whit and I arranged a sort of "coming out" party.

People had heard about Miss Whittaker's European guest, of course, and were consumed with curiosity about her. And I must say that Dorothy fulfilled all the good reports that had gone around about her. She fairly glowed with excitement and subdued happiness. And she wore practically no make-up which, I could see, made a

Lora Lawton

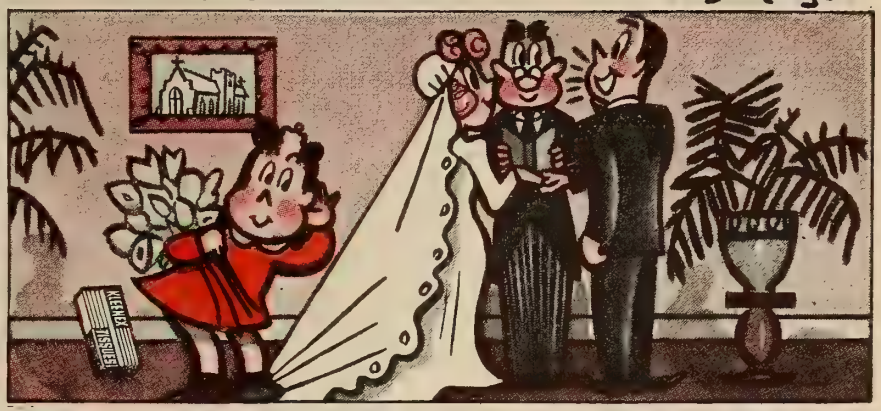
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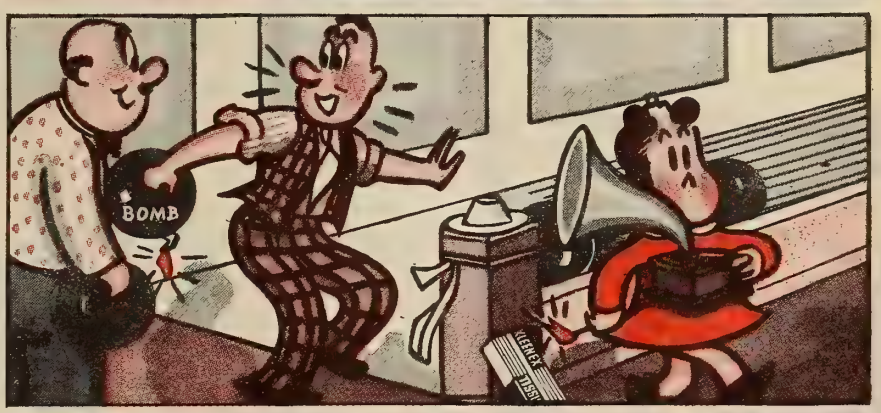
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good impression on the older women.

It was interesting to see how the various people reacted to her. The young men were obviously attracted to her—her dark beauty and queer little foreign tricks of speech drew them like magnets. I particularly noticed young David Barden's eyes lighting up whenever she came near him. He couldn't stop staring at her. The girls were reserved at first. They scented a rival—a stranger in their midst. But her friendliness soon broke down those barriers. Most of the older people, who understood perhaps a little more of her story and background, were curious about her and at the same time sympathetic. I could see that some of them almost had an impulse to pat her on the head and say "There, there. You're safe now."

I say, *some* of them. There were a few who watched her with hard impersonal eyes, as though she were a strange specimen in a zoo or a museum—something to study but not to make friends with. There will always be people like that, I thought with a sigh. They're so afraid of anything outside their own circle of understanding that they can't relax and be at ease. Fear of the unknown, that's what it is—almost a tribal fear that probably goes back to cave-man days. Well, I told myself, they'll get used to her after a while and then they'll warm up. It takes time.

DOROTHY was over at the piano now, with the young people clustered around her. She was playing a Chopin Etude. David Barden was leaning against the piano, as close to her as he could get. When she finished, there was a scattered clapping of hands, and I heard one of the boys ask her if she knew "Sioux City Sue." She shook her head laughingly and some of the others suggested various popular songs. She had to admit that she didn't know any of them. Then, on an impulse, she struck a chord and asked them if they knew this one. It was "Rock of Ages." They all knew it, of course, and after a moment or two of surprise that she she should choose a hymn to play at a party, they began, one by one, to sing. My eyes met Whit's from across the room and we smiled at each other. Things were going well!

While all this was going on, I sat down for a moment next to Mrs. Barden, David's mother. Mrs. Barden was one of our close neighbors. She was not a clubwoman, but was considered a Pillar of the Church, her main interest being the Church choir and the musical arrangements for the various religious holidays and special Church entertainments. She was a plump merry little woman, perhaps a little hasty in her judgments and maybe a little too domineering, but she'd been a widow for a long time and was used to handling her own life and making her own decisions. David was her only son.

Mrs. Barden was talking now about the Church organist, Ellie Danvers, who was leaving town in a week or so to be married. Mrs. Barden was very upset about it.

"You'd think," she laughed to me ruefully, "that I begrudged the poor girl a husband! I don't. I think it's wonderful that she finally got one—after all, she must be at least thirty by now. But I don't know what we're going to do about another organist!"

"How about Mrs. Merryfield?" I suggested.

Mrs. Barden shook her head. "She can read the notes and punch the keys, but that's about all. You see, one of the duties of the organist is to train the children's Christmas chorus. And that requires a general knowledge of music—at least an ability to carry a tune. I've heard Helen Merryfield sing!"

I smiled at her and sympathized with her predicament.

"Well," she shrugged. "It'll probably work itself out. Something's got to happen soon, though. Christmas is coming and the children haven't even been organized yet. They usually go around singing carols on Christmas Eve, you know, and then come to the Christmas party and sing there."

She leaned back in her chair and looked over to the corner toward the group around the piano. Dorothy was playing "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," and the young voices were booming out the song joyfully. "My," said Mrs. Barden, "it's been a long time since I've heard that one. Where do you suppose she picked that up?"

"Out of one of Miss Whittaker's old hymnals," I told her. "She's learned just about every hymn in the book."

"That's rather odd, isn't it?" mused Mrs. Barden. "A girl like that—a foreigner, you know—learning *our* hymns."

"She likes them," I assured her, "she says some of them are very like the songs her mother used to sing to her."

"Very odd," Mrs. Barden went on. "She plays them well, though, and she has a nice voice—what you can hear of it."

And then I had my inspiration. "Why, Mrs. Barden," I exclaimed, trying not to let too much excitement creep into my voice, "that's the answer to your problem!"

"What problem?" asked Mrs. Barden absently, her fingers tapping on the chair arm in time to the music.

"Your children's chorus! Why couldn't Dorothy train them? She'd be perfect, and I know she'd love to do it."

Mrs. Barden stopped tapping her fingers and stared at me. "Are you out of your mind, Joyce?"

"No, of course not. I think it's a wonderful idea."

"BUT—oh, it's ridiculous. Nobody knows her or who she is or where she comes from. And she's not a member of the Church. Why . . . no, it's out of the question."

"Look, Mrs. Barden," I said eagerly, "this is the best way in the world for people to get to know her and who she is and where she comes from. And lots of regular church-goers aren't necessarily members. Miss Whittaker and I would vouch for her character."

She gave me a troubled look. "You know what I'm thinking, Joyce. Let's be frank about it. The girl's Jewish, isn't she?"

I'd been waiting for that. "Yes, she is. And when I think of the terrible things that so-called Christians have done to her and to the rest of her people during the war, I should think every right-minded person in the world would try to bend over backward to right those wrongs. I don't think this is a matter of religion or what Bible you happen to read, Mrs. Barden. Dorothy believes in God, as all of us do. It's really a matter of simple kindliness and generosity. She wants to be friends with all of us in Centerfield. That doesn't seem like asking too much, does it? And what better way could there be than to let her help train the children's chorus? She needs you, you need her."

Mrs. Barden looked thoughtful. "It does sound simple the way you put it, Joyce. But. . . ." Then she made up her

mind. "Oh, all right—let's try it! I'll get the children together some afternoon next week, and we'll let her go to work on them. There—how's that?"

I felt limp with relief. This had been Dorothy's first battle and it had been won without her even knowing about it! "You're wonderful, Mrs. Barden," I said, and felt like kissing her right then and there. "Let me know what day, and Dorothy will be there."

It was getting late now and there were signs that the party was ready to break up. Dorothy and Whit and I stood near the door to say goodnight to the guests. Everyone had nice things to say to Dorothy, and her face was shining with pleasure. "Don't forget," one of the girls called out to her, "we're all going on a picnic next week if it's not too cold," and Dorothy nodded eagerly.

When David and his mother came up to say goodnight, I noticed that he held Dorothy's hand just a trifle longer than necessary and almost stammered as he told her how much he had enjoyed meeting her. A quick flush of color rose to her cheeks and she shyly said she hoped she would see him again soon. I saw Mrs. Barden flash a penetrating glance at her son.

Finally, after everyone had gone, the three of us settled down for one last cup of tea and an after-party talk. I told Dorothy what Mrs. Barden had in mind, and she was enthusiastic.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she breathed ecstatically. "I never thought things could be like this. Everybody is so nice, and you two are wonderful, and I know I'll adore working with those children. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"Don't try," said Whit gruffly, trying to hide her own emotions, "We're having just as good a time as you are. We needed someone like you to stir up the town a bit. It was getting stale. Now the folks will have something new to think about and discuss."

I couldn't resist a little teasing. "Especially David Barden, eh?"

Dorothy burst out, "Oh, my goodness, was it that obvious?" Then, as she saw our delighted grins, she flushed and lowered her eyes.

I probably wouldn't have felt so gay and confident about things if I'd had any idea of some of the results and complications that were to arise from that simple little "debut" of Dorothy's. Perhaps it's just as well we can't see into the future! As it was, everything went along beautifully for a while. Dorothy began the training of her group of little angel-devils, as she called them, and from the few rehearsals I watched, I realized that she was doing an excellent job.

The children were fascinated. After every rehearsal, they'd all gather around the piano and beg her to sing some of the little old-country folk songs that she loved so much. Good, I thought, when I saw this happening. She's learned their songs, now let them learn some of hers.

Whit's old-fashioned little house was becoming quite a young people's rendezvous, too. More and more often in the evenings, as time went on, the windows would be ablaze with lights and passersby could hear the happy sounds of music and laughter from inside. David Barden, Whit said, was always there, sometimes with the rest of the group, sometimes just he alone, gravely discussing life and the world with Dorothy. Whit said they looked charming together—David so blond and tall, and Dorothy so dark and tiny, and both of them so earnest and courteous with each other.

It wasn't long before trouble began to brew. Mrs. Barden couldn't help realizing, sooner or later, what was going on, and when she finally understood, she must have gone through some bad moments. I knew how she'd feel about it. It was all right for Dorothy to train the children's chorus. Mrs. Barden felt she'd been very big and understanding about that. But her only son, David—that was another matter, and a much more important one. She'd always thought of David as settling down eventually with one of the Centerfield girls he'd known all his life—one with a good solid American background, and preferably one whose family attended the same Church that Mrs. Barden did. That she was resigned to. But for David to begin to show too great an interest in this little nobody of a girl—this foreigner from Lord knows where in Europe—this—this *Jew!* It was intolerable!

She began finding excuses to keep David home in the evening or inventing errands for him to do which would prevent him from dropping in at Whit's. When he did get over to see Dorothy, inevitably there would be a phone call from Mrs. Barden, asking him to go here or there or to come home and keep her company because she was lonely. Lonely! She knew everyone in town, and I don't think she'd spent a lonely hour in her whole life. But David didn't complain or criticize. Maybe he didn't realize what she was trying to do. Anyway, he loved his mother, and it didn't occur to him to defy her.

Then she began to show her dis-

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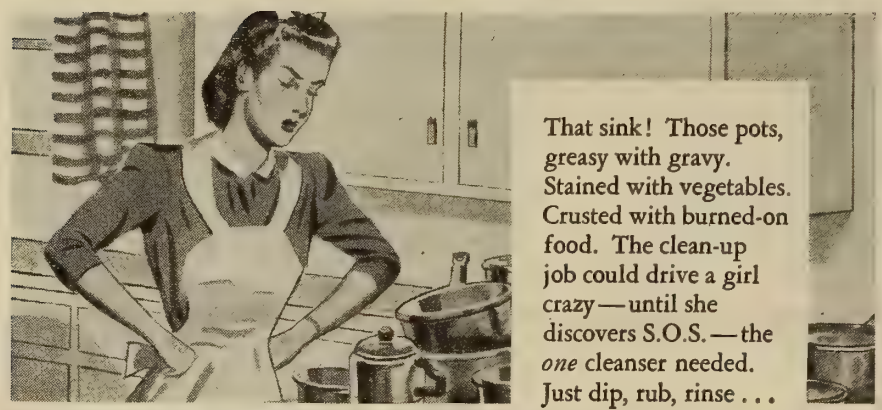
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pleasure to Dorothy. She would drop in at the chorus rehearsals and just sit there disapprovingly and watch with narrowed eyes, trying to find something to complain about.

It was after one of these rehearsals that Dorothy came over to my house, her shoulders sagging with discouragement, and her eyes bright with unshed tears. "I think she hates me, Dr. Jordan," she burst out, "she said I was teaching the children all wrong and that I was a bad influence on them—singing my 'foreign trash' songs to them after rehearsals. She said their parents didn't like it and didn't want me to train the chorus any more."

"Sit down, Dorothy," I told her gently, "we may as well get this thrashed out right now."

She sat down quietly enough, and I started to explain as simply as I could. "First of all—and let's not have any false modesty or embarrassment about this—you and David are in love, aren't you?"

She looked straight at me for a moment. Then, slowly, she nodded her head. "Yes, Dr. Jordan, we are."

"WELL, you know what small towns are like. You've lived in them. And you know what ordinary people are like—especially mothers with only one son. Dorothy, think how your own mother would react in a similar circumstance. And I'm not trying to be cruel—I'm just trying to make you see Mrs. Barden's point of view. Suppose your brother were to fall in love with a girl from another country—another culture—another religion, Dorothy! Do you think your mother would have accepted it calmly without trying to stop it?"

Two big tears began to form in Dorothy's eyes, and she hastily lowered her head. In a muffled voice the honest answer came. "I don't think she'd have liked it, Dr. Jordan. I know she wouldn't. She was old-fashioned and very religious."

"Then," I went on, "you know just what is going through Mrs. Barden's mind. Except that she's trying to avoid coming right out and saying it. She thinks she's modern and broad-minded. But those old ideas and standards are hard to forget. And she hasn't forgotten them. She doesn't want David to be in love with you, Dorothy."

Dorothy lifted her head then. "But it's too late to stop it now. I love him, and he loves me. Oh, what am I to do? Must we stop seeing each other? Must I give him up? Is that the only way? Is America no different from Europe?"

My heart cringed at her words. There it was—stated at last. Was there a place in our great country for someone like Dorothy? Could she have a part in our life, in our hearts? I knew there was a place for her in *my* life—in *my* heart.

"Dorothy," I said gently, and took her hand, "you don't think there's any reason why you and David shouldn't be in love and eventually get married and live the rest of your lives together, do you?"

She didn't trust her voice. She just shook her head violently.

I went on. "And David feels the same way you do?"

"Yes, he does," she said tiredly. "I know how he feels. He feels that love and decency and kindness are the only things that matter. He feels that people like us are the only solution to the world's problems. Because we love each other and try to understand."

"Then wipe those tears away. It's

up to you and David to prove to the world that you're right. Get up on your two feet—both of you—and fight for what you believe."

She stared at me unbelievingly through her tears. "But what about Mrs. Barden, and—and—all the other people who feel the way she does?"

"She—and they—are *partly* your problem. But it's their problem, too, you know. You can't live for everybody. You can do everything you can to help them—up to a point. But from there on, they've got to do it for themselves. In the meantime, you've got yourself to consider. You and David. I don't believe in martyrdom. You do what you think is best for the two of you, and I'll back you up to the limit—or at least as far as I can go. And always remember—there are two things to consider:—your own happiness, and that bigger principle that both you and David believe. I'd say that included the children's chorus, too. It's a job you've taken on, you're doing it well, and I don't think you should give it up for anybody!"

Dorothy's eyes had gotten bigger and bigger as I talked. The tears had disappeared now and a soft lustrous light was beginning to shine through. Speechlessly, she rose to her feet and came over and threw her arms around me. "That's what I've been wanting to hear," she said breathlessly. "Now I can do anything!"

I FELT a little frightened after she'd gone. I was really in for it now. Right up in the front lines, not just in an observer's seat. And I needed help. Wise, understanding help. Because, although I was whole-heartedly with Dorothy and David, there were other things to consider. There was Mrs. Barden.

It finally came—a solution so simple and obvious I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. Or, if not a solution—at least an approach to one. The Reverend Williams—pastor of Mrs. Barden's church. She respected him probably more than she did anyone else in town.

So the next day I called on Reverend Williams. Stumblingly at first I tried to explain what was happening—who Dorothy was, why Mrs. Barden was so upset about David's feeling about her, why I was mixed up in it.

"I have a feeling somehow," I told him, "that David and Dorothy are symbolical of the world itself—of the chance we have now for more love and understanding than we've ever had before. And if it doesn't work out for them, I'll know in my inner heart that nothing will ever work out for any of the rest of us—the United Nations, the Four Freedoms, winning the Peace—anything!"

His wise old eyes twinkled as they looked into mine. "Well," he said, "perhaps you're right. Perhaps everyone would be better off if we could always manage to see the bigger things behind the small ones. And, as far as religion goes, we don't have to look very far in the Bible to find guidance. The good Samaritan wasn't concerned over whether or not the wounded man in the ditch was of his own faith. Jesus didn't ask to see people's identification papers before he stretched out his hand to them—even if it did get him into trouble occasionally. St. Paul preached to Jews and Gentiles alike.

"Those precepts are good enough for me." He paused for a moment and his eyebrows went up in a gentle quirk. "What I say is—what has Centerfield



got that the Founders of Christianity didn't have?"

I laughed with him. That was the wonderful thing about Reverend Williams. He could be serious in one breath and gently ironic in the next. You felt that he had an intense awareness of life about him—that he understood people. It was a comforting thought.

"We'll figure out something," he promised, "and—I was just thinking—don't you suppose it might be a good idea to have the children's chorus sing at the Midnight Services on Christmas Eve as well as at the Christmas party? It would give them something to work especially hard for. And I'm sure I could persuade Mrs. Barden that her young friend, Miss Meyer, will be able to give them the proper training in the short time that is left."

Oh, that wonderful devious man! I felt like singing. "Reverend Williams," I chuckled, "if you ever skin your knuckles or bark your shins, just let me know. I'll come running with the iodine bottle!"

THINGS seemed to move swiftly after that. In spite of his mother, David spent most of his time with Dorothy at Whit's or at my house and managed, gently, not to be available when his mother telephoned. I ran into Mrs. Barden once at the Post Office. She glared at me through narrowed eyes and said, "I just want you to know, Joyce Jordan, than I hold you responsible for whatever happens." She didn't explain further, and I didn't ask her to, and that's all she said.

In an unbelievably short time, it was Christmas Eve, and the whole town was bright and shining with Christmas trees, holly wreaths and fat red candles. I was sitting in front of my fireplace, trying to read a book but not being able to keep my thoughts in order, when the doorbell rang. It was David, a rather high-colored, excited David, with his hair rumpled as though he'd been running his hands through it, and his eyes burning with a desperate gleam .

"Come in, David," I greeted him, "I'll fix you a Christmas egg-nog."

"I'd love it," he said "but first I've got to tell you something. I've done it, Joyce; I've told Mother. And she's fit to be tied."

"Told her what?" I asked, although I knew very well!

"That Dorothy and I are going to be married. I thought she'd hit the ceiling. She said she knew that I was up to something behind her back. She said I'd disgrace the family and the whole town. She said she'd never be able to hold her head up in public again. She said lots of things—all of them bitter and cutting. So I just left the house and ran—over here. Joyce, will you go to the Services with us tonight? I don't think I can face Mother alone again for a while."

"Of course I will," I told him. "Now you sit down here in front of the fire and admire my Christmas tree, and I'll get your egg-nog. Take it easy. Things will work out—see if they don't."

When I came back from the kitchen he was sunk deep in the easy chair, with a worried look on his face. "This is the first time in my life we've ever had a row," he said. "I don't like hurting her, Joyce, but what else can I do?"

"She just has to get used to it," I soothed him. And we talked quietly for a while as he sipped at the egg-nog. It was about nine o'clock when we heard the first thin little treble of familiar music—"Oh, little town of Bethlehem—how still we see thee lie..."

"Oh, David," I exclaimed, "there they are!—Dorothy and the children singing their carols." Quickly I ran to the window and flung it wide. And my heart seemed to expand as I looked down on the little group below. There were the youngsters—almost twenty of them, their cheeks pink with the night air, their eyes bright with excitement, their little mouths wide open as they sang those old well loved words: "Above thy deep and dreamless sleep—the silent stars go by."

And there, to one side, was Dorothy, leading them, giving them confidence by her very presence, urging them on to sweeter purer tones as they sang about the birth of the Saviour. She was snugly wrapped in an old great-coat of mine and wore a perky little beaver bonnet that she'd made from a long unused fur collar of Whit's. Her face was lifted to my window and I turned to whisper to David, "Quick, come look. They're like a choir of angels."

He stood by my side at the window, and I could see a happy smile illumine Dorothy's face, there in the shadow.

David left shortly after that, and I sat and dreamed in front of the fire. Two hours later, he was back. "Come on," he said, "Mother's outside in the car. Time for Church."

Mrs. Barden tried hard to speak cordially to me, as we climbed into the car, but I could see that it was an effort for her. Her back was stiff as a ramrod, and her chin was high in the air. I wondered if her lips were trembling, but it was so dark I couldn't see.

The Church was beginning to fill up when we arrived, and we took our places in a pew down front. Soon everyone had settled down, and Reverend Williams came out to greet his congregation and offer a prayer. The air was sweet with the scent of pine boughs and bayberry candles. The Church choir sang, and then slowly they filed from their places, and Dorothy led her little group to the choir loft. People held their breaths. This was the first time a children's chorus had ever sung at the Midnight Service. It was something very special.

The children were ready to sing now, their eyes solemnly on Dorothy, the hymn-books in their hands, their little faces lifted and shining. The organist struck a soft note, the children took a deep breath in unison, and the high soprano voices rang out—"Hark the Herald Angels sing . . ."

It was a moment of poignant beauty, and everyone in the Church that night reacted to it. I think, if applause had been possible in Church, the whole building would have rocked with it. As it was, when the tender voices finished on "Glory to the new-born King," and sank away, there was a long ecstatic pause, and people looked at each other with shining eyes. The children began another hymn then, and I saw Mrs. Barden wipe a tear away.

After that hymn, the children sat down quietly, and Reverend Williams took his place in the pulpit. He looked around the congregation slowly, his eyes seeming to come to a full stop when they rested on Mrs. Barden.

"I had intended," he began, "to bring you now the usual Christmas story, as I always have at our Christmas Eve services in the past. But tonight, for reasons which seem to me very urgent, I have decided to take my text from the 25th Chapter of Matthew, the 40th Verse: *"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."*

And then, to my astonishment, and evidently to that of the congregation, he proceeded to preach the most beautiful sermon on tolerance I've ever heard in my life. I can remember only a small part of it now, but I'll never forget the feeling of hope and faith that swept over me as his beautiful words poured out.

"And when the Pharisees asked Him what was the greatest Commandment of all, He answered them with two. The first, He said, was 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. The second, He said, was very like the first. It was: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' . . ."

REVEREND WILLIAMS paused for just a moment, and his eyes sought Mrs. Barden's. "Who is your neighbor? You know in your heart who it is. It is the one you can help in an hour of need. It is the one who helps you when every other hand is withdrawn. Not just the friend next-door whom you've known all your life. Not just the person who sits next to you in your own Church. Not just the individual whose beliefs happen to coincide with yours. No. It is he who has mercy in his heart, or to whom you show mercy. That is your neighbor. And now, in the words of our Lord, our gentle Saviour who gave his very life that we might be saved,—'Go, and do thou likewise'."

He ended his sermon and began the Benediction. Mrs. Barden sat as though stunned. I don't know what thoughts were going through her mind, but her head was bowed. Slowly, she slipped a handkerchief from her bag and wiped her eyes. Lifting her head, she looked toward the choir loft where Dorothy sat with the little ones. And slowly she turned her head to David. Finally, with a smile of utter acceptance, she took his hand and pressed it. She listened quietly and lovingly while Dorothy led the children's chorus in the final hymn of the evening.

I don't feel that there's much to say, now that this story is told. It says enough of itself. But I'll always know that that Christmas Eve, I saw a miracle being performed—a miracle of love and generosity and understanding. And, knowing that it happened once, I'll always have faith that it can happen again—wherever people stop to think. Peace on earth—good will toward men. That's what we all want. And that's what we can have—if we will only love one another.

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Lum 'n' Abner Mind Somebody Else's Business

(*Continued from page* 35)

I never want to hear about the war again—it was enough to last me for two lifetimes." His voice thickened. "And, most of all, I want to quit remembering those empty beds in the barracks after a mission." He turned his head away for a moment, and his throat worked oddly.

"We know what you mean, Harry," said Lum softly, "and I can't say as we blame you. Well, the mill will likely be glad to have you back. They been short handed ever since the war started. You ought to be able to get a right good job over there now."

"My old job is good enough. In fact, it's got to be the old job or none at all. I want it to be like it was only yesterday that I left."

"But, Jimineties, Harry," objected Abner, "your old job didn't amount to a row o' pins. Pushin' carts and stuff around! Anybody could do that. It was all right for a young kid just startin' out, but you been gone four years now and you're growed up. You oughta get somethin' better."

HARRY'S jaw tightened, and the lines that appeared in his young face gave him a strangely old and weary look. "It's those four years I want to forget about," he said sharply. "I want to wipe 'em right out. And the only way I can do it is to pretend they never happened. I want to pick up at the mill right where I left off—as though there hadn't been any time in between. Can't you understand that?"

Lum motioned Abner to be quiet and hurriedly cut in. "We understand, Harry. Course you'll probably find there've been some changes out at the mill—but everybody's got to do things their own way. And you sure earned your right to do things your way for a while."

Harry relaxed. "Thanks, fellas. And —let's change the subject. What's been going on down here lately?"

Abner looked at Lum, and Lum nodded imperceptibly. "Well," he began cautiously, "Annie Miller's got a new baby. I hear it's takin' to chewin' on its thumb all the time, but likely it'll get over that. And Squire Skimp's finally puttin' some new shingles on his roof. And Mose Moots is usin' some new-fangled kind of bay-rum a drummer sold him a few weeks back. Gettin' so everybody has a haircut these days comes out smellin' like Granny Masters' lilac bush. What else, Lum?"

Harry was smiling delightedly now, so Lum joined in. "The County put in a new bridge over the Mill River and now there ain't no place for the kids to sit when they go fishin'. They're mighty upset about it. Oh yes, the young Sumner boy got a good job out in Denver, so the Sumners had an auction couple weeks ago and moved up to Denver, lock, stock an' barrel."

"Yeah," interrupted Abner eagerly. "And we got a bunch of new books for the library from the auction. Maybe you'd like to read one of 'em, Harry—looks like a humdinger to me—called 'Sink or Swim'. Brand new author feller, too. Lum says he's pretty good." He held the book out to Harry, who looked at it and tucked it under his arm, his eyes twinkling.

"It sure is good to be back," he said. "And now I guess I better be shoving off. Got to get out to the mill and see about my job and then find out if my old work clothes still fit. Be seeing you."

He opened the door. Lum and Abner said goodbye and watched him as he closed it softly behind him and walked off.

With Harry a safe distance away, Abner shook his head and sighed. "What do you s'pose is eatin' on him?"

Lum shrugged his shoulders. "Seems plain enough," he answered "He just got too much of the war and now he wants to forget it. Can't blame him for that, can you?"

Abner sighed again. "I guess not. But he's goin' to have his troubles. Folks are goin' to want him to tell about all those German planes he shot down, and they ain't goin' to understand about him goin' back to work at the mill in his old job. Gee whilikers, Lum, that boy's a hero! He's been writ up in the newspapers. They said he was an Ace. He was the leader of his whole squadron. He can't just throw all that in the junk heap and go back to bein' a mill-hand."

"Well, that's what he's plannin' on," said Lum, "and I guess folks'll have to take it, whether they understand it or not." Then his eyes narrowed and he looked at Abner speculatively. "Say, Abner, ain't Betty Holden workin' up to the mill now?"

"Yeah," said Abner, "she's doin' secretary work for the manager. What's that go to do with it?" Suddenly his face lighted up. "Say, that's right, Lum. Harry used to be sweet on her, didn't he? D'you reckon she'll be able to talk some sense into him?"

Lum got out the inventory book again. "You never can tell," he said.

BUT the reports that came into the Jot 'Em Down Store And Library during the next few weeks about Harry Johnson weren't any too good. Folks said he'd gone queer-like. They said he got a blank look on his face when they talked to him, and wouldn't answer questions. They said he'd lost all his ambition and would probably end up as nothing but an unskilled mill-hand till the day he died. They said they were beginning not to respect him any more.

One day Betty Holden came in for a library book. There wasn't anybody else in the store, so Lum edged over and started talking to her.

"How're things out to the mill, Betty?" he asked casually.

"Pretty good, Mr. Edwards," she replied. "We've still got so many orders we can't fill them, but we're doing the best we can."

"I hear young Harry Johnson got back his old job."

"Yes," she said, and slid a look at him out of the corner of her eyes.

"How's he makin' out?"

Her pert little nose twitched ever so slightly. "I really wouldn't know, Mr. Edwards."

Lum had expected something like this. "Now, Betty, you don't need to get on your high horse with me. I've known you ever since you were knee-high to a grass-hopper. And I know how you and Harry used to feel about each other before the war. Betty, I'm worried about that boy. Both Abner and me are worried. I thought you might be able to help us figure out what to do about him."

She looked straight at him then, and the pert little nose wasn't twitching



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R M

now. Instead, the corners of her mouth had turned down despondently and a quick moisture gleamed in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Edwards," she said, "I wish I knew what the matter was. He hasn't been out to our house even once since he got back. I tried to ask him about it one day—jokingly, you know—and he said that I'd gone up in the world so much, being Mr. Ellis' secretary and all, that I was too good for a mill-hand any more—that I'd changed so much he'd never catch up with me."

"Well, this is the way we figured it, Betty," said Lum slowly. "He wanted things to be just exactly the way they were before he went away. He thinks he can be the same person he was four years ago, and I guess it bothers him because other people ain't exactly the same. He's tryin' so hard to forget those four years that he don't want to admit to himself that other people have been livin' right on through them. He's kinda like that old king in the fairy story that tried to hold back the tide just by holdin' up his hand."

"I GUESS so," Betty nodded miserably. "It's sort of like that combat fatigue you read about in the papers all the time. Lots of times they don't even know they've got it. It just gives them peculiar ideas, and they think it's all very reasonable. I think the worst of it all is Al Middleton."

"What about Al Middleton?"

"Well, he's just back from overseas, too, you know, and he's foreman at the mill now. He was a Corporal in the Infantry, and according to him the Infantry didn't think much of the Air Force—especially Air Force officers. He says they were a bunch of 'Glamor Boys'. Anyway, he makes fun of Harry all the time, and pushes him around every chance he gets. He says Harry may have been a fighter pilot and a Major and all that, but the war's over and now he's back where he belongs—working in a mill as a day-laborer. And the horrible thing about it is that Harry seems to agree with him. He never talks back. He just shrugs his shoulders and does everything Al tells him to."

She choked back a sob at this. "It just makes me kind of sick to my stomach, Mr. Edwards—it really does. Harry is a lot smarter than Al will ever be. But you'd never know it out at the mill these days. He's like a Zombie, that's what he's like—a Zombie!"

Lum patted her on the shoulder sympathetically. "I can see how it'd be kinda hard for you, Betty. But I don't think we can do much about it for a while. Just wait and see what happens. What is it they say in the Army—'sweat it out'?"

After Betty had gone, Lum sat down and tried to figure it out, but the more he thought, the more mixed-up the whole thing got. It just didn't make sense. There was Harry—as bright a boy as Pine Ridge had ever turned out. The Army had recognized that, and had promoted him as fast as they could—had given him a lot of responsibility and a big job to do. And then there was Al Middleton. He'd never been very long on brains or ability. He was no master mind, and evidently the Army had recognized that, too. He hadn't gotten any farther than Corporal.

But now, suddenly, Al was Harry's boss and was gloating over it. And Harry accepted the whole thing as right and natural. Just because Al had quit school in the eighth grade and had gone to work in the mill instead of going on to High School, he had reached a higher position there than Harry could in the short time *he* had put in at the mill. But did that make Al smarter or more able than Harry, just because he had a better job? Lum didn't think so.

Harry was a better man than Al Middleton, any day in the week. He'd bet his right arm on that. But if Harry didn't think so, how could it ever be proved? Lum sighed, and went to get the broom to sweep off the front sidewalk. Folks sure could get their lives mixed up, he decided.

He didn't have any occasion to change his mind about that, either, during the next few weeks. From all he and Abner could find out, Harry was still behaving just the way he had when he'd first come home—going to work doggedly every day, doing his job—no more and no less—and taking orders from Al, no matter how insulting or inefficient those orders might seem. Everybody in town was beginning to accept the fact that the Army had ruined Harry. Everybody but Betty and the proprietors of the Jot 'Em Down Store And Library.

Harry dropped in at the store now and then—more as a matter of habit than anything else—and Lum and Abner tried to get him to talk, to bolster up his lost pride a little. It usually didn't work out too well.

"How about them German pilots?" Abner would ask. "Were they as good as everybody says they were?"

BUT Harry would wave a deprecatory hand. "The old Eagle Squadron boys had it tough in the early days, but by the time I got over there, we outnumbered 'em—ten to one sometimes. We had American production backing us up. And there's no glory in just plain weight of numbers."

"The Army must have thought there was some glory to what you did," Abner would suggest cautiously, "or they wouldn't have given you all those medals and a whole squadron to lead."

But Harry wouldn't accept that. "It was a different world over there. Everything was different—and abnormal. It wasn't life. It was a bad dream. And the Army was built to fit. Sure—I was a big shot—a big shot in a nightmare. So what does that make me now? The nightmare's over. I'm awake again and it's the next morning and I'm right back where I started. I'm just plain Harry Johnson, a mill-hand in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. And nothing that's happened in that bad dream can change it. Besides, I don't want to think about it any more."

So Lum and Abner would lapse into unhappy silence and pretty soon Harry would say it was time for him to go, and they wouldn't see him again for a long time.

Then the spring rains started, and all of Pine Ridge was a sodden dispirited place where people stayed indoors as much as they could, and only ventured out when they had to, in raincoats and umbrellas and rubber boots. It had been a dry year so far, and it seemed as though the weather were trying to balance itself with a continuous downpour. The Mill River began to rise, and the lower road—the old dirt road that wound through the back country—was washed out in two places.

Harry came stomping into the store one evening, shaking the rain from his hat and mopping his dripping face with an already wet handkerchief. "Gosh," he said, "I sure hope this lets up pretty

soon. The river's up another foot tonight. Sixteen more inches and it'll be up to the 1927 level."

"How's the dam holding?" asked Lum. The dam was the one built by the mill people years ago, to furnish the power for their operations. In case of flood it was the one thing Pine Ridge had to fear—the lake formed by the mill dam would practically wipe out the town if the dam were to burst. The town had long stopped worrying about that, though. The dam never had burst, and in the usual human way, people figured that since it never had it never would. The rain, to the people of Pine Ridge, was just a nuisance that would stop eventually. Almost no one was giving a thought to the dam and what would happen if it burst.

Harry's next words, then, were a little startling. "The dam seems to be all right," he said, "but I don't know how much more pressure it'll stand. The thing that worries me is the machinery the mill has set up to divert the water in case of emergency. You know—the breakwater farther up the river where that other channel cuts in? They diverted the water years ago into its present channel, to get enough power for the mill. But the breakwater can be lifted and the water rediverted if necessary, right from the engine room at the mill . . ."

"Well, then," cut in Lum, "there's nothing to worry about. I didn't even know about changin' the river bed."

"There wouldn't be anything to worry about," Harry told him, "except that I took a look at the engine room today, and I've never seen a junkier mess of old rusted machinery in my life. It's never been used, of course, and I guess the mill people figured it'd never have to be used. They've just let it go and neglected it until now I doubt if it could be started with a sledge-hammer."

"Did you report it?" asked Abner.

"All the bosses are up in Chicago at a convention or something," said Harry. "Al Middleton's in charge. I told him, but he doesn't like me much anyway, and he told me to mind my own business." He shrugged. "Well, at least I told him, so it's not my responsibility any more. And maybe it'll quit raining before morning anyway."

But the next morning it was still raining, and Lum and Abner heard to their alarm that the river had risen another eleven inches. That afternoon Betty Holden telephoned to them. Her voice was tight with panic as she told Lum she had phoned the store because she didn't know where else to turn. Could they come out right away, she asked. She'd feel better if they were there. She had wired to the mill superintendent and manager in Chicago, but the weather was so bad they wouldn't be able to fly, and it would take too long for them to get back to Pine Ridge in time by train. Al Middleton didn't seem to know what to do about the dam, and Harry wouldn't say a word to her.

Lum said they'd be right out. They locked the store, putting up a sign that





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it would be closed until they returned, climbed into their old car, and drove through the mud and rain to the mill.

The mill was in a turmoil when they arrived. Al Middleton had every man in the place loading sand-bags on top of the dam and along the sides. His face was perspiring and his voice was hoarse as he urged them on. "Can't talk to you now," he roared at Lum and Abner as they approached him, "too busy." So they backed away and looked for Harry. They found him coming in from a trip to the dam, his wet shirt sticking to his shoulders, his face grimy from sand and mud and rain.

"Harry," called Lum as he walked toward them, "isn't it about time somethin' was done about that engine room?"

Betty had joined them and listened anxiously as Harry replied, "It sure is. Those sand-bags are just a drop in the bucket. They won't hold the dam two minutes when the water gets up six inches higher—and it's rising fast."

"Well," said Abner, "how about the engine room?"

"There's the boss over there," said Harry grimly, waving toward Al.

"Please, Harry," pleaded Betty, "if that dam bursts, the whole town will be flooded."

HARRY just jerked his thumb in Al Middleton's direction.

"Maybe we better try talkin' to him again," suggested Lum, and they all walked over to Al. "Listen, Middleton," began Lum, "Harry says the only way to save the dam is to divert . . ."

But Al interrupted him. "Can't you see I'm busy?" he shouted. "The only thing we can do is get more sand-bags out there. And we can do that quicker without you buttin' in."

"It won't do any good, Al," said Harry quietly. "Six more inches and that dam's a goner—sand-bags or no sand-bags."

"I told you once to mind your own business," yelled Al.

"But if that machinery could be made to work . . ." insisted Harry.

A thick vein in Al's forehead stood out as he turned to Harry. "Who's the boss here, you or me?" he demanded hoarsely. "You learned to obey orders in the Army, didn't you, you stuffed shirt? Well, obey them. Get on back to that pile of sand-bags." He turned away from them, and began to shout once more to the men.

Harry's jaw set and his lips tightened, but he didn't make a move, and there was a long moment of silence. Then in a small voice, Betty spoke.

"It's not the mill I'm worried about. It's the town—all those people who live down there—the little children and the old people and the mothers and fathers. That water getting ready to break down the dam is sort of like the Germans were when the war started—getting ready to break out and drown all the little innocent people who couldn't get out of their way . . . Isn't there *any* way to stop it?"

"The Allies stopped the Germans," suggested Abner, almost as though he were saying it to himself, "and seems to me I've heard tell that when a Commander wasn't big enough for his job, he got replaced by somebody else. Ain't that right, Harry?"

Harry looked at each one in turn, and he looked longest at Betty. Then he shook his head violently, as if to clear it. "Okay," he said finally, "I guess you're right—all of you." Then, straightening his shoulders and taking a deep breath, he strode over to Al. Catching him by the shoulder, he spun him around. "Pull your rip-cord, Middleton," he said softly, "this is May-Day for you." With that, he hit Al squarely on the chin, with a blow that seemed to send a quiver all through the man's body. Al's head snapped back, and he slumped soundless to the floor. Harry looked wonderingly at his fist.

"Attaboy, Harry," Lum told him quietly, "now all you got to do is get that machinery working."

Harry flashed him a quick smile. Picking out a nearby bench, he walked over and jumped up on it. Then he raised his voice and shouted to the men.

"Listen, fellows," he said when he'd gotten their attention. "There's only one way to keep the dam from bursting, and that's to divert the river into its old bed, a mile upstream. There's machinery in the engine room right here to do it with. It's in bad shape and maybe it won't work, but we've got about half an hour to try it. What do you say?"

There was a stunned silence. Then a man called out, "What's Middleton say about it?"

"Middleton isn't saying a word," Harry shouted back grimly. "I just knocked him out."

More silence. Then came a long, low whistle from the back of the big room, and somebody laughed. That broke the tension. "Okay, Harry," came a voice, "what do we do first?"

Harry's eyes gleamed and bright color rose into his face. Briskly he issued his orders, and quickly the men dispersed under his directions.

The engine room was the whole problem, of course, but the men who followed Harry into it knew their business. Wordlessly they settled to their task of cleaning, oiling, filing, and scraping away the years' accumulation of dirt, grease and rust. Harry himself went to work adjusting the delicate starting mechanism that was to set off the heavier machinery. He found that the principle it operated on wasn't much different from that used in automobile or airplane engines.

TWENTY minutes passed before Harry straightened up. Lum and Abner, who stood with Betty by the wall, out of the way of the workmen, could see the tension in his face.

"I've done everything I can to it," he said to the others. "You all set?" The men nodded in turn, making final adjustments and last-minute polishes at the now gleaming machines.

"Let's try her, then," said Harry, and grinned palely as he held up two crossed fingers. The men stood back and held their breaths as Harry pushed a button. Nothing happened. He reached over and twisted a wire, fastening it more securely. Then he pushed the button again. A sudden whir rang out in the hushed room. Then, almost as though a giant were waking up after years of death-like sleep, the engines shuddered and came to life. There was a sputter and then a hum. They were working!

"The breakwater should be lifting right now," said Harry breathlessly, and watched a gauge that began to move slowly in the central engine. When the needle pointed straight up in the air, he pushed a lever and the engines stopped. Everybody just stood and waited, then. If it were a success, the river should now be pouring into its old bed—to lose itself harmlessly below the town and eventually join the larger river of which it was a tributary.

Suddenly there was a shout from the outer room. A man stationed out on the dam had reported that the water was going down. Harry drooped and sat down tiredly on a bench. It was all over. That desperate last-minute effort had worked. The dam was not going to give way, and the town was saved. He could only grin faintly at the men as they crowded around him to shake his hand and thump him on the back. And Abner was the only one who noticed that his eyes sought out Betty's, as she stood against the wall, swallowing hard.

The next day, with the irony of nature, the rain stopped pouring down, and the sun came out to shine dimly on Pine Ridge. Life took up its normal comings and goings, and Lum got out his inventory book again to check on the store's stocks. A week had gone by and they hadn't seen or heard anything of Harry. And then Betty came in for a library book. Lum stopped inventorying and went over to talk to her.

"How're things going up at the mill?" he asked guardedly, and Betty smiled delightedly at him.

"WELL," she began with the fond air of a doting mother about to distribute lollipops, "Mr. Ellis and the others got back from Chicago, and of course they had to have a full report about what happened. So they called Harry in. And you should have seen him while he was talking to them. He was just like a different person—sort of brisk and sure of himself. He wasn't a bit afraid of them—or subservient—or anything. He just told them what had to be done under the circumstances and how he did it. It must have been just like when he was a fighter pilot, reporting back to his Colonel after a mission."

"So what'd they say?" asked Abner.

"Well, first they asked him all about himself, and he answered all their questions, without hedging a bit or getting embarrassed like he used to when people asked him things. And then they offered him Al Middleton's job. But he wouldn't take it!"

"He wouldn't take it?" gasped Lum.

"No. He said he didn't think he'd like being a foreman. He said he had other things in mind. Besides, he told them that Al was a good foreman. Al's only trouble during the flood was that he was mad at Harry and that momentarily affected his judgment."

"Well, if that don't beat the bugs a-fightin'," breathed Lum. "Did he tell 'em what other things he had in mind?"

"Yes, he did," said Betty, and her eyes sparkled. "He told them he'd gotten interested in flood control. He said the control measures they had at the mill, if they hadn't been allowed to get into such bad shape, were about the best things he'd ever heard of. They liked that, I can tell you! And he said he'd like to study flood control and then work into some kind of job having to do with it."

"What'd they have to say about that?" asked Abner eagerly.

"They thought it was fine," said Betty. "They told him they'd find out all there was to find out about it and help him get started. And then when he got going, they said they'd recom-

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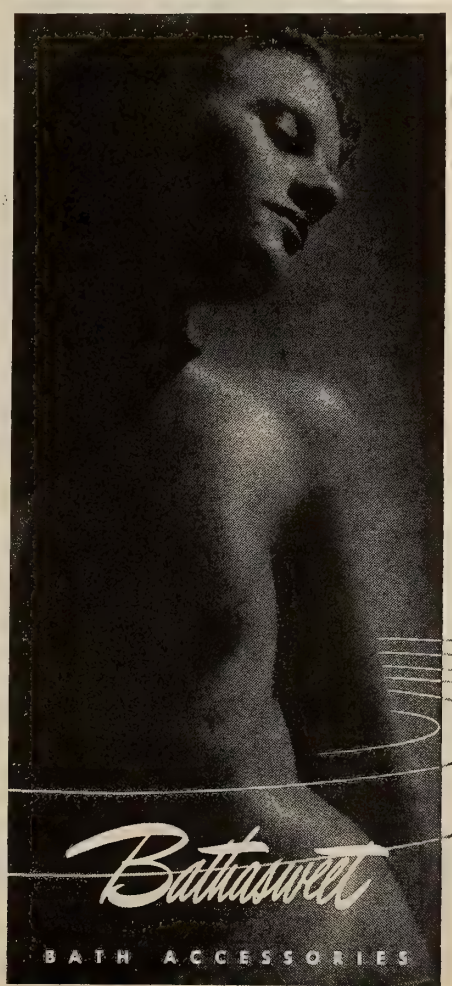
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mend him to a group of engineers or something that advise a whole lot of different mills about their various problems—maintenance, emergency controls and that kind of thing. They said it was a great field for a young man and they were delighted that one of their own men was going into it. They *will* help him, too, like they said they would. Mr. Ellis has got a lot of influence."

"Well, by Grannies," said Lum, "that's about the best news I've heard in a coon's age. I guess that flood was the 'something' that had to happen to Harry, eh, Betty?"

"I guess so," said Betty, and then her face dropped a little. "But he still hasn't been over to our house yet."

"Say," broke in Abner out of a deep thought, "I tell you what—we ought to have a kind of a celebration."

"A celebration?" asked Lum in surprise.

"Sure," said Abner. "For Harry. We still got some cider left from last fall. We can throw a party."

"Who'll we ask?" inquired Lum a little doubtfully.

"Well,—Harry, and—uh—uh—and—Betty—and,—shucks, that's all we need. Just us four. We'll have a whackin' good time."

"I think maybe you got somethin' there, Abner," said Lum, looking sideways at Betty. "All right with you, Betty?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Edwards. That'd be fine, I guess. When'll it be?"

"What's the matter with tomorrow night?" asked Abner triumphantly, and they decided then and there that tomorrow night would be fine.

It *was* a whackin' good party, too, just as Abner had said it would be. Betty was looking her very prettiest, in a pink outfit that almost matched the color in her cheeks, and Harry's shoulders were straighter and his head higher than even before he'd gone away to war. Lum had found an old victrola, and they had music with their cider.

About half way through the evening, Harry jumped to his feet and held up his hand. "I've got an announcement to make," he said, his eyes sparkling. And then he turned to Betty. "I didn't really intend to say this in public," he grinned, "but I can't think of any better audience. The thing is, I've been a big jerk and a bigger sap, but I think I've finally got my feet on the ground again, and it looks as though things are going to go all right from now on. What I wanted to say was . . ." he hesitated for just a fraction of a second, and then blurted it out, "Betty, will you marry me?"

They all turned to look at Betty. Her eyes dropped in confusion, and then they opened wide and her chin came up. She faced Harry and said firmly, "What else do you think I've been waiting for all these years?"

Abner whooped, and Lum put another record on the victrola. Harry walked over to where Betty was sitting and bowed deeply. "May I have the honor of this next dance?" he asked gravely.

Just as gravely, she rose and walked into his arms. They danced around the room twice without a word before they stopped, with their arms around each other, and proceeded to forget about the music, about Lum and Abner, about everything else in the world except each other.

Two minutes later, by the Jot 'Em Down Store and Library clock, they sat down again and the party went on. But this time the talk was no longer about what had happened before—it was all about what was going to happen from now on. And Lum and Abner couldn't get a word in edgewise.

Then, so suddenly that it startled all of them, the front door banged open, and Al Middleton strode in. As they stared at him speechlessly, he walked over to Harry and held out his hand. Harry rose to his feet, looked at Al for a long moment, and then accepted the hand and shook it heartily.

Al's set face broke into a big smile as he said, "I was hoping you'd take it like that, Johnson. I got some apologizin' to do, and I think now's the time to do it. I just want to say that maybe the Army wasn't as wet as I been sayin' it was. I guess maybe you deserved your Major's leaves and them medals. And I guess maybe they stretched a point to even give me stripes."

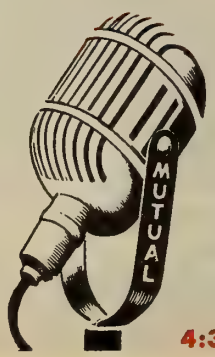
Harry grinned at him, and Lum came forward with a glass of cider and a plate of cheese and crackers. Al sat down on an upturned orange crate and accepted them humbly.

"Just the same," he said, "I figure that if I keep my nose clean, and work a little harder mindin' my own business, and act like a grown man instead of like a spoiled kid, maybe I'll even work up to Sergeant's stripes some day. And when that happens, I'd like to be in your Squadron, Harry!"

Harry thumped him on the back, and Lum put another record on the victrola. Abner blew his nose loudly on a big red and white bandanna handkerchief. The Jot 'Em Down Store and Library was once again at peace with the world.

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Cover Girl

(*Continued from page 2*)

of the homeless McCambridge menage ever since!

But throughout her childhood and young girlhood Mercedes always had a home, and it was always Joliet. She went to a convent for most of those years, and then attended Mundelein University in Chicago. While she was a sophomore there she idly auditioned with NBC. Two days later the college year ended and she happily left for a long vacation in Bermuda. She got as far as New York before outraged NBC executives tracked her down and dragged her to a microphone. "Your audition," they told her, "was highly successful. From now on you're working for us!" That was nine years ago, and she hasn't had a single vacation since. And very few homes, since she lived in Hollywood and New York during the worst part of the housing problem.

SHE'S called "Mercy" by her friends, and shows none of it in expressing her opinions. She flatly despises gossip, gin rummy, bridge, indifference, and people who waste time. She also loathes harsh voices, corsages, and books wrapped in stores. Gold fish, she's convinced, are bad luck.

But she's equally strong-flavored in her likes—which include people with imagination, the late President Roosevelt, and such writers as Dostoievsky, Thomas Wolfe, Eugene O'Neill, Ibsen, and Shakespeare. She loves books and has collected 4,000 to prove it. She also loves spare-ribs at midnight, Chinese food any time, and playing the piano all the time. But more than anything else she loves acting. She began loving acting when she was five and first recited a poem at a church bazaar. When the audience applauded, she stepped forward and began reciting the poem over again—and wept when she was stopped!

What she doesn't love at all is her own taste in clothes. Not that her shopping system isn't a boon to her acquaintances. She drifts through a store, saying "I'll take it" toward anything that strikes her fancy, and drifts out again laden with purchases. Nothing is ever tried on until she gets home—with the result that half of her clothes wind up on her friends, regardless of price.

You don't believe this? Well, recently she bought a platina fox coat. She loved it dearly until she got it out of the store. Then her passion waned. She threw it in the back of her closet until she ran into a friend wearing a gay pink hat. Mercedes' eyes lit up. "Want to swap?" she demanded. "I'll give you my platina coat for that hat!"

She meant it, too. Only the friend's unnatural honesty spoiled the deal. And *some* day that coat will walk off on some one Mercedes runs into!

For the most part, Mercedes turns up for rehearsals and broadcasts in clothes that are well- and strictly-tailored. Man-tailored suits that show off her small, trim figure to great advantage; plain shirts; no stockings when the weather is at all warm. And, whenever she can get away with it—no hat! She dresses, in a word, for comfort.

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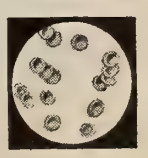
Their red blood cells aren't big or red enough to supply full energy to every tissue. And your red blood cells are your body's sole supply line of vigor, you know!

So if you look like a "faded photograph" of the person you might be, you may need Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help combat this Borderline Anemia. By restoring red blood cells to normal size and redness, they help restore your natural color and energy. Of course, continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this tiring Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast to help build up your blood—your vitality and appeal.

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resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



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Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS



Room With View

(*Continued from page 31*)

Great Dane, Thor, had eaten a big hole out of it! Meanwhile, I had to send down to Mexico for a second serape, so as not to disappoint my first "client"!

But to tell you about how he proposed to me: this happened a couple of weeks after my return from Mexico. We had started taking Spanish lessons together down in Greenwich Village, and after one of our lessons we dropped into a little restaurant there for dinner. I remember there was a lot of commotion in the restaurant when we went in, with three policemen present—because four people had just walked out without paying their bill.

Anyway, we sat down and ordered. I can even remember what we ordered—tomato soup, steak, salad, coffee. We both began eating our soup hungrily. In the middle of it, Les suddenly looked up and said very quickly, "Would you like to marry me?"

I WAS stunned. I said, "Are you kidding?"

"No," said he, hastily swallowing another mouthful of soup.

"My answer is—yes," I said then.

He said, in a stricken tone, "Good heavens!" And then both of us felt stricken. Because of our previous sad marital experiences, we were in terror of matrimony. But stricken or not, we wanted to go through with it. "We'll have to find a big apartment," we told each other in hollow tones. And that was the romantic way we plighted our troth!

That was September 26, 1945. We began apartment-hunting like mad. We hunted through October and November and part of December, with no luck. Then we decided that it was better to be married in one room than not at all. We chose my apartment as our home because my one room was bigger than his one room . . . and we were finally married at two o'clock one afternoon early last December, at the Park Avenue Methodist-Episcopal Church. Reverend Haas officiated, and fifty of our friends were there—including Mary, my maid.

The wedding itself was lovely in many respects—and slightly zany in others! In the first place, Les and I didn't look our best by any means. Each of us had had an accident just before the ceremony.

I arrived twenty minutes late, wearing a custom-made chocolate brown silk dress. It was short, with a plunging neckline—the kind Les likes best on me; and it was dark brown to match his suit. Since I'd hardly ever worn brown before, I only owned a very old and seedy pair of brown oxfords; and I'd ordered a stunning pair of high heeled brown pumps for the wedding—which didn't appear in time!

So I arrived in a brand-new sophisticated dress . . . and my run-down old brown oxfords. Meanwhile, I noticed that Les seemed a little ill at ease too. Later I found out why. In his nervousness just before the ceremony, he'd stepped into the men's room for a glass of water—and spilled it right down the front of his trousers! Nobody noticed the water stain, I think, because of the darkness of his suit; but naturally he was miserably conscious of it.

Otherwise everything went off beautifully. Carl Bixby, Life Can Be Beautiful writer, gave me away, and my friend and fellow actress Kathleen Niday was my attendant. Actor Arthur Kohl was Les's best man. Our friend Gene Parazzo played the organ, and among the wedding guests were so many radio actors that when a little four-year-old boy began applauding by mistake, when the ceremony was over, they all had to catch themselves to keep from applauding too! And Les told me later he almost took a bow!

But if there was any lack of dignity in our wedding, my ring made up for it. Les designed it himself, and it is so lovely it is beyond description. But I'll try. It's a platinum band half an inch wide, with a coronet design worked into the metal. Thirty square-cut diamonds edge the top and bottom of the band, and set among the coronets are six emeralds—my favorite stone, and also my birthstone.

However, back to the church—which we left almost at once in order to rush to Les's apartment. He hadn't finished packing yet, and I helped him. Then we were finally off on our honeymoon.

We had five days of it. We stayed at a little Inn in Goshen, New York. The famous trotting races are held there in the summer, but in the winter it is utterly quiet—except for honeymooners. We discovered that everyone in the Inn was honeymooning. We also discovered that the Inn had strict rules—breakfast at nine in the morning, lunch at twelve, and if you were late you went hungry.

But we didn't much care about the rules. We had brought champagne and caviar with us, which we kept chilled on the snowy window sill outside our room. We went for long hikes through the white countryside, and took pictures, and once we climbed Bear Mountain. But of course even our honeymoon was a little confused . . .

WE arrived on a Tuesday, and Thursday we had to rush back into New York to move Les out of his apartment and into mine. That took us about eight hours. Then we came straight back to our little Inn, and stayed until Sunday when Les had to appear on The Thin Man in New York. And that definitely ended our five-day honeymoon and started us off as Mr. and Mrs. Les Tremayne, in my apartment, in Manhattan.

There's so much to say about Mr. and Mrs. Les Tremayne's life together that I don't know where to start. There are Les's interests—hobbies, you might call them—that have almost crowded us out of house and home. He is a sculptor, and a good one. He makes masks—tragedy and comedy masks, devil masks, all kinds. He's an excellent amateur photographer, and has won prizes for his Leica shots; and also he owns (and uses) two motion picture cameras—an 8-millimeter, and a 16. He also is an enthusiastic collector of classical music, with thousands of records by this time.

After hearing all this, you won't be surprised to learn that taking Les into my home meant taking a ton of furniture and equipment too! I had to store my grand piano, my sofa and my dressing room set to make room for his twin beds, Capehart, dropleaf table, record cabinets, and—finally—his enormous specially-built wardrobe which houses his clothes, his motion picture projectors, and his hundreds of camera slides and rolls of film!

You can imagine the turmoil in which we live. You can also imagine how hard we are looking for a larger apartment—since Les now has in storage three rooms of furniture, a complete dark room, all of his sculpture equipment, fifteen hundred books, and fourteen pieces of electric-driven machinery for a wood shop! And I have five rooms of furniture stored, including my piano and all my silver, china, and linens.

Naturally, we can't entertain at home, which breaks my heart because I love giving formal dinners. We let only Mother come to share our hodge-podge way of eating. All our other friends we entertain at restaurants, out of necessity. And I must say that between us we have a big assortment of friends. Among them are Fibber McGee and Molly, Perry Como, Andy Russell, Judith Anderson, Johnny Johnston, Don Ameche, Bob and Bing Crosby, Helen Hayes, Ramon Navarro, Ed Sullivan, Shirley Booth—and sculptors like Gutson Borglum and Loredo Taft.

ASIDE from entertaining, we've only had one minor problem since we married: what to do with our two wonderful dogs, since my terrier and his Great Dane don't get along with each other the way Les and I do. We solved that by alternating their visits with us—each dog stays in the kennel two months, while the other lives with us.

But this puzzle too will be answered when we find a big apartment. I hope nothing else about our lives will change . . . especially our habit of present-giving, which happens unexpectedly and all the time. For instance, I mentioned to Les that I needed a new compact. So for the Fourth of July he bought me the most magnificent gold combination-of-everything you can imagine—a compact, cigarette case, lipstick container and rouge box all in one. It's initialed "A. R. T."

As far as my clothes go, Les has made me over. I used to wear suits a great deal; now fourteen of them gather dust in my closet because he doesn't like them. Instead I wear custom-made dresses, with V necklines, and several of them in colorful prints. Also I wear high heeled ankle-strap shoes to please him. And how I ever shopped alone, I don't know; now Les goes with me to the dressmaker's, and has more ideas a minute than I had in months!

But most of the time I'm showing off my clothes only to Les, because we have so little time left over from our careers. Our favorite time together is when the rest of the city is going to sleep—that's when we get started. You see, Les eats at least six meals a day, and his favorite one comes at midnight. Every midnight we raid the ice-box for a huge cold dinner—cold meats, milk, cake, fruit, cheese, sandwiches.

Then we get into our twin beds—and read aloud to each other until four in the morning! We've read endlessly and everything . . . Kipling, Shakespeare, "Alice in Wonderland," Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," Browning's poems. Right now we're reading Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom." And some nights (just to make sure we never get any sleep!) we vary reading aloud with a three-hour game of Guggenheim.

Yes, except for the housing problem, Mr. and Mrs. Les Tremayne love the life they lead!

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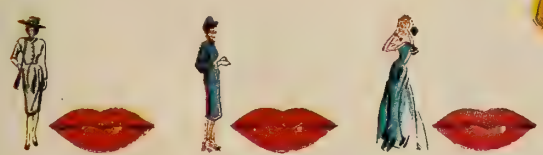
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Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page 49*)

the post and spent my off duty time alone. I elected to wander through the blitzed streets of London unaccompanied; until I was sufficiently exhausted to insure sleep born of fatigue. The devastation encountered on these excursions did much to strengthen my dislike for all humanity. I detested people; they were greedy, heartless; killers all.

Christmas Eve found me friendless and bitter. I emerged from the Underground at Tottenham Court Road and started toward my billet, where I hoped to be able to sleep.

As I turned into Museum Street I decided to have a final stout. It was late when I entered the Pub, and I had just been served when the familiar "Time, Please" denoted the closing hour. I did not heed the warning. I lapsed into near apathy; thought and feeling deserting me.

I was aroused from this stupor by an elderly gentleman and the woman I remembered as having served me. They proved to be the proprietors of the establishment. All the other patrons had gone, and the old couple were ready to lock up for the night.

MY despair must have been so obvious that the lady ignored the alleged English reserve, and inquired if I was spending the Christmas Holidays in Camp. When she insisted I take dinner with them, her husband took up the plea, insisting I go directly to their home and share their entire holiday.

I refused repeatedly, not wishing to be bothered. However, they became so very insistent I accepted through sheer lack of more excuses.

I was warned not to expect anything grand. They explained their own home had been "bombed out," and that they had been very fortunate in finding a small flat in Bloomsbury.

The apartment was severely plain. The furnishings were cheap and worn, but the entire place was scrupulously clean. The Christmas Eve supper proved delicious; however, it was very meager fare. The old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Sands, did their best to make me feel at home.

After the meal I was shown to the room I was to occupy during my brief stay. Mrs. Sands explained her only son had used the room on his last leave at home. There wasn't the trace of a tear when she related how her boy had been killed upon his return to the continent. The old lady smiled sweetly. as she bid me good night.

When I crawled into bed I found the sheets had been warmed, and a hot water bottle placed for my feet. It seemed as if I had hardly closed my eyes when I was awakend by Mrs. Sands.

She wished me a Merry Christmas, as she kissed me on the cheek. Mr. Sands followed her into the room, carrying a piping hot cup of tea and a small parcel. We exchanged greetings and I was instructed to dress and come directly to breakfast.

The package contained my Christmas gift from the old folks. It was a lovely, hand-knitted sweater. I realized Mrs. Sands had undoubtedly made it for her son. I brushed an imaginary particle from the corner of my eye.

As I started to enter the dining room I overheard a remark that changed my entire life. Mrs. Sands was saying,

Life Can Be Beautiful

"John, we are so very fortunate. This is going to be such a beautiful Christmas. Oh, we've so much for which to be thankful. God is just; so good. John, he has given us our boy back for Christmas day."

R. H.

LIVING IN YOUR HEART

Dear Papa David:

For many years I was a nurse in a sanatorium for tubercular patients. It was an institution run by the state and most of the patients were not only worried by their disease but also greatly troubled by the financial cares of their families. One of my patients had been hospitalized for twelve years and there was no hope for any cure. In the side rooms off the ward two young boys were dying, nice young boys who didn't ask much of life except life itself, and were not going to get it. Day after day seeing the sorrow of most and the hopelessness of many I became so depressed I decided to give up nursing.

"I can't bear it," I thought. "All their misery had become mine." I felt like crying both in the hospital and out of it.

Then one day one of my nicest patients left his dinner untouched and kept his face pressed against his pillow for hours. At three o'clock when I went to take his temperature I said, "Maybe it isn't as bad as you think." I had found out that the doctor had advised a rib operation called a thoracoplasty in which pieces of the ribs are removed to collapse the diseased lung. It was bad enough.

The patient looked at me and there was so much misery in his face I nearly choked.

"Think I want to be a cripple like Bill and Steve?" Tommy asked bitterly.

Bill and Steve had gone through with the operation and they did look quite deformed.

"But they are only two out of hundreds," I reminded Tommy. Then I named others, since discharged from the institution who had only a slight disfiguration.

Tommy didn't answer. He had a body like Apollo and to look at him it seemed incredible that one lung was so badly infected as to endanger his life.

"Besides, Tommy," I went on, "aren't we all cripples? I have a tin ear and a rheumatic heart. You know what they call people with rheumatic hearts? Cardiac cripples. There are many things we can't do." I lowered my voice. "Take Benny across the way from you. Good old punch drunk Benny. The tough little relic from the ring. He's certainly some kind of mental cripple, isn't he? And Dr. Burns with his arthritis. Notice his fingers. Getting out of shape. Not the nice tools they once were. Crippled fingers. You, see, Tommy? If you notice you'll find out that nearly every adult is some kind of cripple. After the 'op' you won't look nice in a swim suit but with your clothes on you'll be as handsome as ever."

It was the first time I had realized myself that most of us are given some kind of a handicap. The thought helped Tommy too. He decided to accept the operation and seemed cheerful about it. Which gave me an idea. Life is life no matter where you live it, even in a hospital, and most of our living is done right inside our heads. From then on instead of brooding over misfortunes I couldn't help I'd scratch up ideas and thoughts for my patients, things that would make the living they did inside their heads a happier living.

A. T.

BETTER WIFE, BETTER HOME

Dear Papa David:

Irvin and I were married in November 1941 and I was terribly jealous with no cause to be at all. I was eighteen then and for a year I realize now that I made life almost unbearable for him. In December 1942, Irvin was drafted into the army.

I had already filed for a divorce and it became final in February—just a month before Irvin was sent overseas to Europe.

I missed him after I knew he was no longer within traveling distance. We didn't write to each other but since his mother lived close, I always knew where he was.

My daughter, Patty, was born in May 1943 and shortly afterward my mother and I moved to a distant town. There I secured a job clerking in a store which took most of my time.

Irvin's mother wrote mother and asked her to bring Patty to see her. It was on that visit that she told my mother that Irvin was missing in action over Germany. In his last letter to

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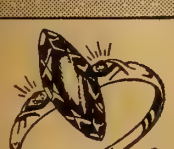
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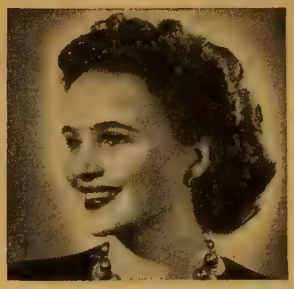
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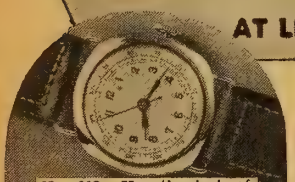
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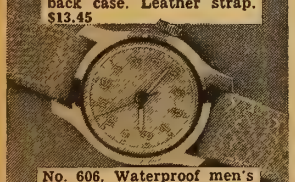
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her, he asked his mother to come to see me and write to him and tell him how I looked and if I had changed any. The letter she wrote about me returned to her however as did all those she wrote afterward. And then came the telegram declaring him officially dead.

Papa David, you can never know what I went through when his mother came to see me and told me. She also let me read the letters he had written and he mentioned me in nearly everyone and also Patty.

And as is often the case, I realized how much I loved Irvin—but only too late. I tried to make it up to Patty and gave her everything money could buy. I worked constantly and bought a small home and a second-hand car.

You can imagine how I lived again when his mother came to see me and told me that Irvin was coming home! That was in March 1945 and in June he came. He was thinner and not so brown because of his stay in a German prison camp. He was also minus his left leg and his left arm. He limped pitifully and he was clumsy with the claw which replaced his left hand—but I loved him so much!

I DIDN'T see him often and then only on the streets. It was sheer luck for me that he and his mother and father had moved to the same town as had my mother and I. His father was head of a plant there.

Irvin came over to see mother and Patty nearly every day but I was always at work.

It was in September when he came over after supper. He asked if I would like to go riding. It was on the tip of my tongue to refuse when Patty exclaimed joyously that she wanted to go, so the three of us climbed into Irvin's car which he managed with some difficulty.

He came over more often after that and would meet me at work and take me to lunch. He finally asked me to marry him again and we planned to be married in April of this year.

But when April came, Patty was in bed with diphtheria and was very slow in recovering. She was able to go out in May and again we planned to be married. But the first of June, Irvin's mother and father were both killed in an automobile—train collision. His father had bought the plant of which he was head and Irvin took his father's place in the plant learning about the work.

Irvin and I will be married on my birthday and we are going to have a church wedding. Not a big affair but just a small number of close friends with my mother and our daughter, Patty, who will carry the rings and we are going to have a double ring ceremony.

I honestly don't think there has ever been a bride as happy as I, Papa David, and I believe that Irvin and I love each other more than we did when we were first married. And I know that I will make a much better wife and a better home for him now than before.

R. M.

SHE WANTED TO BE WORTHY

Dear Papa David:

My little son taught me that "life can be beautiful" if you will let it be.

After several years of reverses, big hospital bills, and so on, my husband took to drink and I soon began drinking with him. One morning after an all-night drinking party I awoke with the usual headache and got up to find

a headache powder. A glance in the mirror showed my bloodshot eyes and disheveled hair . . . not a pretty sight, I must admit. As I sat looking at myself my little boy returned from Sunday School. It was Sunday, God's Day. I felt unclean.

Laying his Bible and Sunday School leaflet on the table by me he placed his arms around me and told me what some ladies had said to him at Church . . . he was such a good boy his mother must raise him right . . . and they would like to meet his mother.

I found my headache powder, took it, kissed him, and went back to bed to sleep off my "hangover." But I couldn't shake off his words. If those nice church women knew his mother they would pull up their skirts and cross on the other side of the street. Finally I closed my eyes and prayed humbly to God to make me worthy of that son and to save me from myself.

THE next day I told my husband what had happened. I also told him I was going to quit drinking, with or without him, and would quit him, too, if necessary to stop drinking.

Neither of us have touched a drop for a long time now. We are working to beautify our home as we never did before. We are happier, healthier, and are making plans for the future. We want to be worthy of our little boy.

Mrs. D. A. M.

GIFTS FOR GRANDDAUGHTER

Dear Papa David:

Our first grandchild took her first steps recently. Watching her, I was amazed at her fortitude. She must have fallen a dozen times in thirty minutes. In my mind I began picturing her . . . in later years, using this same determination to get what she wanted from life. Then a familiar rebellion started arising within me.

Why, I asked myself, should my granddaughter have to fight for anything? Why hadn't we been able to save or make more money, that we might pass on to her . . . so that she would never have to fret and scrimp and worry about material things? Why indeed, had my daughter, (the child's mother) not married some wealthy boy who could provide his child with the many things to which I felt she would be entitled? I wanted her to have the best of everything, to be able to do and have all of the things which I had missed as a child, and more than I had been able to give her own Mother.

Resentment stirred deeper and deeper within me, and soon I became disagreeable to my whole family. I would, I vowed, see that she had the things I thought she deserved . . . I'd get them for her . . . somehow.

I tossed, and planned and schemed all of one night . . . planning a campaign. I meant to tell my daughter that she must insist that her husband get busy and earn more money. Also, my own husband who had retired—he could find something to do in his spare time besides work in his flower garden, visit with his old friends, and run errands for all the families in the neighborhood. True, he had worked hard for nearly fifty years . . . but we must all strain a point for this precious grandchild's sake.

Early the next morning, I opened my newspaper. I would look through the want ads. Maybe there was something there for both of us, something which we could do that would add to our in-



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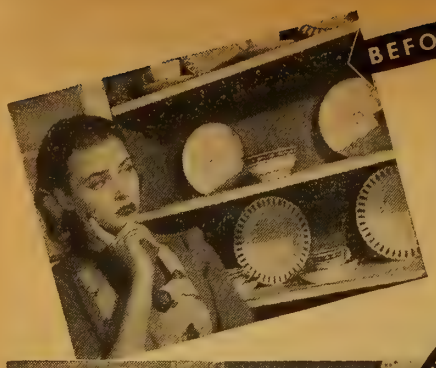
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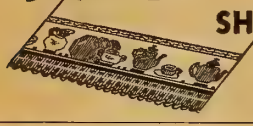


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come. Then we could sell this shabby old house in which our own children had been raised, and buy a newer, more modern one in a "tonier" neighborhood. Our granddaughter would go to the best finishing school . . . she would be invited into the town's "best" homes.

However, because of habit I read first the headlines and a brief summary of news of the day. Then, I turned the first page, and there I saw a picture of a famous heiress. She was suing husband number four or five for a divorce, while husband number two was suing her for custody of their child, claiming that she was an "unfit" mother. The child, also pictured, wore the most pathetic expression on its baby face which it has ever been my misfortune to behold.

I turned the page quickly. There, staring back at me was the face of one of Hollywood's most beautiful and talented actresses, along with a whole column relating the story of her suicide, because her wealthy play-boy friend, and father of her unborn child, had refused to marry her.

I HEARD voices and laughter outside my window, and looking up I saw my son-in-law, dressed in his work-clothes, and riding his beautiful little daughter "piggy-back" while a doting grandfather playfully grabbed at her feet. And a sweet young wife and mother looked adoringly at a handsome youth, who would probably never be more than her own father had been . . . a fine, generous honorable and loving husband.

Tears filled my eyes, for this, Papa David, was the picture I had so nearly destroyed.

"No" I told myself, as I watched them, "we will never be able to give her gifts of money-value, but there are many other things which she will inherit, and to which she can point with confidence and pride."

First, I could give her the gift of Faith. Faith in herself, because she was created in the image of Him who taught, lived and died by faith. Faith in her fellowman because she will inherit an instinct which will make her want to look beyond the hard, cynical eyes of a worldly man or woman . . . and there find, perhaps, a hungry soul.

Secondly, she will receive a gift of Tolerance. This will enrich her life, because it will enable her to appreciate, understand and practice the teachings of Christ when He said, "Judge Not, Lest You be Also Judged."

She will inherit a tolerance which will make her know that although the deeds and actions of some poor, criticized person might have, indeed, been an offense against the laws of society, still there could be much in them to love and trust. Because, behind the wrong moves there might have been the highest motives. At any rate, there was adventure and curiosity and hot-blooded restlessness and generosity, and without these impulses the race would soon perish.

Courage she will receive . . . a nice large portion of it. Courage which will help her to face any issue in life. I mean to see that she develops a courage which will help her to struggle, and dream and rebel at some of her failures, and then to brush the angry tears away, and fight again for her ideals.

Love, big endless bundles of it, we can give this child. We can teach her love . . . not for one person, one family, one group, or even one nation, but love which will embrace every race, color or creed. For she will know, as she grows

in knowledge and grace, she will attain her birthright by opening her heart, and giving freely of her own precious love.

Mrs. E. N. H.

DAY-BY-DAY LIFE

Dear Papa David:

I just want you to know that I have found that an ordinary, uneventful, every-day sort of life can be very beautiful, indeed.

I have two wonderful reasons for knowing this is true—my husband and my son. To an outsider, both would seem quite commonplace, I'm sure. But they have filled my life with a happiness so complete, I want to tell you about it, in the hope that perhaps another wife will look at her husband and children in a different light—and make her life beautiful, too.

My husband and I have been married for ten years; and, as so often happens, the business of living had assumed a rather dreary aspect. But for the last three years, we have shared our lives with a young son—and it was through the eyes of our child that I began to see my husband anew. To Jimmy, his father is a never-ending source of companionship, entertainment, and inspiration, and now I feel again the enchantment I had lost in the humdrum years before.

MY husband has a beguiling way of asking a favor, that I had come to think of as just demanding. He has a trick of smiling at us when he doesn't think we are looking—and, indeed, I had long forgotten to notice. His story-telling is superb—and I listen with an interest equalling his for whom the tale is told. His kindness is love expressed in a way I failed to recognize until I saw my son grow and develop under its influence. Even my husband's appearance has changed for me. Jimmy loves his daddy's black hair, loves to see himself reflected in his daddy's dark eyes. Now, I, too, think him handsome.

Yes, my husband is wonderful—and it took a little child to show me that the wonder had not disappeared, but that I had just forgotten to look for it.

Mrs. R. L. R.

JUST HAVE PATIENCE

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl going on thirteen this September. I live on a farm and have my own chores to do and have to help in the house and field. I used to complain about having to do so much work and said life wasn't beautiful.

One night I lay awake thinking. I thought how wrong I was to complain about the work I did, because the farm bought in a large enough income so that we can put money in the bank. This money will help put my brothers, sisters and myself through college. I love school and this proves that even if Life isn't Beautiful right when you want it to be, it will be beautiful when the time comes. You just have to have patience.

H. V. M.

"WHAT GOD HAS GIVEN YOU"

Dear Papa David:

When I was two years of age I had infantile paralysis and as a result lost the use of my legs from my hips down. My parents were in moderate circumstances, but spent all they had in hopes that I might receive help. It was a losing battle and we were finally forced to face the issue—I would be a cripple

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake- for Twin Blessings sake!!"



DAN: We're applaudin' Mom for our beeyootiful, healthy skins! She smoothes Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil on us daily for these *twin blessings*—

DON: First, Mennen Baby Oil is better for preventin' diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other troubles, 'cause it's *antiseptic*. Second, this mild, soothin' oil keeps skin lovelier by preventin' rough, dry skin . . .

DAN: Most doctors, hospitals, nurses say Mennen is best. Makes us smell sweet, too. Have Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder ready for baby's first day home!

Twin Blessings for Baby— MENNEN



BEST FOR BABY—also, be sure to use MENNEN BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell sweet and lovely. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other baby powder.



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Good Heavens! Not that!... Somebody go and buy her another box of Ex-Lax *quick!* Once folks have discovered Ex-Lax they just can't bear to be without it. And you can't blame them. It tastes so good—just like fine chocolate! And it *acts* good, too—so effectively, yet so very gently! Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative. As a precaution, use only as directed. Economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at all druggists.

R M

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for life. I had to resign myself to that.

My father made my first wheel chair and he wheeled me to school every morning. It was not long before I was able to manipulate it around the school grounds myself. There were always plenty of friends who would wheel me home. I was able to attend games and even dances. It pleased me to be able to help pass out refreshments.

Our pastor who was an elderly man used to spend hours with me and I many times would have been discouraged but for his encouragement. He seemed to sense the longing I had to jump around and it was always then that he would suggest that we exercise. This form of exercise meant being lifted out of the wheel chair and with my legs being held off the floor I would use my hands to get about. It was a welcome change from sitting. As we finished he would say very tenderly:

"Robert, make use of what God has given you."

I GRADUATED from high school and earned a scholarship to college. Again I soon made sympathetic friends in college and was able to attend games both in town and out. The fellows would carry me on to the train and have a car waiting. In return I helped tutor them, for which they were very grateful.

As graduation neared I found I had been chosen to give the Baccalaureate sermon. I hesitated because of the awkward situation involved. However the president assured me he would bank the platform with ferns and my chair would not be noticeable.

Graduation was a wonderful day in my life, for after I had given my address the scholarships were awarded and much to my surprise I had won another which would enable me to do research work. As the president presented it to me the entire audience arose. Tears of gratitude filled my eyes—God had indeed blessed me with a keen mind. Through my tears I glanced down to the front row and there sat the three people who had been my inspiration, father, mother and my pastor.

Imprinted in my heart were his words:

"Robert, make use of what God has given you."

B. S. K.

SOUTH PACIFIC SONG-FEST

Dear Papa David:

The most outstanding experience I ever had was while serving as Chaplain in the Armed Forces in the South Pacific.

We were to go into the island and see what condition the natives were in and I might say that we many times found them pitiful enough. Already tired to the point of exhaustion we left our landing barge and began to climb the steep hill ahead. Suddenly we found ourselves almost surrounded by natives. They looked anything but friendly and so we immediately began to show our good points.

Our doctor unrolled his kit and prepared to show them how broken arms and legs were mended—I being the subject. This procedure only brought a few grunts from them. One other member turned handsprings to show our friendly attitude. Nothing impressed them. Finally our men flopped on the ground and said, "It's up to you, Chaplain."

I'll admit I didn't know the next approach, so began to hum an old familiar hymn while meditating. Suddenly I heard a sound and looking up into their faces, knew that I had found the right chord—Religion—we spoke the same language. In no time the entire group was singing, they in their native tongue and we in ours.

Suddenly from nowhere, it seemed, an old man handed me an old hymnal which he had treasured through the war. It had been left there by some foreign missionary. With that book in hand we sang practically everything they knew. What a song fest that was! Our stay among them was pleasant indeed and when we went down to the shore preparatory to leaving they began to sing that old favorite:

"Jesus loves me this I know
For the Bible tells me so."

As long as we were able to see them they were still singing and waving their hands.

N. T. S.

"YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!"

Dear Papa David:

After more than two years service overseas, I recently got word that my husband was at last coming to the States and home to me!

And I literally walked on air until friends began saying that I'd probably find him very changed, and that he, in turn, would find me a different person, too. And the more I thought about it, the greater the possibility of his seeing flaws in me loomed. For neither of us are young . . . he had been stationed for the most part in the South Pacific where loneliness and tropical heat could have drastically altered his emotions.

THEN too, he must have met many pretty young native girls . . . stunning nurses and other snappy looking Government employees. Yes, I must be at my prettiest when he did arrive. So, I rushed downtown, bought a new youthful looking suit, a perky hat, a small bottle of the new, exotic "*Remembrance* perfume, had a new and softer hair-do and dressed with great care for his arrival on the day I had been advised he would return. But, no Walt and no explanation.

However, I thought he would wire then as to why the delay and definite time of his reaching town, so I was buried in sweeping and dusting . . . the house and myself in hopeless disorder and grime, when one morning the front doorbell rang, and I thoughtlessly rushed to answer it.

Will I ever forget . . . for before I had time to think how awful my dingy, soiled housedress must look . . . my pale lips and cheeks . . . and worse still, my frowsy hair . . . I threw open the door and was swept into Walt's open arms like leaves before the wind . . . hearing only his heavenly throaty and sincere voice as he remarked . . . "Darling, *you haven't changed a bit . . . you're wonderful!*"

Mrs. W. H.

Those are all the letters we had room for in this issue. Don't you feel, after reading them, that each of the people who wrote to us has found one of the keys to happiness?

No two people find the same key, or discover it in the same way; that much is certain. Maybe the experiences from which our letter writers learned would have meant nothing to you. But in that case, isn't there something in your own memory that taught you the meaning of happiness? Why not write us a letter about it?

What Silent Night Means to Me

(*Continued from page* 23)

tried out the new records, "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider," "Margie" and "Melancholy Baby," on the new cylinder phonograph Dad soaked the family bankroll to buy. You'd always find half the neighborhood there on Sunday nights dancing or harmonizing, with Dad doubling back and forth on the mandolin and guitar. Mother always felt better when she could count our noses.

During the summers I "worked" on a farm that belonged to the Hardigans, who lived next door, and my chief chore consisted of riding a horse around all day. Mother used to take us swimming, too, out at Liberty Lake, a few miles out of town, and let us spend the whole day . . . mostly to get us out of the neighbors' way. I had a pretty fair homemade breast-stroke . . . nothing flashy . . . but it kept me on top most of the time. Other times we'd sneak off and go swimming in the Spokane River and in the mill pond at McGolderick's saw mill a few blocks from home. We swam and dodged logs and generally raised Cain. Then when we got home Mother and Dad raised some more. I can still hear my Mother saying to Dad anxiously, "Harry, you really should speak to Bing." And Dad, who's always ducked any speaking-to's, suggesting mildly, "Why don't we just throw him out?" instead. I'd like to have a wishbone for every time he's suggested throwing me out of the homestead.

There's the memory too . . . of Mother's turkey, plum pudding, and the hot raisin bread she used to make. A sadder one . . . of the wood it took to bake it. We had a super-size range, the hungriest stove you ever saw—and a wood box that must have had a stout leak in it somewhere. I could usually find a lot of important things to do elsewhere until the box filled up again. Until close to Christmas, when I always managed to cart some up from the basement and pointedly kick a few chunks in.

We all had our chores but I kept mine down to the required strictest minimum. Figuring generously that the fewer I did the bigger it made the other boys look. Larry was always Mother's No. 1 helper, and I didn't want to split his billing or chisel in on his racket.

I'd usually start the old Christmas warm-up a week or two beforehand to set myself in solid with Santa. Get so good cranberries would melt in my mouth. There were so many of us I was always afraid Santa Claus would scrape the bottom of the sack before getting down to me. There were some tough nights up in that four-poster upstairs, doing a little Christmas calculating, adding and subtracting good and bad deeds for the year. A sad score, but I always got more than my share of presents anyway.

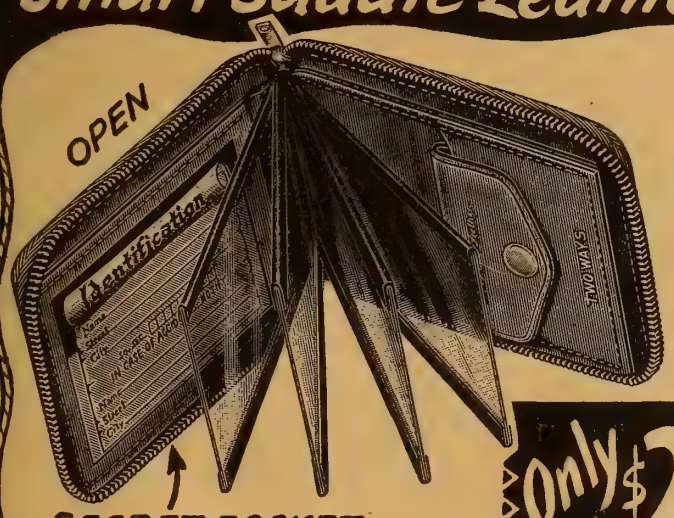
We had our tree on Christmas Eve, the folks figuring no doubt that the quicker they got it over with the better. Sometimes Brother Ted would go out and bring in a Christmas tree. But I was always allergic to axes, and besides a man came down the street selling them for two-bits apiece, and I didn't think it was fair to muscle in. Dad always passed the presents around. Following which we'd render our own Crosby Christmas clambake of carols, with Mother singing soprano, Larry and Dad on the harmony, the rest of us doing our usual. With accompaniment by Sister Catherine at the old upright piano and Dad filling in with a strumming Hawaiian treatment of "Silent Night" on his guitar.

Next morning after church we'd grab our respective Christmas loot and put it to work. All of us got ice skates, and I can still see Mother and Dad flooding the backyard and letting it freeze over so we could try the new skates out. Sometimes we'd go over to Liberty Lake, or to another lake at St. Michael's Jesuit Monastery, a few miles out of town. Or maybe go over across the alley to the Gonzaga football field and practice trying to kick a goal.

Christmas dinner was always a big deal. Dad worked as bookkeeper for a local brewery and there wasn't too much Christmas money in the budget, but somehow Mother always managed to bring it off in high style. We usually invited some of the boys around Gonzaga who couldn't get home for Christmas. They all accepted, glad to get a free Christmas meal. Mother never knew how many to expect, but somehow there was always plenty. That Christmas turkey was a mighty accommodating bird. So elastic.

AFTER dinner the girls repaired to the living room with our sister for some

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SAYS MARY SHINE, R. N. OF SCARSDALE, N. Y.



See how this Famous Medicated Cream can help improve Your Skin

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Start using it today. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is as a complexion aid. That's because it's a *medicated formula*. It not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but *helps heal* those annoying blemishes. Try it! At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax).



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to make extra money selling high class line of cosmetics made especially for people with dark complexions. Also 100 other products. Make big money working spare time or full time. We show you how, send you everything you need to get started. Write to Lucky Heart Co., Dept. MWX. Memphis, Tenn.



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That's right! But it may be that nervous tension makes your temper short. Maybe sleeplessness occasionally upsets you—makes you *seem* cranky. Why not try Miles Nervine—to help you relax and enjoy refreshing sleep? Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild sedatives sold on a money-back guarantee. At your Drug Store. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c. Liquid 25c and $1.00. Caution: Use only as directed.

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MILES NERVINE



Christmas chatter, or whatever girls do. And we men always repaired to the top balcony of the Orpheum Theater to catch the new vaudeville show. Maybe Joe Frisco, or the Brox Sisters, and usually a grand opera troupe of some kind. We had carfare, but we always walked the three miles from our place to downtown, in order to soak our wad on ice cream.

"Silent Night" was mixed up in all of this. I was always contributing my quota of it. At school . . . church . . . and Christmas parties around the neighborhood I was especially willing to contribute on programs . . . say the Elks' club . . . where it involved dough.

If such thrifty traditional traits are passed along, no doubt that's the reason my four fullbacks, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, always ask for a handout whenever we descend on Bob Hope, Mother and Dad, or Dixie's father, and let loose with a musical offensive on Christmas now. They expect full payment in nickels and dimes, candy, or some little left-overs. Which is exactly what they get at Hope's house . . . where there's rarely little left over anyway. We've worked up a pretty fair arrangement on "Silent Night," and if I beat Gary to the downbeat sometimes I get to sing the lead.

These are the kind of flash-backs that "Silent Night" brings me. Let's hang on to the hope that it will always bring similar happy ones for our kids.

The old heart hits a pretty low Crosley when you think of the children who are going to be minus memories like these. Kids in hospitals with infantile paralysis. Others who don't have a dad back to hang up the holly . . . or put the red scooter or ice skates under the tree. Children who are wandering around lost in bombed-out countries, who wouldn't ask anything of Santa Claus but a meal and a place to light.

Kids like Monique . . . a little eleven-year-old girl I came across in Commercy, France, mothering four brothers and sisters, and taking care of a father who'd been crippled for life in a German prison camp. Just a child with sawed-off bangs and wistful brown eyes in a too-thin face.

While I'm sounding off . . . the way I figure it . . . "Silent Night" is a little like the old Christmas sock. You get out of it just what goes into it. Let's level on the lyrics and make them work. And keep those stars out of the windows forever . . . and right where they are now . . . at the top of the Christmas tree.

Do You Want a

Fan Club Department?

Maybe the editors of Radio Mirror have been wrong. It never occurred to us that our readers might want a Fan Club—a department that would print information for and about fan clubs. But we've been getting letters lately from people who think it would be a good idea if we did have such a department. What do you think? If you want a Fan Club, you can have it—so speak up, and let us know!

About Marriage

(*Continued from page* 19)

Then comes the period of adjustment. ny marriage is a difficult social proc-ss. It calls for the blending of two ery different personalities into one nit in the eyes of the world. In this lending there are many discoveries, any compromises, many re-evalua-ons. In the course of these, the excit-g and breathless quality of the ro-antic stage will fade. Even the first ish of mutual passion and desire will ow, through understanding and utual gratification, into a stronger and cher, if less dizzying, relationship.

Out of this adjustment, gradually hieved and with both husband and ife contributing an equal share and king on an equal proportion of re-onsibility, will come the third stage, e stage of real companionship, based understanding and tolerance. A arriage which develops this way be-mes an ideal marriage, a marriage in hich love, passion and true friendship e so firmly blended that nothing can ar them apart.

To marry is to assume the cloak of aturity. Unfortunately, too often to-y, maturity is only that—a cloak, an lusion, which has no basis in real emo-onal stability. The difference between maturity and maturity can be stated ery simply. The immature are depen-ent. The mature are independent and ady for responsibility. The immature ink only of themselves and their easures. The mature know that some apleasantness in life is unavoidable.

A marriage between two mature eople is bound to be successful. Such eople can trust their emotions and be re of their choices and will be able make all the adjustments needed to tablish a home and raise a family—d to be happy together. But a mar-age in which even one is emotionally mature is in danger.

If one partner, husband or wife, is mpletely dependent emotionally and ysically, constantly avoids responsi-lity, seeks only self gratification and easure, wants a steady diet of flattery, mpering, protection and the total en-avement of the other partner—such marriage is not a marriage, at all. It's thing but a substitute for the imma-re person's childhood days.

It could be questioned whether in ildhood such complete dependence d devotion to the pleasure principle ould be permitted to continue beyond e first two or three years, but that is t within the province of this article. e thing that does fall within our ovince is that there is small likeli-od that such an immature person will er make a successful marriage. It is t a divorce the immature person eds. He, or she, needs to grow up notionally and if it can't be managed rough self-examination and personal forts to overcome childish tendencies d faults, then, by all means, the pro-ssional help of doctors, psychologists, en psychiatrists should be sought.

Possibly, even after the emotional im-aturity has been overcome, a divorce ill still be indicated. There are such ings as people not really being suited one another. But, at least, then the cision will be a mature one and not sed on disillusionment because the st gay rapture of love—as it is de-ribed in thousands of love stories—s worn off and the people concerned e not ready to face the next step in e growth of love.

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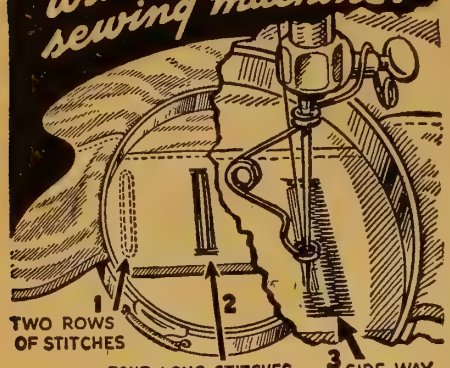
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Very, Very Merry

(*Continued from page 50*)

Cornbread Dressing (for any fowl)

2 cups cornbread crumbs
½ cup hot milk
¼ cup melted shortening
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 tbls. minced onion

Combine crumbs and milk, then add remaining ingredients and mix well.

Oyster and Giblet Dressing (for any fowl)

2 cups bread crumbs
½ pt. oysters with liquid
Giblets, cooked and minced with liquid
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tbl. granted lemon rind
1 medium onion, minced

Combine liquid from oysters with liquid in which giblets were cooked to make 1 cup. Pour over crumbs. Add oysters (chopped fine) and add giblets. Combine with other ingredients. Makes about 2 cups.

Apple and Peanut Dressing (for any fowl)

1½ cups breadcrumbs
½ cup hot water
1 large apple, cored, pared and chopped
1 medium onion, minced
½ cup peanuts, chopped
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Pour hot water over crumbs and allow to stand about 10 minutes. Combine with remaining ingredients. Apple and peanuts should be rather coarsely chopped, not minced. Cooked wild rice may be used in place of crumbs. Makes about 2 cups.

Sweet Dressing (goose, duck or chicken)

2 cups breadcrumbs
¼ cup boiling water
¼ cup orange juice
1 beaten egg
2 tbls. melted shortening
2 tsps. sugar
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup currants
2 tsps. grated orange rind

Combine hot water and orange juice, pour over breadcrumbs and allow to stand about 10 minutes. Add other ingredients and mix well. Makes about 2 cups.

If you decide on turkey consider the quick frozen variety. They are ready to be cooked, requiring no bothersome picking and drawing. A 9-lb. quick frozen roaster is equivalent to a 12-lb. bird which is to be drawn.

Allow 5-6 cups of dressing for a 10-lb. turkey; about 2 cups of dressing for a 4-lb. chicken, goose or duck.

Turkey should be larded (thin slices of bacon or salt pork toothpicked to the breast), covered with white cloth moistened in melted fat or basted frequently during roasting. Remove pork or fat-moistened cloth during last 30 minutes of cooking so bird will brown.

Be sure to cook duck and goose on a rack and pour off fat as it collects in bottom of pan. Additional helps in overcoming fat when cooking goose—prick skin with fork or cook for first half of cooking time in a steamer, then transfer to roasting pan.

Roast at 325 degrees, 15 to 18 minutes per pound for chicken, duck and turkeys up to 12 pounds, 18 to 25 minutes per pound for goose and larger turkeys. As with other roasts, longer cooking at lower temperature produces better results than shorter cooking at a higher temperature.

Baste duck or goose with orange or apple juice during roasting, and bake orange or apple halves in roasting pan for final hour.

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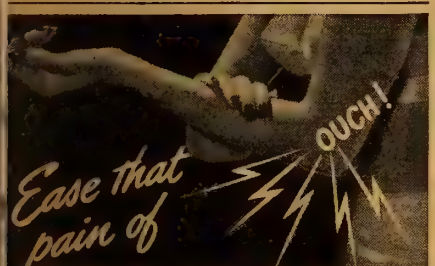
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Maisie and the Lion Hunter

(*Continued from page 37*)

There's a story there. And someone's got to go over and interview this—this—" she glanced at the telephone pad where she had scrawled some notes—"this Mr. Quentin P. Quikpaddle. Bill—would it hurt your pride to be a reporter for the Middleton Beacon?"

"You bet it would!"

"Oh, darling!—you mean it would humble you too much to work for me, a woman?"

Bill grinned. "It would hurt my pride to work. Period."

"Bill Doolittle!" Fire sparkled out of Maisie's eyes and the lips Bill thought were so adorable tried their best to be firm and uncompromising. "You're going to take that job whether you like it or not. As of this minute, you're the new reporter for the Beacon and through fire and flood, through hail and lightning, rain or snow, it's your sacred duty to bring back a sensational story! The presses must roll—"

PUZZLED, Bill glanced out the window. "The sun is shining. There's hardly any snow—" he put in mildly.

"Don't change the subject. Find out who this guy really is and what he's doing in Middleton. From the way Elspeth says he's acting, he may be an escaped convict or a Congressman or what—"

"But, honey," Bill pleaded, "I just can't walk up to a perfect stranger and ask him if he's an escaped convict. Anyway, I don't see what's so mysterious about coming to town and putting up at a hotel and—"

Her eyes opened to the widest. "*Not mysterious*? With the hotel register just full of John Smiths and he signs himself Quentin P. Quikpaddle? Why it's—it's—downright dishonorable, that's what it is! I wouldn't trust a man like that in broad daylight!" Her manner changed; became brisk. "Hurry up now, Bill. Here's your hat—here's some paper—sharpen your pencil on the way out . . . ace reporter William Doolittle! . . . Gentleman of the Press!"

"We'll go into that Press business, sometime—but I'm no gentleman!"

"Bill!"

Like a tiny whirlwind her energy drove him out of the office and on up the street. Through the window she watched his retreating back and a little frown puckered her forehead.

"Look at him!" she sighed to herself. "Just brimming over with no enthusiasm at all—the big, good-for-nothing, good-looking, wonderful lug."

Waiting did nothing to lessen her worry; rather, it increased it. This Quentin P. Quikpaddle story was important. Local news had been in the doldrums lately, with nothing more dramatic happening to make a front page story than the search for Farmer Jimpson's prize steer out on Route 20, and the rescue of little Timothy Wains from the tree trunk where he had wedged himself. Never at a loss for words, she had done her best with the story, making out the firemen as heroes who had done the rescuing. But it wasn't very successful since everyone knew that Timothy Wains was incurably addicted to climbing trees and just as incurably reluctant to come down once he was up . . . until he got hungry.

"Oh, darn!—there's so much I forgot to tell Bill and I'm afraid he'll make a

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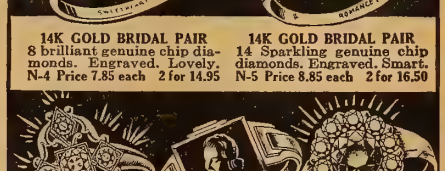
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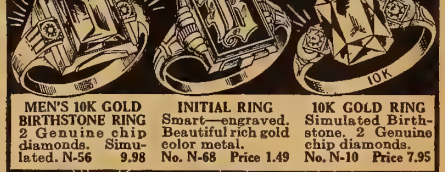
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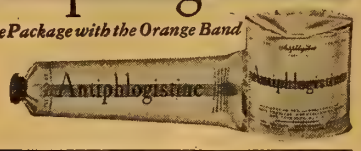
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clambake out of this. I forgot to tell him to tip his hat over one eye and keep it on no matter where he is and be sure to talk out of one corner of his mouth so that he will impress this Quakdiddle—Quikpaddle—that he's a real, big-time reporter. What if he doesn't get the story—and we go to press in an hour!"

The door banged and a burly figure plunged through.

"Dream Girl! Princess in the Ivory Towel! You art as fair as moonshine—" Lochinvar Polaski braked himself to a stop with his hands on the desk and gazed at the girl with what he thought was a loverlike expression.

"Lockie—you're the answer to a maiden's prayer!"

"*I am?*"

"That's not exactly what I meant," she amended, hastily. "I mean I have a job for you to do."

"Command me. I am at your feet, my head is in the clouds, my nose is to the grandstand, my heart deposits in your hands—"

"Stay in one piece, Lockie. I need you. I need you to go over to the hotel and interview a suspicious mug who has registered there under the name of Quentin P. Quikpaddle. Find out who he really is and what he is doing here in Middleton."

"AH—you mean this jer-this visitor is traveling incompleto? He's denonomous? He's got a nombly-plume?"

Familiar as Maisie was with Lochinvar's high-handed approach to the King's English, she was stumped for a second. Then her face cleared. "That's right, Lockie. He is indeed anonymous and incognito. The Beacon needs the story for the front page and I've sent Bill over but he may need help. You've got to get it—if I don't get a good story soon, I might just as well start running *The Five Little Peppers* in serial form as far as our subscribers are concerned."

"I go, fair lady. Even as knights of old jousted in the turn-abouts and did brave deeds to find honorable mention in their lady's favor, so I, too, take up my lance," clenching the pencil in one big fist, "and am off to prove my medal. I go!"

And he went.

But still Maisie's pert face was troubled. Between Lockie's unbounded but often mis-directed enthusiasm and Bill's complete lack of it, there wasn't much choice. Neither of them was exactly dependable. So when Terry came in shortly from his morning errands, she hustled the youngster over to the hotel, too.

"I'm counting on you, Terry. You've been begging for a chance to be a real newspaperman and now you have it. Corner this Quikpaddle, even if you have to break down his door—but get the story!"

After all, Bill shouldn't mind if he had competition. And, anyway, Lockie and Terry were only going to help him. With all of them interviewing the stranger, they were sure to bring back *all* the facts. At least, the Beacon was assured of a front page splash and maybe she'd get some new subscriptions and the bank balance would stop shrinking so alarmingly. Maisie hummed a little to herself as she picked up some copy for proof-reading.

The minutes went by. Ten . . . fifteen . . . a half-hour. Now she was beginning to get a little nervous again as her eyes kept glancing at the clock. One of the three should be back soon—Mr. Elspeth had said the new guest would

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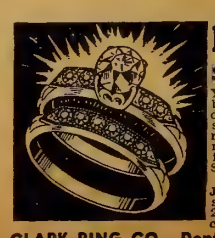


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be either in the lobby or his hotel room.

So it was with relief that she heard the door suddenly open. She swung round in her chair—but then stopped, disappointed.

It was only a timid-looking little man who had stepped gingerly inside the office. He kept twirling his hat around in his hands as if he didn't know what else to do with them. His feet seemed to be edging him back out of the door, and his eyes stayed on the floor—which wasn't the usual reaction of a man on seeing the blonde editor of the Beacon for the first time.

"Yes?" she asked, trying to sound prim. "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"We?—are there more like you?—as beautiful as you, I mean?" the little man's voice was awed and shaken.

"Oh, no. That is, I mean—is there anything I can do for you?"

He seemed to pluck up his courage and moved towards the desk. "I'd like to run a little ad in the paper. If you wouldn't mind," he added hastily.

"If I wouldn't mind! Mister, I hear those words in my sleep and they always, somehow, sound like the tinkle of money in the cash register. How many lines do you want? Shall I help you write it?"

"NO, thank you, I have it all written out." He cleared his throat as Maisie snatched at pencil and paper. "This is it—

"Wanted, enterprising young men to sell farm machinery. Old established firm. Good future. New territory. Write, Box—"

"Box 254," Maisie supplied.

"Box 254, care of the Middleton Beacon. That's all of it, Miss, and thank you." He sidled away towards the door and then, seeing Maisie's eyes on his questioningly, he blushed. "Oh, I forgot to pay you." He came back and dug in his pocket for change. "Will you run it for three days?—it's really all right, Miss, it really is an old, established firm and I have the agency. It's on the level."

"I'm sure it is," she said, kindly, as she took the money. "We'll run it, starting today, and I hope you get results. Though—frankly—I have my doubts. I'm having a little trouble that way myself."

"You're in the farm machinery business?" he asked, startled.

"No—I want an enterprising young man."

"Oh."

He backed out of the door, sheepishly. She had a sudden desire to pat the little man on the head and assure him that everything would be okay. He was just like a cute little bunny rabbit, with his button nose twitching that way.

As the door closed behind him, Maisie glanced at the clock again. Twelve-thirty! They went to press in ten minutes and not one of her reporters was back yet with the story. Why hadn't she been smart and gone herself?—why hadn't she known better?—where were Bill and Terry and—

"Lockie!" While he was still turning the doorknob, she had raced across the office and flung the door open. "Have you got it? Did you interview him—who is he? What's he doing here? What kept you?"

"Let me catch my windpipe, Dream Girl. I sped with the wings of Mercurochrome all the way from the hotel." He gasped for breath and then tore a

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sheet of paper out of his pocket. It was covered with something that looked like doodling, as Maisie found out when she tried to read it.

"That's my own invention," Lockie assured her proudly. "I am the Alexander Graham Crackers of the long-shorthand world. Let me read it to you, and rest your beautiful eyes in your beautiful face. Vision of Loveliness, this is indeed a beat-up for the Beacon!"

He cleared his throat and the noise bounced off the walls. "Mr. Quentin P. Quikpaddle, Espired, is none other than a world-famous exploder, a global-trotter, a big-games hunter from the far corners of Madagooscar, Pathay, Burmoose, and the Congo—although I always thought that was something you wiggled to music. Howsomever, he has fought tigers in the Chinese and India jungles and he is a real 'safari'!"

"But his name, Lockie! His real name!" Excitement shone in Maisie's face. This was a front-page story if she ever heard one.

"Gee," Lochinvar was crest-fallen. "I forgot to ask him. I had to be so sub-rosy about this entrayvoo, I didn't dast let him know what I was up to."

SHE patted his arm, quickly, sympathetically. "It's okay, Lockie. I'll just run a head on this story something like *Middleton Plays Host to World-Famous Explorer* and hint he is here for a vacation and doesn't want his name known. I'll make it sound so our readers won't dare admit they can't recognize such an important man." And, whistling gaily, Maisie rolled copy paper into her typewriter and began pecking out the story.

"Go on, Lockie, tell me more about him. Is he big? Dark? Light? Handsome?"

"Why—gee—he's mediocree, that's what he is. Dream Girl, you ask more questions than those commonpotaters on the radio!"

She sighed, finally, with satisfaction and ripped out the page. "Well, it will just have to do. I've padded that story till it sounds like the adventures of Tarzan and the Ape Man. If this doesn't sell copies!—why, nothing as important as this has happened in Middleton since the First National Vice-President took a powder with the bank funds and ran away with the Widow Abernethy . . . and that happened ten years ago! I've gotta run down with this, Lockie, and give it to Pop Webster."

And she rushed the copy to the old typesetter.

"You're just in time!" he shouted above the clatter of his machine. "We go to press in five minutes."

Saucily she blew a kiss at his bald head and jauntily she ran up the steps to the office. The job was done; the Beacon would be on the streets soon with—

"Oof!" she clutched her middle. A figure had catapulted itself through the door and nearly knocked her down. "Terry—!"

"Stop the presses! I've got a scoop! I've got the story on Quikpaddle!"

"Take—it—easy—Terry," Maisie gasped. "We've already got the story. Lockie found out he was an explorer in India—"

Terry gave Lochinvar a withering glance. "What does he know about it? I'll bet he didn't get up into Quikpaddle's room, like I did. He's no explorer—he's a Government big-shot from Washington! He told me, con-

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fidentially, he had just come from Washington, D. C., and he had a new commission that would mean a lot to Middleton farmers and he called General Eisenhower by his first name and—what's more—" Terry drew himself up straight and proud—"didn't I get a peek at a letter on his desk and wasn't it signed by the President of the United States, himself?"

The evidence was overwhelming. Lockie tried feebly to discount it. "Huh—that's mere hearsee. Didn't I get an apostle from the President, myself, a few years ago? And didn't it say *Greetings* at the top?"

But Maisie was eyeing him with disfavor. "Lockie—do you know for sure he was an explorer?"

"Well—no, Dream Girl. But he did say he had been fighting tigers in China and India."

"Oh, gosh! I'll bet he just does that for a hobby! Now I've got to write that story all over again. Lockie, run down and tell Pop to hold the press for a minute. Terry, give me all the dope—and give it fast!"

And her fingers went racing over the keyboard in her own scrambling system of hunt-and-peck, as the story unfolded. Quikpaddle, the mystery man . . . the right-hand man of the Administration . . . the secret envoy of the Government to Middleton . . . the confidant of statesmen and diplomats . . . the bringer of glory and honor to Middleton . . .

"Couldn't we say that maybe they're planning to move the United Nations to Middleton, Maisie?" Terry's eyes were shining with excitement. "He asked a lot of questions about the land around here and the farmers."

NOT stopping her typing , Maisie shook her head. "I hope not. The only language I can say 'no' in is American." She jerked the copy out. "It's ready—Lockie, did you get the other story pulled?—here, Terry!—rush this down to Pop Webster—gee, if only we knew this Quikpaddle's real name!"

"I can tell you his name."

"Well, tell it to me, quick." Then Maisie did a double-take. *"BILL . . . WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!"*

"Hi, everybody." Bill lounged through the door and yawned. "What's all the fuss about? What's everyone shouting for?"

"Bill—his name! Tell me his name!"

"Whose name—Quikpaddle's?"

"Yes!" With both hands Maisie hung on to her self-control. Downstairs she could hear the clatter of the typesetting machine; precious seconds were flying; how could Bill be so slow when they needed that name?

"Quentin P. Quikpaddle?"

"*Yes*—Quentin P.——*what's his name,* Bill Doolittle!"

"That is his name. Quentin P. Doolittle—I mean, Quikpaddle."

Disgusted, Maisie sat down hard in her chair. Lockie and Terry gazed at Bill in pitying silence. Only Bill, himself, was unconcerned as he strolled over to the desk and leaned against it.

"Boy, am I tired. I didn't know being a reporter was such hard work."

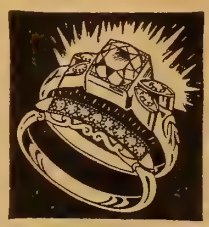
"If you are a reporter, Bill," her tone was ominous, "where's the story?"

"Oh—that. Sorry, honey, but there isn't any story. Whole thing was a waste of time . . . when I might have been here with you, holding hands, and whispering sweet nothings. The guy is some kind of a traveling salesman, now."

Terry hooted. Lockie looked superior. Maisie cupped her chin in her



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hands and sighed in weary disillusion.

"Bill—you dope! I guess you just don't understand about newspapers. And I had such high hopes for you! Lockie and Terry both get a story, but you—you don't get anything but tired!"

"But there wasn't anything to get!" Bill remonstrated feebly.

"A good reporter always gets a story, even if there isn't one. Lockie comes back with the story that Quikpaddle is an explorer—of course, that was a slight error—but, anyway, Terry got it straight and now we know he's a big-shot from the Government in Washington. And you think he's some kind of a salesman!" Now Maisie was really warming up. "Did you talk to him or did you get so tired just flirting with that red-head in the hotel coffee shop—"

"But—Maisie—I was helping Quikpaddle at the station unload—"

"DON'T interrupt me. This is more in sorrow than in anger, Bill, but you're fired . . . again. You just haven't got newspaper ink in your veins or something. You'll never be like Front-Page Farrell. You'll never get to wear a trench coat and be cynical and know all the bartenders in town—"

"You don't have to be a reporter to—"

"Don't interrupt. You'll never get scoops or yell 'Stop the presses' or discover who murdered the corpse on page 20, or call gangsters by their first names or—"

"But—Maisie—when I recognized Quikpaddle—"

"Don't interrupt . . . or meet all the trains and the—*BILL! Did . . . you . . . say . . . . you . . . recognized . . . . Quikpaddle*——?

"Sure. I recognized him the minute I saw him. It was only a year or so ago that I met him when I was in the Army camp and he was there for a few days, on his way to—"

There was horrified silence in the room. Even Bill stopped talking. Maisie clutched the desk for support. "Go on," she finally managed to say.

"Honestly, Maisie, I don't think he'd like being called an explorer or a Government official, because he isn't. I *know* he isn't. Me and Quikpaddle are buddies, and I say he's an ordinary farm salesman, here on business, and when I was over at the station I helped him get all his farm tractors and harrows and stuff unloaded—that is, I supervised."

With one quick movement, Maisie pounced onto the papers on her desk and came up with a single sheet . . . a carbon copy of the advertisement she had written a half-hour earlier.

"Tell me, quick—what does this Quikpaddle look like? Is he small?" Three heads nodded. "Is he sort of shy?" Heads nodded again. "Is he—?" and her heart was sinking down to her toes—"is he something like a cute little rabbit when he talks?" And again they all agreed.

"Oooh!" The front-page story had burst like a bubble. "There goes our big scoop, boys. Our front-page hero is only the farm-hand's friend." Then, since both Terry and Lockie were looking at her with blank faces, she showed them the carbon. "If that's Quikpaddle, then Bill is right. He was in here today and left this ad—*Wanted, enterprising young men to sell farm machinery—*. And *I* wanted to pat him on the head! Terry—run down and tell Pop Webster to yank that story—tell him to use anything at all—tell him to run that column about the new garage Mr. Anderson is building onto his house—anything!"

It had been near-catastrophe. "Lockie, do you guys realize how close we came to being the laughingstock of the town? Or maybe being slapped with a libel suit? Whatever made you think Quikpaddle ever fought tigers in China?—have you been reading those comic books again? Why, if it hadn't been for Bill, here, the Beacon wouldn't even have been a flashlight, tomorrow!"

Lockie was subdued.

"Dream Girl, I could have sworn he said he'd been in China. Can you imagine me being such an ignoratumus?"

It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him it wouldn't strain her imagination at all, but she checked herself. After all, she had swallowed the big glamor stories about Quikpaddle, hook-line-and-sinker, herself, and she was in no position to criticize. Why hadn't she questioned the stranger when he had come to the office today?

Anyway, the loss of the story was completely obscured by the startling, astounding fact that Bill had been right for once. He had done his job. He had pulled no boners. It was so new a role for her Bill that she could hardly see him through the fog around his new pedestal. Why—Bill had saved the day! Scrape a Doolittle and find a real newspaperman!

"Gee!" she breathed, to herself. "There he stands—the great big hunk of wonderman! Why, even Terry got his wires crossed—but not Bill!"

But Terry was so crestfallen Maisie was inclined to be magnanimous.

"It's all right, boys. It's not everyone who is a natural-born reporter like Bill, here. Can you forgive me, Bill? I should have known you were right—I should never have doubted you. I can see you are going to be the greatest newspaperman that ever lived. Middleton will be sorry they ever said you were lazy and good-for-nothing—"

"They will?" Bill was dazed.

"They certainly will, when the big-city newspapers start bidding for you and someday you're a foreign correspondent and write a book—"

"Do I have to write a book?"

"All foreign correspondents write books. And you'll be famous and people will tell you all their off-the-record secrets and you'll tell me because I'll be your wife and you'll have to tell *me* everything. Or maybe you'll be a famous columnist and everybody will hate you—won't that be wonderful?"

"Will it?" Bill's handsome face looked uncomprehending. "And all because I knew who Quikpaddle was—?"

"That's not the point. He didn't fool you like he did the others. Though—honestly!—how anyone could have ever thought that scared little guy could have been a big-game hunter or a big-shot operator from Washington, I don't understand. I took one look at him and I knew he couldn't lick a postage-stamp. If you could have seen him come in here! One look and I knew he had never been anyplace or done anything in his whole life. Bill—I don't even care about not having a story today—I just know you're going to do great things for the Beacon!" Triumphant faith and vaunting ambition beamed from her eyes.

"I will?" Bill was completely nonplussed. "You mean I'm not fired? I don't know what to say—why, I thought I didn't know anything about newspapers or how to get an interview or what was a good story and what wasn't. When I was talking to old Quikshot—"

"Quikpaddle, dear," Maisie reminded him, her eyes adoringly on his face.

"Oh, yeah, Quikpaddle. But we always called him Quikshot—everybody did in the Army. I guess that was because he was such a crack shot and because he downed all those Jap planes when he was with the Fighting Tigers in China. And—"

"Fighting Tigers!"

"Sure. And because he fought his way out of the jungle single-handed that time when his plane crashed and then he rescued that Indian prince from the Japs and—"

"Indian Prince!"

"SURE. And then, when he made that good-will tour with the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds—"

"Secretary of the Treasury!"

"Yeah. And then, when he was decorated so many times by the President of the United States, why, I guess that nickname—"

"The President of the United States!"

"That's right. And—Maisie!—what's the matter?—are you feeling okay?"

Eyes shut, Maisie was counting up to ten. Her hands were clenched at her sides. Ten did no good—she tried another ten. Spots came and went behind her eyelids, bells clanged, sirens screamed, and her hands ached with the urge to bring a twenty pound dictionary down on Bill's head.

"Eight . . . nine . . ."

"Maisie—speak to me!"

"Hello, Bill—nine . . . ten . . ." Then her eyes opened wide and the look in them reminded Bill, forcibly, of a certain top sergeant he had known. When her words came, Bill shuddered and fell back a pace because they were spoken in the same doom-filled tone the top sergeant was wont to employ. "You big lug! You big, dumb idiot! How could I ever fall in love with such a dope? How could I ever think you could be a reporter? The biggest story—the *real* story—that ever came to Middleton and right under your nose and you come back and say it is all a waste of time! What's an explorer or a politician compared to a war hero? And you knew it all the time—and now we have Anderson's garage on the front page and it's too late to make a change and you're out of a job again—"

She stopped, suddenly. Something had occurred to her. With one hand she fished a crumpled carbon out of her desk and waved it in front of Bill's nose. Her voice was suddenly, alarmingly, sweet. "I'm wrong, Bill," she cooed. "You do have a job. Let me read it to you—*Wanted, enterprising young men to sell farm machinery—*"

"You can't do that to me! I get hay fever on farms—"

"Well, this is one job you won't sneeze at! From now on you're playing nursemaid to a bunch of disks and harrows and cream-separators—you and your buddy Quikfiddle! And that's the story, or my name isn't Maisie Revere!"





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